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in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND THE HOME CIRCLE

In which are combined and consolidated

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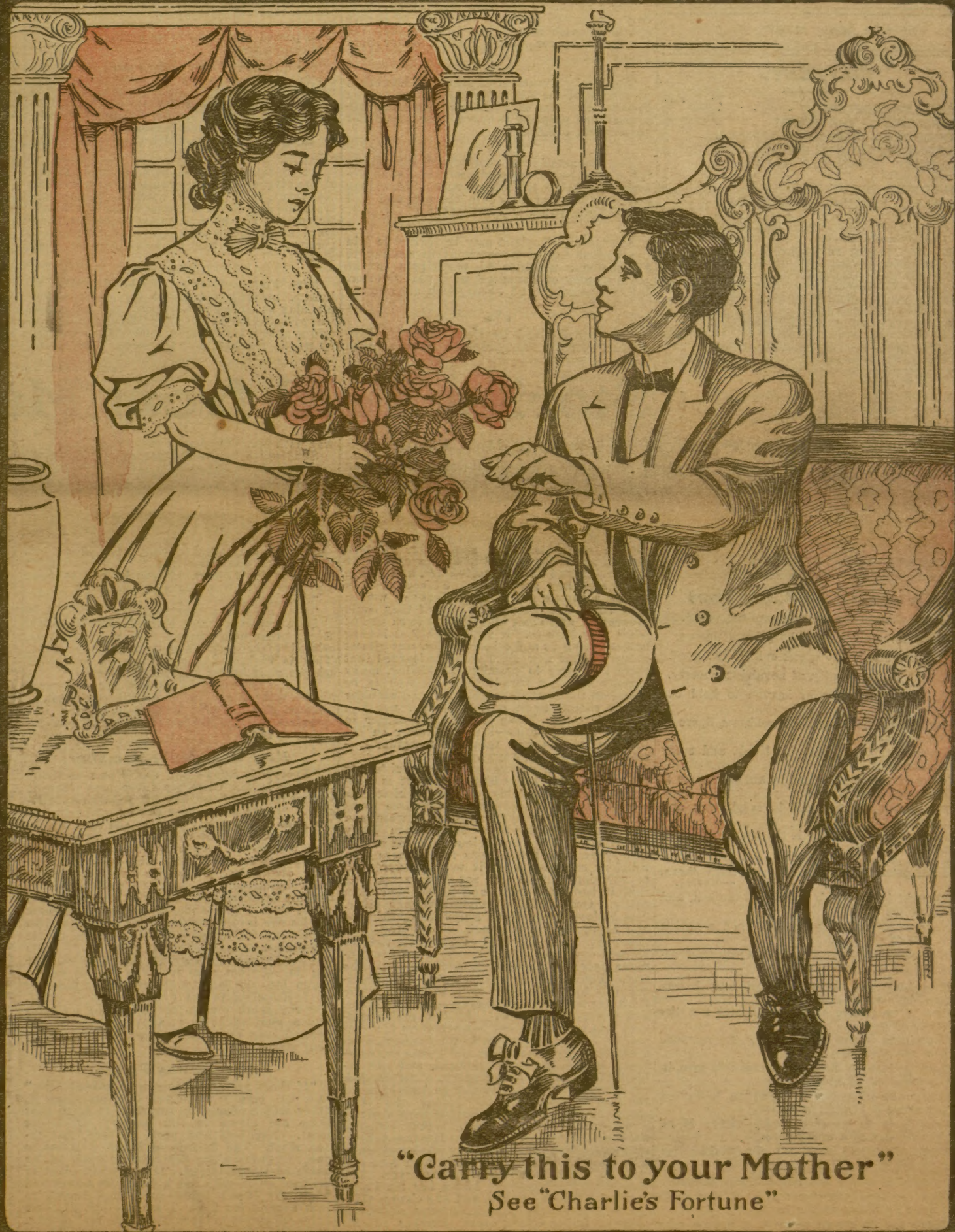
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May 1908

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Crumbs of Comfort

He who sends the storm steers the vessel.
She grieves sincerely who grieves unseen.
Bad are those who speak evil of the good.
Genius is the faculty of acquiring poverty.
God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols.

Every man, however little, makes a figure in his own eyes.

Every white will have its black, and every sweet its sour.

No man was so deceived by another as he is deceived by himself.

The youth of the soul is everlasting and eternity is youth.

The hope of immunity is the greatest inducement to do wrong.

Our dearest hopes in pang are born.
The kindest Kings are crowned with thorn. —Massey.

Thought is the wind, knowledge the sail, and mankind the vessel.

No greater calamity can fall upon a nation than loss of worship.

Meanest creatures who love God, God accepts while loving so.

Everybody can have a friend who knows himself how to be a friend.

God is the brave man's hope and not the coward's excuse.

Conscience is too often merely the measure of our own morality.

Gold is tried by fire, and acceptable men in the furnace of adversity.

Every absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.

Confidence in another man's virtue is no slight evidence of a man's own.

If all the world must see the world

As the world the world hath seen,
Then it were better for the world
That the world had never been. —Leland.

Men are taught virtue and a love of independence by living in the country.

There are no crown wearers in heaven who were not cross bearers here below.

We are often more agreeable through our faults than through our good qualities.

Grant graciously what you cannot refuse safely and conciliate those you cannot conquer.

Man's fame is like their hair which grows after they are dead and is of as little use to them.

Fanaticism is the child of false zeal and of superstition, the father of intolerance and of persecution.

It is safer to affront some people than to oblige them; for the better a man deserves the worse they will speak of him.

Happenings of the Month

When McCormick built his first hundred reapers in 1845 he paid four and one half cents for bolts. Today 50 bolts are made for one cent.

At the examinations recently held in Peking for official degrees, men who had studied in American universities received the highest honors.

The Swiss Government has received a petition with nearly 70,000 names, protesting against the building of a railroad up the Matterhorn.

A model of the proposed statue to General Philip Sheridan, which is to be erected in Washington has been received and approved by the Sheridan Monument Committee.

It is said that the method of producing anesthesia by means of electricity, discovered by Professor Le Duc of Nates, France, is applicable to the painless execution of criminals.

General Mario Menocal, one of the three prominent candidates for President of Cuba, was educated in the United States, and two of his relatives served as officers in the American Navy.

Many monarchs are using English in intercourse with one another. The Czar of Russia speaks English better than German, and the German Emperor speaks English better than French.

The local government of Manitoba has taken possession of the Bell telephone system, paying therefor the sum of \$3,300,000 after due appraisal, and proposes to operate the lines under government ownership.

The Department of Agriculture has undertaken a series of experiments intended to answer, if possible the old question: "How long can seeds remain buried in the soil and still retain their power of germination?"

Sweden and England may be invited to join the United States Government in sending to Philadelphia warships to participate in the naval display of Founders' week next October, the two hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the city.

The new Holland-American steamship Rotterdam, recently launched, will have a palm

garden, a terrace garden, a shoppers' arcade with flower shops, book stalls, hairdressers, manicures, photographer, stenographer and candy store.

Among the talented American women who have won distinction is Dr. Laura H. Carnell, who was lately elected dean of the Temple University of Philadelphia. She is the only woman in the world who holds a responsible position of this kind in a university.

After an absence of forty-three years Southerners are to recarve Andrew Jackson's historic words, "The Union Must Be Preserved," on the monument of Old Hickory in Court Square, Memphis, Tenn. The bust of Jackson will be repaired immediately by the Park Commission.

The body of Emanuel Swendenborg, the famous mystic and writer has been exhumed from the vault in which they were placed 136 years ago and carried to Sweden for final burial. The Swedish government formerly requested the exhumation and surrender of the body, and the British government assented.

As a result of recent excavation on the site of Jericho, the historic city wall, constructed of burned lime brick upon a foundation of stone, has been laid bare, together with rows of houses, some of which could well be used for dwelling places for all the centuries which have passed since they were built.

The question of how women shall get off the car is solved by the pay-as-you-enter car. The "grab handles" are on the front side of the door only. In leaving the car one must face the handles, that is if they require a handle in leaving the car, and consequently must get off in the direction in which the car is going.

Large big ocean-going tugs are to be placed at the disposal of the government, by a wealthy American, to respond to wireless calls for aid from the life-saving stations along the Atlantic coast. The plan promises to do much toward saving ships and lives along that dangerous stretch of coast in the vicinity of Sandy Hook.

Miss Fannie Crosby, the blind writer of hymns, recently celebrated her eighty-eighth birthday at Bridgeport, Conn. A reception was given to her at the First Methodist church, and a gold watch bought with money donated by people from all over the state. The church

was crowded with friends of Miss Crosby, who has been blind since she was six years old.

Agitation is being made on behalf of a bill in Congress to establish a national forest and park of the sequoia groves of Calaveras county, California, which include the greatest and almost sole remaining examples of the famous Big Trees, which have required thousands of years to produce, and which it is impossible to replace, if lumbermen cut with no regard to the future.

The Roosevelt dam, which is now in the course of construction near Phoenix, Ariz., will be one of the greatest dams in the world when it is completed. It is being built across the gorge in the Apache Mountains, through which Salt River runs. It will fertilize nearly 275,000 acres of desert lands, will be 270 feet high, and will hold three times as much water as the Assuan dam on the Nile.

A lad's ingenuity succeeded in ridding a large machine plant in East Norwalk, Conn., of an army of rats that infested it, and winning for himself a reward of seventy-five dollars which the company offered to anyone who would accomplish it. The boy placed a metal collar, with pendant bells upon it, around the neck of a rat, and as the "tinkle, tinkle" of the bells was heard, there was a stampede of rats and the place was cleared.

The most exciting ocean race of recent years ended April 9th, when the White Star liner Teutonic rushed past Sandy Hook Lighthouse 49 minutes ahead of the big Cunarder Caronia. All the way from Queenstown, the ocean grayhounds were practically neck and neck. Part of the time they were in sight of each other, and nearly all the time wireless communication was kept up between them. The passengers and crews of both vessels were kept up to a high pitch of excitement throughout the voyage.

Half a dozen men on the Teutonic raised a pool of \$5,000 and tried to bet it against an equal sum to be raised on the Caronia, but the Caronia passengers, as the purser remarked by wireless, lacked the sporting blood. Incidentally they saved \$5,000. The Teutonic really beat the Caronia from Queenstown to Sandy Hook by one hour and twenty-six minutes. She left the Irish port 37 minutes behind her rival and arrived here 49 minutes ahead of her.

A remarkable feature of the race was the fact that there was a difference of only one mile in the total distance logged by the two vessels. The Caronia traveled 2,888 miles and the Teutonic 2,887 miles.

Stories Told from Man to Man

Something About Kissing

"The Americans," said the good-looking man with a shapely mouth and fine teeth, "ere, next to the Russians and French, the greatest kissers in the world. The Russians and French take the lead, and there, the men kiss each other about as often as the women do. Thank heaven, us Americans haven't got to that point yet. I mean American men. Our women, though, are about as fond of kissing each other as Russian and French women are, and I have never seen any good in it. Of course, it is merely a custom and I know plenty of women who would not observe it at all if they could prevent it, and don't kiss other women except when they have to. It used to be that kissing babies among us and other peoples, was almost universal, but now since we have learned that there is danger in promiscuous kissing, many parents will not permit their children to be kissed on the lips. It is wise, too, and all older people should learn that it is and not kiss the little ones. There is the same danger in kissing among adults—I mean kissing on the lips—but most people refuse to recognize it—most young people, anyway.

"Kissing is a custom which has existed as far back as we know history, and it is mentioned first in the Bible when Isaac kissed his son Esau. It is mentioned forty-three times in the Bible, but only three times between men and women, one of them being when Mary kissed the feet of the Saviour. In the earlier history of man, kissing was rather more of a religious ceremony than it was an expression of affection, but he was not long in learning that it had other uses, and he adopted them easily. Only civilized people kiss each other. The Malays, Mongolians, Polynesians, Eskimos and Laplanders smell each other and rub noses, while the Tibetans extend their tongues at each other but do not touch. American Indians only kiss their dead, and then only the feet. The native Australians and Fiji islanders only hug each other as a salutation. The Irish are not much on kissing—the men never, and the women seldom. Italians and Spaniards kiss by favor—that is when there is a reason for it, and the reason is not frequent. Germans, Swedes, Norwegians and Danes are nearly up to the American standard, and still behind the Russians and French. The English are not quite so demonstrative as Americans, or the northern continentalers. Among the Russians the kiss is more a greeting than a caress and the custom comes down from their Oriental ancestors. Everybody kisses in Russia—fathers and sons, officers, and sometimes whole regiments. The Czar kisses his officers and other men and boys to whom he wishes to show favor. The mistress of a household kisses her maid-and-men servants on fete day, and any chance visitor, man or woman, comes in for a share. A Russian father kisses every member of his family who he goes or comes, no matter how many times a day it may be. The Japanese, on the other hand, are directly the reverse and never kiss, even mothers not kissing their children. The Chinese are the same. When a fellow looks at the average Chinese woman he is rather glad that there is to be no kissing. I don't want to be unallant, or unpatriotic, but I must say there are a good many American women—however, I won't say it. I'll just keep out of their way when it is time to kiss."

How Old was Arabella?

It was the evening of Arabella's birthday, Thanksgiving night; Alphonso, her betrothed,

was with her. They were very, very happy.

Suddenly a bright thought struck Alphonso.

"Darling?"

"Yes, darling."

"Isn't this your birthday, darling?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Well, pet, I propose to give you a kiss for every year of your age."

"Oh, darling!"

They embrace rapturously. He kisses her seven times, then chortles:

"These don't count, for you haven't told me your age yet. How old is my darling?"

"Oh, darling!"

"How old is my sweetheart?"

Here began a great struggle in Arabella's mind. She had reached that age when she wished to be thought several years younger.

That is likewise the age when an unwedded maiden most keenly appreciates kisses.

She did not want to tell him her real age.

She wanted all the kisses she could get.

Here, gentle reader, is the conundrum: Did she claim all the kisses to which she was entitled, or not?

How They Make Camphor

"Everybody knows how useful as a medicine camphor is, and there are few houses where it cannot be found," said the doctor-looking gentleman. "Quite as familiar as any other drug is the gum camphor one buys at the drug stores, but everybody doesn't know how it is made. The process is very simple. Wherever the camphor-trees grow there will be found camphor distilleries, which are small low mud-brick buildings. A dozen or more fires are burning inside and on each is a kettle of boiling water with a perforated lid. On top of these kettles are iron cylinders which are filled with small chips of camphor wood. On top of the cylinders are inverted jars. The steam from the kettles goes up through the chips extracting the oil from them which is carried by the steam into the jars on the sides of which the oil is deposited in the form of snow or frost. The fire is allowed to die down, the oil cools into a gum which is scraped off, refined and pressed into the cubes as we find it in the drug stores."

Meat-eating Plants

"If there are any vegetarians around here," said the man who looked like one hims if, "they will no doubt be surprised to learn that there are plants in this country which eat meat. Not beef and pork, perhaps, but insect meat. The fly-trap of North Carolina is one. It grows along the Atlantic coast as far north as Rhode Island. It is a small plant of brilliant color, with fine hairs on its leaves and when the insect lights on it and begins to look around for food, it touches one of these hairs which sends the edges of the leaf up in a curve and captures the bug on the spot. That's the end of the bug and the plant lives on it, till it is ready for more. Pitcher plants, or trumpets, are another set of meat eaters. They are bright colored to attract and have sweet leaves to lure, and when the insect lands on them, he wanders down till he hits a lot of barbs and there he sticks. The plant does the rest. Sometimes these plants catch insects enough to attract the birds to come and rob them. The small bladderwort is the chief meat eater. The bladder part, about as large as a pea, contracts and imprisons the insect where it is held until digested. These plants sometimes catch small fish, and suffocate them, and frequently gather in tadpoles. But the

water flea is their chief catch. The remarkable part of it is that all these meat eater plants seem to know what insects are suited to them, and reject what they cannot use."

Cruel Question That!

Up in Boston the other day a young lawyer, who spends most of his time trying to seem busy and prosperous, went out for a while, leaving on his door a card neatly marked:

Will be back in an hour.

On his return he found that some envious rival had inscribed underneath, "What for?"

Dog Dentistry

"You wouldn't suppose," said the professional person, "that there were dog dentists, would you? But there are, and they have plenty to do among the dogs of the rich people, who will pay high prices to have their dogs' teeth kept in good shape. You see, these fancy house dogs are fed candy and sweets and don't get rough off like outdoor dogs, so their teeth are affected. The dog dentist administers cocaine, or laughing gas and takes a bad tooth out, or fills those that will stand it. The filling is gold, silver or platinum and now and then, some lady has a small diamond inserted in her pet's tooth. Sometimes a new tooth is put in, or one is gold capped, and there are cases of a whole set of false teeth in the dog's mouth, all except two at each side to hold them in place. Oh, if the people want to pay the price there will be somebody to do what they want done, from filling a dog's tooth to painting a white horse a pale blue, or bright pink."

The Color Fad

"This is claimed not to be the age of superstition and things like that," said the very modern looking young man, "but fads are only a kind of superstition, anyhow these mental fads, and there are more of them now than there ever were. And they are mostly among women. That's because women have strong minds, I suppose. The latest is about colors, astral colors, they call them because they have something to do with the stars we are born under. It is all the go in London, and of course our American women will take it up. Dresses and bonnets and room-furnishing and all of those must be in the astral color of the possessor to insure health, wealth and happiness. For instance, the woman born in January must have everything green about her; February calls for pink; March, purple; April, red; May, blue; June, bronze green; July, light red; August, violet; September, deep blue; October, brown; November, gold; December, gray. That is the color scheme for the entire year, and it's a sure thing that if the women don't follow directions they will have bad luck. Of course, it is the same for the men, but they are not so particular. It's a good thing to know these things, and I hope all the ladies will wear their astral colors and no others. What?"

Where She Had Him

A colored girl asked the drug clerk for "ten cents' worth o' cou't-plaster."

"What color?" he asked.

"Flesh cullah, sub."

Whereupon the clerk proffered a box of black court-plaster.

The girl opened the box with a deliberation that was ominous, but her face was unruined as she noted the color of the contents and said:

"I ast for flesh cullah, an' you done give me skin cullah."

A Few Words by the Editor

WITH THIS MONTH—the merry month of May—all nature rejoices at the return of spring and in its myriad forms of expression gives outward utterance to its joy. The fields and forests deck themselves in new robes of loveliest verdure. The birds put on their brightest plumage and sing their sweetest songs,—love songs. The greatest profusion of beautiful flowers bloom and scent the balmy air with ineffable fragrance, inviting the bees and humming birds to feast on the choicest honey.

Even inanimate nature feels the benign influences and seems to express its pleasure. The rains are gentle and the storms are few. The lakes have dissolved their icy fetters, the rivers have disgorged their angry floods and are on their good behavior, calling forth the boatman for pleasure or for commerce. The little brooks filled by April showers make happy music as they flow, while the old sun beams gently in the smiling sky.

Thus ever fresh does nature awake from the sleep of winter and take on new life at the return of spring. It is emblematic of the resurrection, and it is fitting that Easter should come at this season of the year.

So impressive is this springtide resurrection of nature that long before the Christian era the ancient nations of heathen civilization celebrated with pomp and ceremony a flower festival each spring as emblematic of the immortality of the soul and resurrection of the body of which they hoped and had a faltering faith.

We ourselves are thrilled with the joy of spring, and our hearts respond to its many voiced appeals in an unconquerable desire to wander forth and draw health and inspiration from close contact with the untainted works of Nature. Happy and fortunate indeed are we if so situated that in work or recreation we may roam the fields, breathing the fresh country air and enjoying the health-giving sunshine.

But think with pity on the millions of poor and their children living in the squalid rookeries of the great cities amid vicious and unhealthy surroundings, who from one year's end to another never see a tree, a growing flower or a blade of grass except perhaps on a holiday in some city park where they are not allowed to touch them. You who enjoy the inestimable blessings of life in the country or small cities and towns, however poor you may be, can never experience, can never know the awful misery which the poor, especially the poor children in the great cities suffer.

The vast majority of COMFORT's readers live where they can enjoy, at least to a reasonable extent, the health-giving and elevating influences of an intimate association with Nature. But even among these are the poor unfortunate cripples who are just as anxious as any to get outdoors and enjoy God's good air and sunshine. In your enjoyment of springtime pleasures, do not forget them. Let your remembrance take the substantial form of a contribution, however small, even a nickel or a dime toward COMFORT's fund for providing wheel chairs for these unfortunate shut-ins.

When you are sending in your subscriptions or those of your friends, remember an added nickel will make you a member of our League of Cousins, the greatest social organization in the world, and not only the greatest, but the most helpful. Remember the League of Cousins is open to all of you, young or old. It is not an organization solely of young people, in fact we have as many members over thirty years of age as we have under it. One never grows too old for good company, good fellowship, love and sympathy. The brotherhood of man with the Fatherhood of God, has been the dream of mankind all through the centuries. COMFORT's League of Cousins is trying to make this dream a reality. We are also teaching "The Union of all who love in the cause of all who suffer." This is making Christ's teaching a part of our daily lives. All religions teach it, but too many people neglect to practice it. Put your shoulder to the wheel, dear friends, and help us in the good work. Join us at once. NOW!

It seems cruel to profit by the misfortune of others, and it certainly would be wrong to take any advantage of the unfortunate. But in the panic time which we have just passed through many fortunes have been wrecked and many business concerns driven into bankruptcy. This is not our fault and it is not your fault, but is the result of the corrupt transactions of the stock gamblers of Wall Street and other great pirates of finance who robbed the life insurance companies, wrecked certain large banks and by fraudulent overcapitalization brought financial disaster on many of the railroads. The failure of these banks has caused the failure of many honest business men whose stocks of goods have had to be disposed of at bankrupt sale. At such a time of business depression these stocks sold at a ruinously low price, but they had to be sold. And whoever had the ready money and courage to buy was sure to make a handsome profit. Recently our manager saw one of these bankrupt stocks, a stock of elegant imported laces in New York offered for sale at a surprisingly low price and he bought it for COMFORT. You will see these laces advertised as premiums for COMFORT's subscribers in this paper. Someone was bound to profit by the misfortune of the former owners of these laces and we want COMFORT's subscribers to get the benefit.

The beautiful shell-finish combs, which we advertise as premiums in this paper, are also a hard times bargain lot. The manufacturer had them on hand when the panic compelled him to close his factory and so we got hold of them very cheaply.

President Roosevelt Talks to Mothers

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA, mothers especially, will be very deeply interested in what President Roosevelt had to say at the National Mothers' Congress on March 10th in Washington.

Two hundred delegates representing all the states, and many of the leading countries of the world were present at this remarkable gathering. The President said:

"This is the one body that I put ahead even of the veterans of the Civil War, because it is the mother and the mother only,

who is a better citizen even than the soldier who fights for his country. The successful mother who does her part in rearing and training the boys and girls to be the men and women of the next generation, is of greater use to the community and occupies, if she would only realize it, a more honorable and important position than any successful man in it. Unless the average woman is a good wife and good mother; unless she bears a sufficient number of children, so that the race shall not decrease, but increase; unless she brings up these children sound in soul, mind and body—unless this is true of the average woman, no brilliancy of genius, no material prosperity, no triumphs of science and industry will avail to save the race from ruin and death. The mother is the one supreme asset of national life.

"I abhor and condemn the man who fails to recognize all his obligations to the woman who does her duty. But the woman who shirks her duty as wife and mother is just as heartily to be condemned. We despise her as we condemn and despise the soldier who flinches in battle.

"A marriage should be a partnership where each has his or her rights, where each should be more careful to do his or her duty than to exact duty from the other partner; but where each must, in justice to the other partner no less than to himself or herself, exact the performance of duty by that other partner.

"Let each of you do his or her duty first; put most stress on that, but in addition do not lose your self respect by submitting to wrong."

The President's remarks as usual are well timed and excellent.

Of course there is another side to this "big family" business, which the President has not discussed. If the President had had to rear his family, which is of no mean size, in two or three small rooms; if his wife had always been chained to the cook stove or the wash-tub with never a moment for rest or recreation, but every second taken up with household duties and the care of her children—mending, stitching, scheming, walking the floor with a sick baby at her breast, and other little ones tugging at her skirts, with the man of the house hungry and complaining because of delayed meals, with household expenses constantly going up, and the husband's salary frequently going down—maybe, as we said before, if the President had had to live his life under such circumstances, he might conclude that a large family was not an unmixed blessing. The majority of women have their time so fully occupied with the physical care of their children; the cook stove and wash-tub claims so much of their attention; there are so many duties inside and outside the house to perform, that the mother cannot give much attention to the moral and spiritual welfare of her children. A word of advice here, and a little admonishment there, is about all the ordinary mother can do if she has more than two or three children in the home. In the home of the well to do there is no excuse for a woman shirking her maternal duty.

She can and should hire servants at living wages to perform all the drudgery of the housework. This gives employment to the needy and leaves the well-to-do mother free to devote her entire time and attention to the proper physical care, education and moral training of her children. It is a duty which she owes them and has no right to neglect. The life of a good mother, rich or poor, must necessarily be one of unremitting devotion and self sacrifice to her children while they are growing up. The woman who is unwilling to accept this burden and faithfully perform the duties, should not incur the obligation by bringing children into the world. And however self-sacrificing and devoted to her children, she should not incur the responsibility of a larger family than, with her means and in her circumstances, she can reasonably expect to bring up and educate in a proper manner.

The welfare of the child physically, mentally and morally depends more on the mother's care and personal attention than on any other influence. Motherhood is the grandest and noblest mission on earth, and in the success of her children, in their love and gratitude and the justifiable pride which she takes in them she finds the highest satisfaction and ample recompense for all her sacrifices in their behalf.

I do not mean to say that the mother under all circumstances and in all conditions must give up all other interests, but that the proper care and bringing up of her children must be the supreme purpose of her life to which all other interests and ambitions should be subordinated to the extent that they are not permitted to interfere with her duties to her children.

The American home, where, in the words of President Harrison, "the wife reigns an uncrowned queen," is the corner stone, the very foundation of American character and American institutions. And the character of the home and its influences depend more on the wife than on all else.

The writer is of the opinion that what we want in this country is not exactly more children, but better children. Frequently it happens that the mother is so physically exhausted by child bearing and overwork combined that death claims her. Then the little ones have no mother, and are sent to institutions, neglected and allowed to run wild, or left to the tender mercies of a stepmother, for whom they care but little because she cares less for them.

If those women who have borne eight children to whom they could give little attention, could have had but four, we feel morally certain it would have been better for both mother and offspring. The tired, exhausted woman, harrassed with cares, household duties, home keeping and child raising; worried with the bread-and-butter problem, oftentimes with a sick, unemployed, or possibly a drunken husband, certainly has her own troubles. There are many philanthropic societies in this world, many societies for the improvement of this or that, animals especially, but there is no society for improving the conditions of mothers with large families. In the present economic condition, when two thirds of the nation is wrestling with the bread-and-butter problem it is hardly to be wondered at that large families are decreasing, and that homes innumerable are childless.

But it is not the tollers, as a rule, who are shirking their obligations in this regard, as much as the upper and middle classes. In the cities the majority of landlords will not let their apartments to people who have children. The slums abound with underfed little ones, while in the apartment houses, and the homes of the well-to-do middle classes, and in the mansions upon fashionable avenues, children scarcely exist. The women are too busy with social duties to bear children, and those are the very women who could and should give proper care to their young, while the slum mother must often leave her infant in a nursing home while she goes out to toil.

But it frequently happens that it is not the child of poor but of wealthy parents that suffers the very worst kind of maternal neglect. And this is inexcusable because unnecessary,—it is criminal. It is because the mother is too much devoted to the pursuit of social and other pleasures. Directly the child is born it is handed over to a nurse, and its physical care is of no more concern to the mother. When it begins to grow up a governess takes care of the child's education. The mother drops into the nursery morning and evening, when theaters, parties, calls and other social events permit, to get a casual peep at her little ones. To such an extent is this carried in fashionable society that mother and child are almost strangers, and to a hired nurse whose morals perhaps are none too good, at any rate who has not a mother's love and interest in the child, is committed the performance of the duties of that sacred trust which Divine Providence has decreed that only a mother can properly discharge. The nurse's influence may be bad, as it often is, but if good it can never supply the lack of a mother's loving care and personal attention. The one thing that the child most needs and which has the greatest possible influence on the formation of its character is the personal companionship of the mother, and this is the kind of neglect that the children of the rich rather than those of the poor are most likely to suffer.

If the poor in the large cities had fewer children and the women of the wealthy and middle classes had more, and would give them proper personal care, it would be better for all concerned. It is not large families that we want but good families, not more children unless they are better children. Women should remember that President Roosevelt is entirely right when he says that a successful mother is of greater use to the community than any successful man in it. Men are only just waking up to appreciate the part that woman plays in the eternal scheme of things. This has been a man's world from the time that Adam delved and Eve spun; but woman's star is now in the ascendant, the future is hers. Woman will not dominate as man has dominated, but in sharing with man all his cares, responsibilities and burdens, she will now also share with him the honors, privileges and pleasures of life, which man hitherto has often enjoyed alone. Always bear in mind as the President says that the mother is the one supreme asset of national life.

What We Owe the Birds

DO YOU KNOW THAT we could not exist without the birds? No, of course you do not, because only those great scientists who have made a life study of the subject know the indispensable part which the feathered creation performs in the economy of nature and are able to tell us how and why this earth would soon become a barren waste if the birds were exterminated. While we admire their beautiful plumage and are cheered by the charming music of their songs far too many of us regard the birds as doubtful blessings just because the hawks kill a few chickens, the crows and a few other kinds of birds do some damage to certain kinds of crops, and the robins and a few other birds take toll of our berries and small fruits. We magnify the comparatively little damage that they do because we see it, while we fail to appreciate the inestimable service which they render us because we do not see or understand it.

Just consider these facts which we all know. Every form of vegetation, plant, tree, bush and vine, has its special and peculiar insect enemy, and some of the most useful plants and trees have a number of such enemies. A single insect will lay thousands of eggs hidden in out-of-the-way places. It is a continual struggle to prevent these millions of insect pests from getting the upper hand and destroying the crops or even the plants and trees themselves, and without the assistance of birds our best efforts would utterly fail.

Scarcely any animals destroy insects or insect eggs and grubs. Nearly all species of land birds feed partly on insects and destroy countless millions of them, while the swallows, fly-catchers, wrens, night hawks, whip-poor-wills, wood peckers and hundreds of other kinds of birds live entirely on insects, insect eggs and grubs, and are hunting them from sunrise to sunset in every nook and corner of garden, forest, orchard, field and air.

If the birds were wiped out of existence, the insects would multiply with such rapidity that in a very few years every green thing on the face of the earth would be destroyed; and it goes without saying, that not only human beings but all the land animals would perish also.

Even those birds which are popularly supposed to be injurious, on close study are found to do more good than harm. The crows more than make up for the damage they do by the millions of insects which they devour. The hawks and owls destroy many times more field mice than chickens, and the robins, though they eat some small fruits and berries, and the bobolinks which consume some rice and small grains do far more good than harm.

COMFORT urges its readers to protect the birds, especially at this time of year when they are rearing their young. Teach your children to value and to love the birds. Encourage them to observe and study the habits of the birds, and above all take care that they do not disturb their nests.

The practice of hunting birds' nests and collecting eggs cannot be too severely condemned. Besides, in most, if not all the states, it is forbidden under penalty by state law, and the national government has enacted laws for the protection of birds to the extent of its authority, while the U.S. Agricultural department has issued some valuable bulletins for the purpose of impressing on the people the inestimable value of bird life to the farmers.

Charlie's Fortune

By Oliver Optic

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Job Seagrain owes Squire Peter Shifferty and the latter refuses to trust Job and attaches his house. Job's wife objects to a mortgage. His boat is worth five hundred dollars. The squire demands to know why Charlie Seagrain does not work and help his father and mother out of trouble. Charlie's eyes flash. It is Squire Peter who sells him rum, and then willing to take from his father everything he has. Job appeals to Charlie to be kinder easy. Mrs. Betsy Ann Seagrain asks an explanation and the squire briefly states the situation. Mrs. Seagrain pours vials of wrath on the squire's head and moved to sudden anger shakes poor Job. Charlie interferences. He won't have any more knocking about. Charlie and his father go away. They will pay off the bill in a few days. Charlie knows where there are oysters. He boats the mainsail and the Betsy Ann stands off from the shore. Job protests. It won't do. Charlie advises him to assert his manhood. Job promises he will drink no more. They run down to the "Heads and Horns," where there is a bed of oysters. Left alone, he recalls a fearful storm, the dull boom of a gun, the storm-swept beach, a boat with a little child lashed in it, the baby's cry for mamma, his wife's fondness for children and the name given the little boy. When Charlie ceases to be a child, Mrs. Seagrain ceases to be a loving woman. Job and Charlie work two nights and secure one hundred bushels of oysters. Job thinks they better head for the creek. Charlie laughingly tells him he is afraid of Betsy Ann. He takes Charlie's advice and postpones the battle. Timothy Twitterton visits Job on the Betsy Ann. He is anxious to buy the clothes, a nightgown and shawl, Charlie wore when he was shipwrecked. He offers twenty dollars, and insinuates Job will want more than he can raise. He can have them if he keeps Job out of this scrape. A company wants the land and offers Squire Peter a thousand dollars for it. Tim offers to raise fifty or sixty dollars and exacts a promise from Job not to tell to anyone. Job asserts his manhood. He takes the bundle to Tim. That night Job and Charlie sail for New York. There is a collision and the Betsy Ann sinks. Charlie rescues Fanny Lynmore, the adopted daughter of the owner of the yacht. Mr. Lynmore will make good Job Seagrain's loss. Fanny Lynmore, recovering from her fright, is introduced to Charlie. Her mother invites him to their home. Fanny presses the invitation, to the disgust of her cousin, Fred Lynmore. Mr. Lynmore promises to give Charlie a place in his store. Job and Charlie sail for home in the new craft, "The Belle of the Bay." Job surprises Fanny. He pays the debt and costs and refuses to sell his place.

CHAPTER IX. (CONTINUED.)

CHARLES VANDERWENT—the same as his father's. He was a smart, lively, handsome, little fellow.

"Then you knew him?"

"Knew him! Bless you, yes! His mother used to come to the store almost every day with him, after he was a year old. I shall never forget what an uproar there was one day when the little fellow tumbled through a scuttle into the cellar. How his mother screamed. I can hear her now."

"Was the child hurt?" asked Mr. Twitterton.

"They thought he was killed, and he had a bad wound on his head. Do you suppose that keg of beer is dry?"

"I think not, Seth. One beer," shouted the host.

It came, and Seth drank half of it; but the story must be nearly finished.

"Where was the wound you spoke of, Mr. Muggleton?"

"On the head. I remember it as plain as though it had been only yesterday. It was right on here," and Seth reached over to his companion's head, and brushing away the hair, indicated the precise spot on the left temple. "Bless my heart," exclaimed the old man, "you have a scar in the very same place where little Charlie was hurt."

The patch, or plaster had been removed from the wound on Mr. Twitterton's head, but the place was plainly indicated by a long red line. Seth looked at the mark in astonishment; but the owner of it brushed the hair back in place, so as to conceal it.

"The child was not badly hurt, I suppose?"

"Not very badly. I picked the little fellow up myself, and gave him to his mother. I went for the doctor who dressed the wound, and said the boy was in no danger. I went down to the ship with the baggage when Mr. Vanderwent sailed, and saw the child on the deck. The wound had got well, and there was a long scar on his temple."

"What did the child look like, Seth?"

"Not like his father," replied the old man, who had begun to feel the effects of the beer again. "He was a handsome child, Mr. Twitterton. I should say he looked like you," and Seth chuckled as he fixed his maudlin stare upon his companion, evidently understanding his weak points.

"A very fine nose, Mr. Twitterton. It was his mother's nose; and she was the handsomest woman I ever saw in my life."

"Was it a straight nose or a hooked nose—Roman or Grecian?"

"I don't exactly know, Mr. Twitterton; but it was just such a nose as you wear," laughed Seth.

"His eyes were blue, were they not?"

"Who told you that?" demanded the old man.

"No one; I guessed it."

"You are right—they were blue—light blue—just like your own, Mr. Twitterton," chuckled Seth. "Really, sir, you look just as that boy would if he had lived to grow up."

"You don't mean that, Mr. Muggleton?"

"Yes, I do," protested Seth, as he swayed about the table like a ship in a storm, for he was now fully under the influence of the third glass of beer since his nap. "You have the boy's eyes, and then his nose was blue; and his eyes were dark-brown, and hung in curls on his cheek. He was a fine boy, just like his mother. His nose was five feet five. Do they sell beer in this shop, Mr. Twitterton?"

"I think they do."

"If they do, I shall like a little. You see the doctor ordered me to drink beer for my health. I don't drink much of it, but a little does me good."

"Just so; we will have some by and by. How did Mrs. Vanderwent dress on board the ship?"

"Jacket and trousers," replied Seth, trying to fix his unsteady gaze on Mr. Twitterton. "He was the best of Vanderwent, you know, and his father was in a hurry to get him into boy's clothes."

"I mean Mrs. Vanderwent, the lady."

"Yes, sir; jacket and trousers," and the old man's head toppled over and dropped upon the table.

Mr. Twitterton gave it up. Seth had drunk six long glasses of beer, and his tendency to sleep overpowered him. The young man with "a brilliant idea" tipped back in his chair, to consider the information he had obtained. The ship wrecked off Phyre Island Light was the "Albatross," while Mrs. Vanderwent had been wrecked in the "Gladwing." "C. V." on the little night-gown he had obtained from Job Seagrain certainly indicated Charles Vanderwent; but how the child had got out of the "Gladwing" into the "Albatross" was more than he could comprehend. There had evidently been a change from one ship to another, and this was doubtless the reason no one had claimed the child in Job's keeping. The sea had its secret which he might not know. He had heard both sides of the question, and he could make each consistent with the

other. After a while, Seth waked up, and Mr. Twitterton suggested that they should go home.

"Lucretia will scold," said the old man, as he placed himself on his feet, with no little difficulty.

"Let her scold, Seth; we can stand it, if she can," replied the clerk.

"You are a boarder, and I am her only brother. She takes care of me," added Seth.

"We had to stay in the store till a late hour," suggested Mr. Twitterton.

"Yes, yes; I know."

The clerk paid the bill at the counter, handing the man a ten-dollar bill. Taking his change, he walked with his companion to the boarding-house of Miss Muggleton. That lady admitted them in person.

"Where have you been, Seth?" demanded she, in a tone which indicated her feelings.

"Me'n and Mr. Twitterton had to stay at the store till nine o'clock," answered Seth, striving to overcome the difficulties of his swelled tongue.

"Did you, indeed?"

"Yes, Miss Muggleton; we were detained at the store," interposed the clerk.

"Were you together all the evening, Mr. Twitterton?" asked his sister, throwing her head back as though she had a point to make over with her brother.

"Certainly we were—that is when we were in the store, though my department, as you are aware, is not the same as that of Mr. Muggleton."

"You were both at the store all the evening?" asked Miss Muggleton.

"Yes, Miss Muggleton; both at the store," replied Mr. Twitterton, with emphasis; for it appeared to him that the lady was casting an imputation on his veracity.

"Do the firm furnish beer for the clerks and porters?" asked the lady, with a toss of her head.

"Miss Muggleton, I do not permit any interference with my personal affairs," said Mr. Twitterton; and I shouldn't have said a word to you if you hadn't come between me and that simpton, who is so tipsy he can hardly stand," replied the landlady. "If you choose to swim in beer, it is none of my business; but if Seth makes

just ten dollars. Unhappily, this was not the first time the cash had been short; in fact, it was rather a common occurrence, and a very annoying one to the cashier. If he left his desk for a moment he always locked the money drawer. Mr. Twitterton often walked up and down the central office, as it was called, when there was nothing doing in the wholesale house; and he sometimes stood at the cashier's window, to look through at the ladies in the retail store.

The cash was short, and this was the reason why Mr. Blastwood wished to see Mr. Twitterton.

On this occasion the cashier remembered a peculiar bill of the denomination of ten dollars, which he could not find in his drawer at the close of business. Possibly Mr. Twitterton might know something about it. The watchman, who had been sent up for the clerk, had seen him and Seth enter the beer shop near the store, and so informed the partner. At half-past nine the cashier went to the place to look for the peculiar bill. He ascertained that Mr. Twitterton had paid one dollar and ten cents at the counter. The ten dollar bill was produced, from which the sum was taken. It was not the peculiar bill, but the fact that the clerk had ten dollars at all on the first day after his return from a vacation was strange enough to warrant the suspicion that he had been cunning enough to exchange the peculiar bill for another, before he spent it.

The cashier protested that no other person could possibly have taken the bill, for no one else had been near the desk. But then the cash had been short once in the same mysterious manner during the absence of the clerk. A fifty-dollar bill had disappeared while Mr. Twitterton was quietly rusticated on Long Island. Whatever suspicions rested on the clerk nothing could be proved; but Mr. Blastwood arranged matters so that the clerk could be watched.

The cashier's desk was a mercantile table, with a row of drawers on each side. The upper one, on the right hand side, was the money drawer. It was divided off into compartments for the various denominations of currency and bank notes, the larger bills being placed in the space farthest back. The lower drawer of this tier was one of double depth, in which the sales books were placed after they had been posted, every night, so that Mr. Twitterton was obliged to go to this drawer every morning for the books he used. But the cashier always sat there during business hours, and it seemed hardly possible that the clerk could open the upper drawer far enough to take out one of the large bills in the farthest compartment; and the cash was always short by ten, twenty and fifty dollars.

After his visit to the store, Mr. Twitterton re-

turned to his boarding house, and sat in his chamber till midnight, wondering what Mr. Blastwood wanted with him.

CHAPTER X.

MR. TWITTERTON VISITS STATEN ISLAND.

Possibly beer, in moderate quantities, would have been beneficial to Seth Muggleton; but none, except a native born Bavarian, could carry off six long glasses in an evening with impunity. Miss Lucretia was called up in the night, after her brother's debauch, for the old man was very sick. Mr. Twitterton was called, too, just as he had dropped to sleep, and went for the doctor. Before he could return, Seth Muggleton had departed this life. The physician said it was a dissection of the heart.

When Mr. Twitterton went to the store the next morning, he astonished the partners, and distracted their attention from the event of the preceding evening, by informing them of the sudden death of the old porter. Seth had been in the establishment longer than any other person, except the two senior partners, and the sad event produced an appropriate sensation. Mr. Twitterton looked serious and solemn, and related all the particulars attending the death of the old man with proper feeling. Yet, I am sorry to say, he was not as those who mourn without hope. If the truth had been told, he did not even half so bad as he pretended; but he preferred to have him out of the way before the brilliant idea flashed upon the members of the firm. After Seth had told him all he knew about the Vanderwent family and the lost son, he was rather in the way himself. Interested persons might ask, and the old man might answer awkward questions, to the effect that Mr. Twitterton had received from the deceased the most minute tales in regard to the loss of the child. The old porter was at rest now, and had passed away without any prolonged suffering. Mr. Twitterton allowed himself to be consoled, and was even willing to believe the sad event was all for the best.

If Mr. Vanderwent and Mr. Lynmore came to the city at all it would not be until noon, or later, and the junior partners seemed it highly fitting to send a messenger to Staten Island, to inform them of the sudden demise of the old and faithful servant. Both of them had a high regard for the old man, and had made his position a sinecure, while they paid him very liberal wages.

Mr. Twitterton was the proper person to send with the sad message; and the clerk was not disposed to object to the choice, for it would afford him an opportunity to see Miss Fanny. At

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a beast of himself and gets sick, I have to take care of him. I don't want him to stay at the store so late, either, if you have beer there."

"We don't have beer there."

"It is a little strange that both of you should be at the store, and the partners not know anything about it," added Miss Muggleton; and, as this was the point she had to make, she had done it very mildly.

"I do not understand you," said Mr. Twitterton, not a little startled at the lady's remark.

"If you had been at the store all the evening, it seems a little strange that Mr. Blastwood should send here for you—that is, it seems strange to me; I don't know as it does to you," she added very modestly, considering the crushing nature of the argument.

But it did seem strange even to Mr. Twitterton. He was staid, annoyed, disturbed, vexed, cornered, and confounded.

"Did Mr. Blastwood send here for me?" he asked.

"He did; about half-past seven o'clock. If I had known as much then as I do now, I should have told him you were at the store," replied the landlady, meekly; for she saw that the point had prickled the understanding of her boarder.

"What did he want with me?"

"He did not tell me. He sent for you; wished you to go down to the store at once."

"I think I will go now," added Mr. Twitterton, as he left the house; and poor Seth had to undergo his discipline unprotected by his friend—for more than once Mr. Twitterton had saved him from the full consequences of his folly.

The clerk went back to the store, but the doors were locked, and there appeared to be no one in the private offices. Perhaps it is not quite proper for the writer, an outsider, to penetrate the secrets of the private offices in the large house of Vanderwent and Lynmore; but, as we happen to know the nature of Mr. Blastwood's business with the entry clerk, we are willing that the reader should know why he sent for Mr. Twitterton at his boarding house, even before the clerk himself was informed on the subject.

When the retail department was closed, the cashier balanced the cash. Each salesman, when he sold any goods, wrote the amount of the sale on a blank form, which he tore from a little book, writing a duplicate of it on the margin of the page. The cash boy carried this paper, with the money, to the cashier, and returned the change, if any. The sum total of these checks, added to the cash on hand in the morning, ought to equal the amount of money in the drawer, less any sums paid over to the bookkeeper.

On the evening when Mr. Twitterton drank beer with Seth, the cash did not balance; it could not be made to balance. It was short

turned to his boarding house, and sat in his chamber till midnight, wondering what Mr. Blastwood wanted with him.

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the risk of losing the next boat, he walked a considerable distance up Broadway to a florist's, where he had expended five dollars in the purchase of a beautiful bouquet. At the desk in the shop he wrote this sentence on a card: "More beautiful than these flowers is she for whom the humble donor would gladly breathe away his existence." Mr. Twitterton thought this very pretty, and he placed the card among the flowers in such a way that one corner of it could be seen by the lady upon whom he intended to bestow it. The bouquet was carefully enclosed in a white paper, and a card upon which was inscribed: "For Miss Fanny Lynmore," attached to it. With this in his hand Mr. Twitterton went to Staten Island.

As the steamer came up to the slip, he was not a little surprised to see the "Belle of the Bay," with Joe Seagrain and Charley on deck, anchoring near the shore. He wondered what they wanted there, but it was no part of his purpose to cultivate their acquaintance on the present occasion. He walked up to the house of Mr. Lynmore first. Placing the bouquet at the door of the porter's lodge, he rang the bell and retreated; for he dared not yet be implicated in so daring a deed as sending a bouquet to the daughter of the millionaire. Behind a corner he waited till he had seen the porter open the door and take up the gift. Of course he would carry it to Miss Fanny, and she would feel that someone loved her, and was "willing to breathe away his existence for her," though the "breathing" for the present was to be done in secret.

Satisfied that the flowers had gone to their proper destination, Mr. Twitterton hastened to the mansion of Mr. Vanderwent, upon his melancholy mission. The owner thereof was in his elegant library, reading the morning papers. On the walls were several large portraits, one of them of a child, at which Mr. Twitterton gazed with the deepest interest, confident that it was the picture of the lost boy, for Charles Vanderwent, the son of the second wife, had red hair. The messenger was satisfied that Seth had correctly described the features, and even the scar on the left temple was plainly to be seen. On one side of it was the portrait of a lady, which, he was equally sure, was that of the first Mrs. Vanderwent, for the second had auburn hair.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, sir," began Mr. Twitterton, with a bow and a flourish.

"What is your business?" demanded the millionaire, sternly.

"I came upon a sad errand, sir."

"Well, sir, why don't you mention it?"

"It was quite sudden and unexpected, sir; and has cast a gloom over your establishment in the city."

"What has, sir?"

"Death comes like a thief in the night, and no man knoweth—"

Mr. Vanderwent sprang from his chair.

"Young man, if you don't tell me your business at once, I'll have you kicked out of the house like a thief in the night!" roared the merchant, enraged at the delay, and especially at the coolness of Mr. Twitterton.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but, I come upon a melancholy errand," stammered the clerk, now really confused.

"Will you explain your errand, sir?" thundered the millionaire.

"I will, sir; certainly I will, sir," replied Mr. Twitterton, bowing repeatedly, in token of his entire submission to the mighty man before him.

"I come as the messenger of death."

"You do?"

"Yes, sir; one of our friends has crossed the dark valley, and is soaring on—"

"Silence, sir!" cried Mr. Vanderwent, glowering on the clerk so fiercely that he cowered. "Will you hold your tongue, sir?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Is anyone dead? Answer me—yes or no!"

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"The angel of death—"

"Silence, sir!" roared the merchant, "not another word of twaddle about the 'dark valley' and the 'angel of death.' Give me the name, and only the name, or I will call my footman, and have you kicked out of the house."

"I beg your pardon, Mr.——"

"Not a word, sir! Give me the name!"

"Seth Muggleton, sir," replied Mr. Twitterton, who felt that it was cruel to deprive him of the use of all of his rhetoric on such a melancholy occasion.

"Poor Seth!" said the millionaire, moved by the intelligence. "Is he really dead?"

"Poor Seth is dead, sir," replied the clerk.

"That's better. When did he die?"

"Last night, sir; or, rather, at half-past one this morning."

"What ailed him?"

"He was seized—"

"Speak English, sir," interposed the merchant.

"What ailed him?"

"Heart disease, sir."

"Very well. When will the funeral take place?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock."

"Tell Mr. Blastwood to close the store at three o'clock for the rest of the day. Stop! I will write it, for it would take all day for you to tell it to him."

Mr. Vanderwent wrote a note and handed it to the messenger.

"Who sent you here?" demanded the merchant.

"Mr. Blastwood, sir."

"Tell him never to send you here again. You are a blockhead, sir."

That was all Mr. Twitterton got for trying to convey the sad intelligence in delicate phrase; but he was determined to come again, whether Mr. Blastwood sent him or not; and he would stir that proud man's soul as it had not been stirred for fifteen years before. Just as soon as that scar on his forehead was a little more mature, he would shake that haughty millionaire till his bones rattled. Mr. Twitterton glanced at the picture of the first Mrs. Vanderwent. He stood in a different position from that in which he had first beheld it, and he made an interesting discovery. For some reason or other the artist had painted her with a shawl thrown over her shoulder, perhaps to relieve the stiffness in the position. The shawl was the identical one in Mr. Twitterton's possession, or one exactly like it. He was tempted to make the point here and now, but he concluded to wait until after the funeral.

Mr. Vanderwent turned his attention to the newspaper, and bestowed no further thought to the clerk. Mr. Twitterton turned and bowed when he left the room, but he did not venture upon another remark. Mr. Lynmore was a different sort of man. He was courtly and polite, and the visitor wished that he had been the father of the lost child, instead of the senior partner.

He walked briskly towards the residence of Mr. Lynmore, assured that he should have a pleasant reception there. He passed the porter's lodge, and reached the front door. He was promptly admitted, and ushered into the parlor, where the family was seated. To his intense surprise, indignation, and disgust, he found Job Seagrain and Charley there, and apparently on the very best terms with Mr. Lynmore, his wife, and Miss Fanny. He was utterly confounded by the sight, and utterly unable to comprehend it. What could Job and "What's-his-name," be doing there? How was it possible that they should be admitted to the parlor, and be on such friendly terms with one of the senior partners of the great firm of Vanderwent & Lynmore. The more Mr. Twitterton thought of it, the more bewildered he became.

"Ah, Mr. Twitterton," said the merchant, kindly, as the clerk was shown into the room. "Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Lynmore," replied the visitor, solemnly, for in spite of the astounding sight which greeted him, he did not forget the melancholy nature of his mission.

"To what circumstances am I indebted for this unexpected pleasure?" asked Mr. Lynmore, who evidently understood, and appreciated the humor of the clerk.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

The DEATH-BED MARRIAGE

or, The Missing Bridegroom

By Ida M. Black

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A young girl and a handsome man, in the uniform of an American officer, stand beside a dying man. The priest bends near to catch the faltering words, "Forever 'Till Death." The dying man exacts a promise that the husband will take his bride away from his enemies and hers. "She is safe—as my wife," comes the reluctant answer. The father places a package in the husband's hands. "Swear it to me, to keep it seven years for your wife." A soldier's word is the pledge, and with the sign of the cross the old Spaniard dies.

Seven years later a stranger asks directions to the home of Dr. Morosini. "Is the gentleman a-comin' too?" He is tall and slim, with a cloak wrapped around his shoulders. He dogs the man's steps on the steamer, at the hotel, and the stranger is unconscious that the little guide is his protector. Dr. Morosini gives Ross Delmore a hearty welcome, and reminds Ross that he does not ask for his wife. Seven years before he consigns his child wife to Dr. Morosini's care. Ten years before the major sees his idol crumble into dust. He goes to Mexico a reckless man. Receiving a severe wound he is nursed by an old Spaniard, Don Jose. He has possession of a secret that will bring untold wealth. Ross sees someone at the window. The dog growls. He resumes his story. For six weeks he lays helpless with Don Jose's little daughter as nurse. He hears the child pray in simple faith for the life of the American. She softens him, and as a child he learns to love her. Don Jose is taken suddenly ill, and Ross Delmore promises to defend his child the old man misunderstands him and insists upon a marriage, which Ross is too bewildered to oppose. Claude realizes Ross has a wife he does not want and he must be brave—either take her to his heart and home or else let the law set her free. The old love is dead, but if she can come to the old man, brighten the years that are left he will welcome her and cherish her as tenderly as a husband can. If she shrinks she shall be free. The dog moves uneasily. The doctor makes a spring and grasps a man by the throat.

The great bell in the tower tolls the noonday Angelus. The center of a small group is a little maiden with wonderful beauty. She wears a ring with the Spanish inscription, "Forever 'Till Death." The good nurse keeps the secret of Inez Fernandez's marriage. The "Recluse" is the object of much discussion. She asks to speak to Inez. The girl shrinks. She should no longer be a child, and the nun glances at Inez's ring. The wife of a brave man must be brave. His life hangs by a thread. Inez must save him. The package is more dangerous than if it held a serpent's sting. It contains the secret that was fatal to her father's life. His dying breath tries to save her. They who seek the secret stop at nothing. The Recluse is done with life and only lives to see wrongs righted. Dr. Morosini calls for Inez. The Recluse starts violently. Her husband is at the lodge. It's a woman's privilege to choose her own husband. The law recognizes the fact. She sends her ring to her husband. "No law can sever the tie that it binds."

Major Delmore drives slowly in the direction of Mount Darcy. His meditations are interrupted. A note is passed him. His life is in danger. "By the memory of the dead past, beware!" The major's horse is stopped. He jumps from the carriage. He is gagged and bound. A happy group gather in Mrs. Morosini's cheerful parlor. There is the sound of wheels. The doctor opens the door to welcome Ross and his bride. The carriage is empty. The doctor discovers a slip of paper torn by a dagger and the words, "By the law of might." It means cold-blooded murder, and the doctor drives furiously toward town. Inez waits patiently for the coming of her husband. The Recluse is called away suddenly. A close carriage thunders beneath the stone arch. Sister Bernice places in Inez's hands a silver cross with the inscription, "Faithful 'Till Death." Her husband awaits her in the parlor. Dr. Morosini confides his suspicions to Frank Braddon who is in love with Marion Morosini.

Inez meets her husband. The greeting is not as she expects. They enter a closed carriage the mask is thrown off and Inez recognizes her Uncle Sebastian. Why has he deceived her so—where is her husband—why is she torn from her friends. Her husband removed he becomes her guardian. He conducts her to her chamber, closes and locks an outer door, then she knows no more. Sebastian Del Puente enters his wife's room. Has she love for the wife of Ross Delmore? Sebastian leaves his wife; he goes to a cave where Ross Delmore is bound hand and foot. Aline follows. In six hours the rising water will do its deadly work. Aline hurries home. Her husband returns. He takes refreshments. There is drowsiness and a surging in his brain. Ross Delmore hears the sound of oars. Aline severs the ropes that bind him. He appears as a retired sea captain.

Frank Braddon returns to the lodge. He listens to Dr. Morosini's "Testimony of the Dagger" and believes that Ross Delmore meets foul play. Pattie Murphy in the guise of Bridget O'Reilly goes to Dr. Morosini's as a peddler woman. She gives him a note. "It's for doctor's stuff," said the man that gave it to me. "You give it for nothing." The doctor reads the strange prescription: "The tiger leaves no track in the jungle. Caution is better than courage—wait, watch and hope!" Dr. Morosini recognizes Ross Delmore's handwriting.

Carlos visits Inez in her prison. Only as his wife can she be free. She refuses. In his anger he leaves her with the door ajar. Inez opens it. She flees down the dark corridor and enters a death chamber, securing herself in an empty coffin, concealed by a pall. She hears her Uncle Sebastian demand of Aline, where the girl is. By all she holds sacred she does not know. He confers with Carlos and gives orders for her detection. Inez is about to rise when someone enters. There is a mild piteous prayer for pardon and the woman, rising from her knees throws back the pall. Inez springs from her hiding place and in the form before her she recognizes the recluse of Mt. Darcy. Aline assists her to escape. She dresses to represent Coal and avoids recognition. She struggles on, a tremor comes over her, her brain whirls, her limbs give way, and she sinks fainting to the ground.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOW OF THE VALLEY.

"F AIX, sir, an' if ye must walk out, sir, ye wull, but that sharp-eyed lawyer has his friends about the town, or my name's not Patrick Murray. Troth, and wasn't it only yesterday evenin', sir, a man asked me sich questions that ef I hadn't bated the devil himself a-lying, 'twould have been all up wid us? Was ye a sailor? An' where did ye come from. An' where were ye goin'? Sure, sir, ye haven't got the sailors' walk, at all, an' yer legs are too stiddy, an, yer back too straight. So ef ye wull walk, ye had better go to the woods, sir, where there are fewer eyes to see, and fewer tongues to prate."

Major Delmore, or Captain Winters, as we must call him in his new character, smiled at his faithful attendant's advice, but he had learned to value Pattie's observations, so he turned to the woods for his morning walk.

He chose an early hour since assuming his disguise, in order that the exercise, necessary to a man of his active habits, might not draw upon him the regards of curious eyes.

It was a beautiful morning. With bared brow he entered the forest. The early sunbeams, glittering through the trees, lay in shreds of rosy light upon its soft brown carpet; the birds were already singing in the dim arcades, quiet as were these cloistered paths, they seemed aglow with the hope and promise of the new-born day.

"So shall my life be," murmured Ross Delmore. "The storm has swept over me—the evil spirit of darkness and night have done their worst. I will henceforth in the chastened peace of a glorious morning, so live that life will burst into the full noontide of an eternal day."

A faint sound attracted his attention. He turned. It seemed to come from a neighboring tree. He listened. Again it came. A low moan, like that of a creature in pain.

With one stride he gained the place, whence

he started back a moment, paralyzed with wonder.

A mighty pine spread its giant arms over a mossy hillock, whereupon lay a young girl, whose feeble sigh had attracted the wanderer's attention.

She seemed lost in a restless slumber, for her beautiful cheek was flushed, her lips trembling, her arms were flung out in supplication. A short, dark cloak, lined with scarlet, was thrown about her shoulders, the rich masses of hair had escaped from the coquettish cap, and lay in beautiful profusion upon her mossy pillow; the dainty shoe was half torn off, revealing a shapeful foot, stained and bleeding.

As Ross Delmore stood there gazing at this beautiful vision, the dark eyes opened and fixed themselves upon him imploringly.

"Oh, save me! save me!" she murmured. "For God's sake, save me!"

Her eyes closed again.

Ross Delmore bent forward, lifting the light form in his arms. He carried it to the outskirts of the woods. There was an abandoned hut there, that he had previously noticed.

Leaving his lovely burden there for a few moments, while he went in search of a carriage, he found her on his return, raving in the painful delirium of brain fever.

The only vehicle that he had been able to procure in that rural neighborhood was a farmer's wagon, covered, it is true, but rude and comfortable. As it drew up before the abandoned

"Ah, the poor dear!" she said kindly, as the major briefly explained his business. "Give a hand, sir, and we'll lift her out and have her in the parlor chamber in a twinkling."

As they raised the sick girl from her temporary couch she started up with feverish strength, cast one wild look around, and then, with a loud cry, sprang from the friendly hands that strove to detain her, and darted to the woods again.

"She's mad!" said Dame Pugh, in terror, "I dare not keep a mad woman, sir."

The same thought flashed into the major's mind, as he started in quick pursuit.

He did not have far to go, for Inez soon sank to the ground in trembling terror, her dark eyes raised with a look of affrighted supplication, piteable to see.

"Poor child!" said the major, stroking the beautiful hair with a soothing touch, "poor child, do not fear! You are safe, there are none to harm you."

"They will make me marry him!" she said, in a startled whisper. "Hark! Hark! They are coming—behind the bushes—there! Oh, my God, have mercy, it is Carlos! His hand is in my hair!"

A violent shudder convulsed her whole frame. "Carlos!"

The major started. The word had a volume of terrible meaning in it. The dark foreigner haunting his footsteps, the spy at the window, the prisoner in the courtroom, the murderer in



ALINE'S LIPS MOVED, BUT THE FEEBLE PRAYER THEY UTTERED WAS NOT TO MAN.

but, and he noticed the gaping wonder in its owner's face, a new perplexity flashed into his mind.

In his present doubtful position he dared not attract attention by taking the helpless being thus thrown upon his hands to his quarters in the city. Her strange attire, her wonderful beauty, her wild, incoherent ravings would excite comment and awake criticism even among the strangers with whom he dwelt.

From her southern type of countenance and the fanciful costume, he was half inclined to believe his protegee an actress, a gypsy, or some such nomadic character, who, when their brief song or dance is finished, drop out of life unknown and uncared for.

The straightforward soldier stood for a few moments in perplexed consideration; rubbed his head, wished for Pattie's assistance, and, at length, as if enlightened by a new idea said to the waiting countryman:

"This lady has been suddenly taken ill, and it will not be safe to remove her to the city. Do you know of any farmhouse where she will be comfortably cared for by some good woman? I will pay well for any trouble that she may give."

The man scratched his head and thought the matter over.

"There's Dame Pugh as lives a couple of miles down the hollow, beyon' the hills. She's a powerful hand at nussin' sick folks."

Again the major paused to take in the situation. The town was about four miles distant, and Milton at least fifteen miles. These were the only points from which the major dreaded observation. He knew nothing of the prison house midway between these two points from whence Inez had escaped, she could tell him nothing.

Without further hesitation, he lifted his helpless burden into the wagon, following her head upon her folded cloak, and removing the jaunty cap from the raven tresses, bade the driver to proceed to Dame Pugh's.

They soon reached the spot—a quaint, many gabled farmhouse. Dame Pugh came out to welcome the strangers. She was a little woman with a brown, wrinkled face and a good-humored smile.

the convent lane, the witness in the seaside cavern—each and all flashed into his mind at this word.

"I will not marry him!" continued Inez, passionately. "There is blood on his hands! Faith! I see it! I smell it! blood—blood!"

"What blood?" asked the major, humoring her fancy.

"Father, friend, guardian, husband—all gone, gone!" said Inez, wildly. "All gone, and the blood is upon his hands—on his!"

"Come with me," he said gently. "You are tired, you must rest. You shall not marry, poor little one. You are too young to bear the sorrows of a wife."

"Ah, yes," she murmured, sadly, "too young—too young!"

Then she clasped her tiny hands, in a supplicating way and murmured wearily:

"Spare him, oh, my God! Leave me penniless—take wealth, comforts, happiness—take all—the wretches that seek him."

He lifted her again in his strong arms and bore her to the house.

"It is only fever," he said, reassuringly, to the old lady, "feel how her temples throb. It is a case of brain fever."

The dame hesitated.

"If there is one thing I am afraid more than another it is mad folks, sir. When it comes to a mad person my flesh just creeps. She can stay, if you please, sir, but you'll have to stay and look out for her yourself, for I could not take the responsibility, now, sir."

"But, my dear good woman," said the major, deprecatingly, "there is not the slightest necessity for my remaining. I will pay you well, and come out to see how your patient is getting along, but indeed, at present,—and the major considered how important it was for him to await further developments of the plot that surrounded his wife and himself; to wait in town as Aline had bade him, for the intelligence that she would find some means of conveying. "It is impossible," he said, "impossible, I assure you."

"Then she will have to go, sir. I am very sorry to be so unchristian like; but she'll have

The major hesitated, but another glance at the beautiful face, so flushed with fever, decided him. "I owe a life to heaven," he said to himself. "Let what will betide, I will stay and care for this poor young stranger."

"Take her to your room, good woman," he said, turning to the dame, "I will remain, for I dare not take her any farther, she needs quiet and rest. Another such fright and outburst as that of a few moments ago might cause her death."

And they lifted the now motionless girl from the chair upon the porch into a quiet little chamber, dainty with draperies of chintz and muslin, shadowy and rose scented.

She was ill—very ill; so the country physician said, when he was summoned to her bedside. Some terrible strain upon nerves and brain had prostrated the delicate system, and she was near death. There was hope still, but it lay only in skillful nursing, in quiet and rest. A rude shock might prove instantly fatal.

It was towards evening that his flat was pronounced. The major had sent a message to Patrick Murphy, whom he expected momentarily. The shadow of the night began to creep into the little chamber; as Major Delmore passed the threshold he felt the presence of a deeper shadow still. He crossed the bare floor, and stood beside the snowy bed, where Inez lay in a sort of stupor, that was neither sleeping nor waking.

He bent and took the burning little hand in his, and looked down earnestly upon the beautiful face. Something in its unnatural calm struck a chord of memory. When had such a face looked into his before?

"I've come, sir," said a familiar voice behind him. "The stupid baste ye sint for me lost the road, and we've been a-turnin' and a-twistin' this two hours. And who is it we have here, sir? Ochone! Ochone! Shure, what has come over the darlint angel? Where did ye find her, sir? That I should ever live to see her dead and waked like this!" cried Pattie, in bewildered grief.

"Who is it?" the major had grasped the boy by the shoulder, "who is it, boy? Do you know her?"

"Do I know her? Shure, sir, could I live with in a mile of Mount Darcy and not know the convent flower—not know Miss Inez, sir?"

"Inez!" repeated the major, as conviction forced itself upon his mind. "Inez Fernandez?"

"Yes sir," said the boy, "though some folks did say that she had a right to another name. They have a queer way of marrying children out in furrin parts, but as mither said, 'twould be a sin and a shame if Miss Inez was tied up to some cold spalpeen that she didn't care a hap'orth for."

"I will not marry him!" said Inez, opening her eyes, and gazing about her vacantly. "Ochone! The Lord be merciful to us! Is it rising she is?" exclaimed Pattie, in terror.

"Be quiet, boy! She is not dead," said the major, sternly.

He let go the hand that he had clasped in his and looked down upon the wreck of his young wife in silence.

It was thus they met, the bridegroom of the Valley of the Shadow, beneath the roof of the stranger, unknowing and unknown; while she with unconscious lips denied her marriage vow, and, he, with the natural delusion of a sensitive heart, swore to himself the hateful bond from which she shrank should never be forced upon her.

"I will not marry him!" repeated Inez.

"No, no, poor child," he said, forgetting that as the captive of Sebastian Del Puente, Inez might have passed through unknown perils. "You shall not marry him. Rather will Ross Delmore be forever Captain Winters, than force you into a loveless union."

He bent down and kissed her brow with a parental tenderness.

"She is safe, at last, Aline's work is done; God can only do the rest. And if He spare her, the shadow of my existence shall not darken her young life. The waves shall blot out Ross Delmore from the face of the earth, and in another land Captain Winters shall live, and keep watch over her future, contented that he has left one young heart free and happy."

He sat down by her bedside to watch through the night—to guard the flickering flame that would never warm his hearthstone—to moisten the lips that would never bless him with their smile—to count the feeble heart-beats that would never throb his welcome.

The only cry that pierced the dull mist of unconsciousness that enveloped her, and rang sadly and bitterly in the watcher's ear, was still, "I will not marry him! No, no, no! I will not—I cannot marry him!"

CHAPTER XIX.

ALINE'S DELIVERANCE.

It was midnight. In the great stone house from which Inez had escaped, Aline kept her solitary vigil awaiting with tense nerves and throbbing pulse the pursuers' return.

She drew the curtains of her chamber, and passed into her oratory—the room so strangely devoted to penitence and prayer. She lighted one of the tall funeral tapers. It flung a ghastly light upon the sable hangings of the apartments—the coffin, and pall.

"She looked around with a bitter smile. "All mockery! All mockery! I swore to live as one dead—dead to the world, its joys, its sorrows, its hopes, its fears. I thought to keep my vow, like the grim old monarch of whom I heard. I took the shadow of death to my heart, and dwelt in its darkness. What has it availed me? Ah, well, did the good nun of Mount Darcy say, when I told her of my penance, 'neither life nor death are ours, my daughter. We take them from God's hands at his will.' Dead! I dead, with a heart still throbbing with human sympathy—as my heart throbs tonight?"

"The air seems full of mysteries and horrors tonight," she said, as she arose and went to the window. My God, if they discover Inez what Sebastian will know that I aided her to escape. I have been his slave so long, would it be wrong to escape from him now? I have fulfilled my marriage vow—I have been a faithful even beyond death!"

"Faithful beyond death!" a mocking voice behind her echoed her words. "Ah, my most religious lady, that is yet to be proved. Faithful! Oh, yes, most faithful!"

She turned, a thrill ran through every nerve as she met the eyes cast upon her with such rage and malice in their gaze that she had never seen before.

Sebastian Del Puente had pushed aside the sable hangings covering the doorway, and stood in the oratory, which he had hitherto avoided with superstitious dread.

"Faithful!" he repeated, in a low, hoarse voice, as if he would add fuel to his rage. "You thought to deceive me—me!"

The woman's spirit arose, she felt that she was at bay. She lifted her head with a proud, scornful smile, and confronted her tyrant, fearlessly.

"You are right, I have deceived you! Did you believe that my love was so mighty that it could bind me to one like you? Did you think the mad folly of my youth could outlive such woe and cruelty as you have made me suffer? Love you? I have lived with you, loathing the very sight of your evil face, the very touch of your wicked hand, the sound of your cruel voice. I have lived with you because I felt myself bound

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

An Error Corrected

By a mistake of the printer some of the buff envelope folder subscription blanks which we are sending wrapped in this month's issue of COMFORT to such of our subscribers whose subscriptions expire this month or are about to expire or have not renewed, some of these envelope folder subscription blanks state the subscription price as "15 cents" for a one year subscription. THIS IS WRONG; it is the printer's mistake. Bear in mind that the subscription price of COMFORT beginning the first day of May is 25 cents for a single year or 50 cents for three years, as we told you last month. But if you receive one of these envelope folders it is GOOD FOR THE VALUE OF 15 CENTS OR 30 CENTS TO YOU. Read the notice on page 4 and find out how and why it is worth 15 or 30 cents to you.



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least THREE MONTHS before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

COMFORT is doing such a grand, noble work for the shut-ins I cannot keep still any longer, and it is appreciated by them I know, for I am in a position to realize what each ray of sunshine and kindness means pouring into these shadowed lives.

I am a shut-in, but when I read some of the pitiful appeals I long to help, too. When our sympathies are aroused and we respond we feel better for helping someone, even if it is ever so little. Comparatively few of this grand band know what it means to be a real shut-in, to lie or sit day after day in the same position, perhaps not able to move or to move even so little. And to have to be waited upon and realize our helplessness so keenly. Seeing so much to do and not able to do anything only to look on and see someone else doing what we feel we ought to do. And yet we are truly thankful there is someone to do for us. And then when we think there are some that do not have the bare necessities of life, we are thankful we are no worse off, and we long to send some comfort or cheer into their poor lives. I never read a poor shut-in's name but I long to do something for him. But our circumstances will not allow us to help financially although we would gladly do so if we could. But we will try and say a good word or write a kind letter when we can, and try to look on the bright side. For they say every cloud has a silver lining and we are looking for that.

I have had to sit in a wheel chair for over four years. I cannot stand on my feet at all, nor can I sew at all, nor use my hands but very little. But I am very thankful I can read and write some, it is very hard work for me to write, but I enjoy getting letters and always try to answer every one I get. Although I have a home I long for bits of comfort and sunshine from the outside world. Anything to bring a little cheer into our dreary lives and make us forget our pains and sufferings, anything to forget ourselves and think of someone else. These rays of sunshine drive the shadows away and make us happier; if we never had any shade we would not appreciate the sunshine, so we must have both to really enjoy either one.

There are two readers of COMFORT that have sent a good lot of cheer into my small world and I hope to receive more from others, and I will try to send some into other shut-in lives. I believe in helping all we can.

I would like to ask the sisters to send me a block twelve inches square of bleached muslin, with their names and state worked in red. I want to have made for me a COMFORT bedspread. I would return favor in any way I could, if desired. I have thought of this for a long time. I would enjoy reading these names, and in sending them, send me all the good thoughts you can any way. Your shut-in sister,
ADA E. WINN, Metamora, R. D. 1, Mich.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I too am a reader of COMFORT and I think that your department is by far the most interesting and helpful corner in the paper, though I enjoy reading everything contained therein.

I saw among other good things a poem written by Katharine M. Haller and as that was my maiden name and my older sister's name is Katharine, I thought possibly she might be a relative. If she is a reader of COMFORT and sees this will she please give me her address and write something of herself and ancestry? I am sixty years of age.

Can anyone in this corner give the old poem "Retrospection"? I would be pleased to get it through these columns.

I live in the little city of Belington, W. Va., it has about three thousand inhabitants and is situated in a lovely valley not far from the famous Laurel Hills. The scenery is varied, great rocks, high hills, fine evergreens, tortuous streams, deep valleys, distant mountains, winding roads, narrow paths, giant timber and stunted undergrowth. We have a railroad center, have electric lights, gas, and many improvements over the old. Thanks to the march of modern improvements.

MRS. MILLIE N. HOFFMAN, Belington, W. Va.

DEAR SISTERS:

I wrote a letter which was published recently in the Sisters' Corner, and judging from the numerous letters I have received on that subject, some information concerning Oregon will be acceptable to your readers.

I live in Douglas county, which is noted for fine fruits of all kinds, unsurpassed climate, beautiful scenery, mines of gold, silver, nickel and copper. There are also many fine farms. There are many large prune orchards and evaporators here. Petite, silver and Italian prunes being the varieties generally raised. Peaches are large, free from worms and of fine flavor. The apples are fine, as are apricots, pears, other fruits and berries. This climate is well adapted to hop culture and there are some large yards in this county.

Stock does well, being able to live without other feed than pastures afford, and still come out in the spring in fair condition.

This climate is the best I have ever lived in. The thermometer rarely falls below fifty in the winter and we have but little very warm weather. Our nights are always cool and we are never kept awake by the heat.

Many eastern people are coming to Oregon, and I am willing to help give information to all I can. I will answer all letters inclosing stamped envelope for reply.

MRS. JOHN E. LOVE, Canyonville, Oregon.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As many of the COMFORT sisters have requested the words of the little prayer which I mentioned in my letter, I herewith inclose them, and beg the favor of having them published in this corner so that all may have them.

This prayer was composed by A. F. Schaeffer, D. D., and is as follows:

"Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb tonight;
Thou the darkness be Thou near me
Keep me safe till morning light.

All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank Thee for Thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed me, fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven,
Bless the friend I love so well,
Take me when I die to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

MRS. WILLIAM J. MACKIN, Mandan, N. Dak.

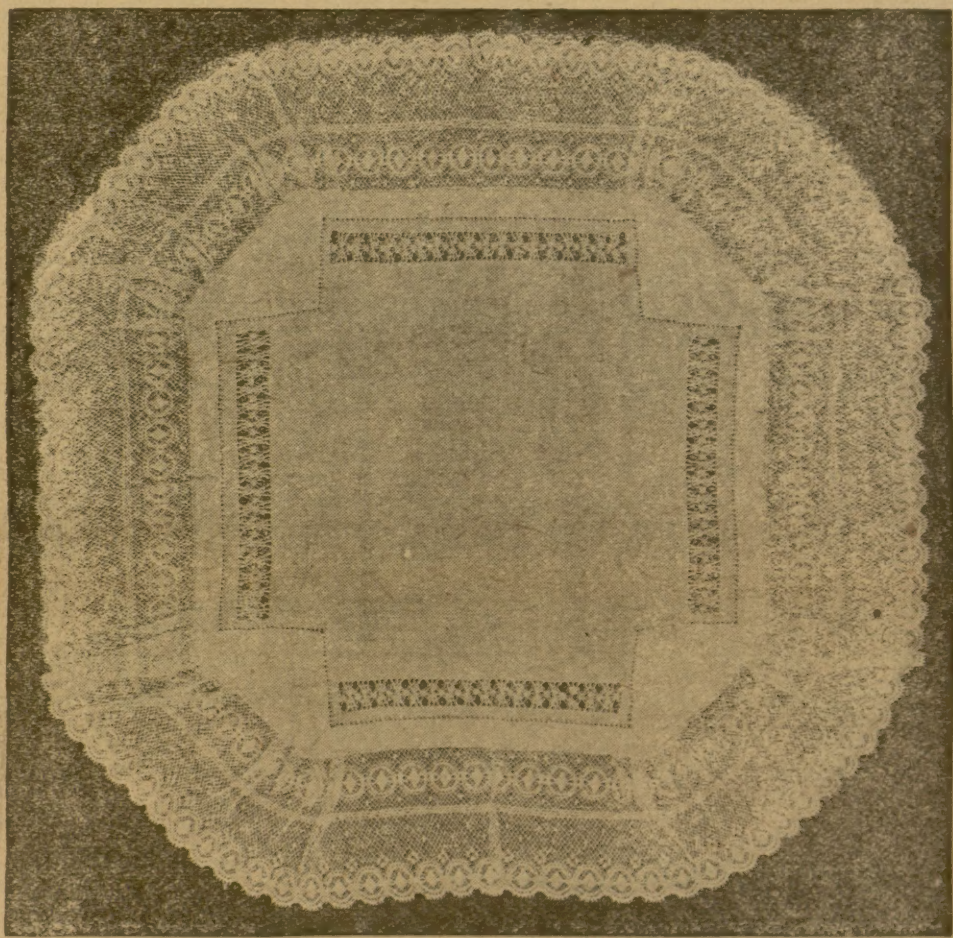
DEAR EDITOR:

I want to send my heartiest thanks to all who sent me cards or remembered me in any way. I have answered all who sent a stamp and would have answered those who did not if I had had the money. I have received lots and lots of cards and they are still coming. I am certainly proud of them and thank everyone for them. I am not any better than when I wrote before.

MISS KYLE WARD, Jamestown, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I want to thank all the sisters and also brothers who sent me my many pretty cards in the past three years. I have sent cards in return to all I think and hope they all liked theirs as I did mine. I have over nine hundred cards.



EIGHT-CORNERED HANDKERCHIEF.

Linen, India Linen, or lawn (good quality) may be used. Cut a square nine by nine inches. Measure three inches diagonally from corners, clip three threads each way and draw to within one inch of outer edge, clip. Treat all corners in this manner; then clip three threads at end of drawn space and draw straight across to opposite corner; crease narrow edge all round, turn corners and straight edges back to drawn space, baste and hemstitch.

Measure one quarter inch from hemstitching, clip and draw threads straight across to one half inch depth, hemstitch both edges; cross in center, knotting three clusters of threads together; work threads across four times; last time fill in space between clusters with tiny spider wheels, finish with Valenciennes lace and insertion. Lace alone makes very neat finish. Any pretty design of drawnwork may be used between corners, and of course, size can vary if one desires. In fact, a bit of originality is required to get best results.

MRS. ALBERT L. SIGMAN.

Some of them so pretty that people have used them to make pictures from and painted on a larger scale in water colors; they make fine pictures. Well I am going to send in some good tested recipes and hope you will try them.

Some sister asked for Gertrude, and I hope she will like my recipe.

I feel very sorry for Gertrude, but no one can help her but herself.

Can any of the sisters send me the song: "Pretty Bunch of Lilacs." The chorus is as follows:

"Pretty bunch of lilacs,
I have brought to you
Wondering if you love me
If your heart is true.
Give to me a promise,
Surely you'll do this,
Tell me that you love me,
Answer with a kiss."

For she kissed me when I gave her the bunch of lilacs. I will return favor in anyway I can. I have one fine boy of three and one half years.

Well, I had better close this time or I may not be admitted again.

MRS. F. J. LAUER, 13547 Euclid Ave., E. Cleveland, Ohio.

What have you done with your buff envelope folder? Don't lose it. It is worth 15 or 30 cents if you use it. How? The notice on page 4 tells you how.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

I wish we could all gather together in some cool, shady place in July or August, under the protection of our Heavenly Father, where we could become personally acquainted with one another. Through the efforts and kindness of many sisters we are led to do a better work than ever before. The dear invalids and shut-ins are cheered mentally and benefited by many of COMFORT's busy hands and hearty greetings. My heart goes out in sympathy to those who have

fallen victims to disease, and I try to help some one; of course it is impossible to help all, but we can do something for some one.

I am going to give the readers a description of my home and vicinity. We are living four miles from Concord in a grove of oaks and hickories on a little knoll with spring and little rivulet in front, several hundred yards away. To the back of the buildings is a forest, below and above open fields where the fleecy, white, staple-cotton is grown every year. I wish some of our readers who have never seen cotton grow could be in Dixie land in October and then see the large fields white with the product. On my father's farm are grown a variety of fruits and vegetables, beside cotton. We have peaches, pears, apples, cherries, plums, strawberries, cabbage, beans, sweet and Irish potatoes, tomatoes, peas, corn, wheat, rye, oats, etc. We drink good cool water drawn from a well forty-six feet deep and through a hard sand rock ten feet. We have many hills and valleys in the surrounding neighborhood. There is a hill fifty or more feet high to the front of our home. Land brings from \$25 to \$100 an acre. The soil is generally very productive, and most every white farmer owns his own land. Negroes are abundant but the price for labor is high. It is very hard to get any day laborers at all, every man must have his own tenants or work goes undone. We have some truck and dairy farms. Produce is very high priced, therefore a truck farmer is "strictly in it" if the season suits. In some sections of the country timber is abundant, there are great fields of hickory, oak, and forest pines. There are many more kinds of trees to be found in the forests, but the above named are the principal ones to be found. Sawmills are taken from one piece of timber land to the other and all the valuable lumber is cut down and sawed into lumber used for building purposes. We have quite a variety of wild flowers growing in the woods and open fields. The fern grows in some places to be two feet high. Anyone wishing a fern root I will send for the asking if stamps are inclosed. I will send violets, honeysuckle vine and many others but I am not able to give the name, but some are beautiful—more beautiful than many we purchase from the horticulturist. We also have granite quarries in the county. We see the granite after it has been polished ready for use, but do not have the faintest idea how it is cut or from what large mountains it came if we have never visited a quarry.

Wishing to become better acquainted with the readers of our dear little paper, and also desiring

I hope to meet all my dear friends in the Better Land, and I believe I shall know them there.

GRANDMA HATTIE FOWLER, Woodbury, R. D. 2, Ga.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been sorely afflicted since my last letter to you. My husband was taken with typhoid fever on August 19th and was in bed forty-five days with no one to care for him except myself and oldest boy, aged thirteen. We have neighbors but in most every family there were one or two cases of fever, and those who fortunately did not have it were afraid to visit those afflicted. When my husband was the lowest one of my children was very ill with the fever and another with congestion of the stomach, so you see, dear friends, it was hard for me, but I consider I have much to be thankful for as my husband and children were spared. Truly there is nothing so bad but what it could be worse, still when a woman has to care for patients and six children, see to the feeding, getting the wood and everything else they surely have their hands and hearts full.

Now I want to give you a few facts, hoping I may hear from some of my kinsfolks. My father was Red Reynolds, a lieutenant in the Revolutionary War, a rebel, and the youngest of fifteen children. He had only two own sisters, one, if living, is Sarah Mathus, the other Hane King. They each have children and I should be glad to hear from them. My mother was a Kiser, and her mother a Harber. I would be delighted to hear from any relatives on either side.

I would like to have letters, and would also be glad of pieces to help finish my Old Fellow quilt.

MRS. ED. DEBERRY, Box 28, Savannah, R. D. 2, Tenn.

Look for the buff envelope folder and see if you find one wrapped in this paper. It is worth 15 or 30 cents if you find it and use it. Read the notice on page 4 and find out how and why.

DEAR SISTERS:

I am sending you some verses which I wrote. I was seventy-seven years old the first of last March and should be pleased to get letters from all the old folks of this dear home department. I am a widow and though I have long been a COMFORT reader this is my first letter.

The Old Hymns

There's lots of music in 'em—the hymns of long ago,
As some gray-haired brother sings the ones I used to know.
I sorter want to take a hand—I think o' days gone by
"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand and cast a wistful eye."

There's lots of music in 'em, those dear, sweet hymns of old,
With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold;
And I hear 'em singing—singing when memory dreaming stands,
"From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands."

They seem to sing forever of holier, sweeter days
When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways,
And I want to hear their music from the old-time meetings rise
Till "I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."

We never needed singin' books in them old days—we knew
The word—the tunes of everyone, the dear old hymn books through;
We didn't have no trumpet then—no, nor organ built for show,
We only sang to praise the Lord "from whom all blessings flow."

An' so I love the dear old hymns, and when my time shall come
Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb,
If I can only hear 'em then I'll pass without a sigh
"To Canaan's fair and happy land, where my possessions lie."

Hoping to hear from many of you and promising to answer you all if possible, I remain an old COMFORT sister,
MRS. K. L. SMITH, Rosedale, Wash.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

My husband and I live in the beautiful city of Cleveland; our home is four miles from the square, we built this place and have lived here fifteen years. We have a very pretty home and we both love it. We have no children, but have lots of pets. My dear mother who lived with us a number of years, passed away a year ago and it has cast a gloom over our home and has left a vacant chair. I was the only child and we were together so much, I miss her more than I can tell. I love to receive this dear little paper, it is so much comfort. This little verse is helpful:

"Build a little fence of trust around today,
Fill the space with loving deeds and therein stay.
Look not through the sheltering bars upon tomorrow,
God will help you bear what comes of joy or sorrow."

MRS. ANNA M. MILLS, 1451 E. 89 St. N. E., Cleveland, Ohio.

That buff envelope folder good for 15 or 30 cents in value to our subscribers only. Did you receive one? Do you want one? You have a right to have that or the BLUE ONE, if you are a subscriber to COMFORT. Read the notice on page 26.

MY DEARS:

Having seen this bright spring morn a brood of newly hatched chickens, from an up-to-date incubator, put into a strictly up-to-date brooder, the poultry housed and yarded in an up-to-date way, fed on strictly modern poultry food and watered at regular intervals, my mind goes back to the old-fashioned farm or barnyard where the plain old-fashioned fowls, all colors of the rainbow perhaps, stood shivering in a sunny corner, the cattle let out to drink from a trough, out of which the water ran into a smaller one or a mud puddle into which the ducks and geese paddled and drank and worked up the mud to their hearts' content, after which the hen and her chicks were allowed to refresh themselves with their morning drink, then the entire poultry family started off to hunt for their breakfast. This poultry was never housed but roosted where they could and hustled for themselves; yet we see plenty of old-fashioned people that say they did well.

Mrs. G. and others wishing clothing, etc., must allow me to put their names in my letters.

H. F. Church, Colonial Beach, Va., wishes the name and address of one of my other good Southern boys. I will take the liberty of giving him two, Noah H. Farless, Koshkonong, Mo. Hy Stanley Bent, Jacksonville, Florida.

Katie Lamb, Greenville, R. D. 2, Mo. Nettie M. Glass, 37 East Thornton St., Akron, Ohio, are both invalids, please write them, not forgetting to inclose stamp.

Allen M. Herd, Where are you?

Mrs. Anna Serr, Thanks for the card but you know I never exchange. It reminded me all very much of our old home in Cranford, N. J. It is not impossible that I may take a trip on

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Lady Isabel's Daughter

or,

For Her Mother's Sin

A Sequel to "East Lynne"

By Mrs. Henry Wood

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The mysterious tenant of Leith Abbey is a daughter of Mr. Archibald Carlyle with his first wife, Lady Isabel Vane. Lady Lucy is accompanied by Joyce Hallijohn. She is eighteen years of age and is christened Isabel Lucy Carlyle, and is to be called "Isabel." Lady Isabel fails to understand why she cannot speak to her papa about mamma, who he overcomes his grief to marry another. If you and papa refuse to explain there are those who will. A servant announces Mr. Carlyle and a turning point for Lady Isabel arrives.

Emma, Countess of Mount Severn, tells her daughter, Rosamond, her sad miserable story. The Earl of Mount Severn, William Vane, is forced to part with East Lynne. Mr. Archibald Carlyle becomes owner. William Vane dies and his brother, Raymond Vane, becomes Earl of Mount Severn. Isabel, daughter of Archibald Carlyle, after her mother's death is placed under the care of Emma, wife of Raymond Vane. She plunges deep into the life she loves. Among her admirers is Captain Francis Levison. The presence of the girl fetters her freedom. Captain Levison wins the heart of Isabel. Her aunt, jealous, makes life unendurable and convinces her of Levison's doubtful honor. Archibald Carlyle appears upon the scene and marries Isabel. William Vane returns. He goes to East Lynne and learns the story from Archibald Carlyle's own lips. Three children bless the union. Before his marriage, Archibald Carlyle is attentive to Barbara Hare. Lady Isabel becomes jealous. Captain Levison visits East Lynne and fires her imagination by lies; she elopes with him. He promises marriage as soon as a divorce is secured from Archibald Carlyle. Becoming Sir Francis Levison, he wears of his toy and the report is given that she dies in a railroad accident. She lives, crushed and disfigured. Archibald Carlyle marries Barbara Hare. A governess is needed and Lady Isabel, in the guise of Madam Vane, is secured. She reveals herself to Archibald Carlyle and dies of a broken heart. Leith Abbey is alive with gaiety. The Earl of Mount Severn appears and bids his wife dismiss her guests. He confronts her with secrets disclosed by Lady Isabel's death and refuses to exchange one word with her. He gives his daughter, a girl of eight, the right to choose between her father and mother. For seventeen years the countess is a prisoner. She exacts an oath of her daughter that she work Isabel Carlyle's ruin. Rosamond promises to blight her every hope in life.

Lady Lucy asks her father to give her the name of her dead mother. With his last breath the Earl of Mount Severn requests that Isabel never recognize Lady Emma Mount Severn. She is announced and Isabel declares she will see her.

The Earl of Beresford insists in seeking a woman he does not know. His yacht is under orders to sail. The countess declares he brings no bride not his equal in birth and culture. The countess and her son prepare for the Grace of Arleight's drawing-room. The countess schemes with the Earl's valet to make the yacht unseaworthy. The valet brings a sign. The Earl finds the mysterious stranger, Lady Isabel Carlyle. The Countess of Mount Severn is responsible for her.

Lady Rosamond meets Mr. Carlyle and implores him to help, save and forgive her. His daughter shall never learn from the lips of a Mount Severn Lady Isabel's terrible death. Lady Rosamond's mother is beyond speech, paralyzed. Lady Isabel meets Lady Rosamond Vane, the Countess of Mount Severn. Her Grace, the Duchess of Arleight, consents to bring out Lady Rosamond and Isabel. Joyce says every girl meets her destiny the night she enters the world. Lady Rosamond looks with a queer little smile at Isabel. "Is there a certain 'he' in the world?" she asks. Isabel has never spoken to him, never heard his voice. Rowing up the stream, a yacht glides by and Isabel sees a face leaning over the rail. The memory haunts her and she hopes to look on it again. Rosamond thinks it odd that she too should meet her ideal in a strange manner. Isabel meets Annette, Rosamond's maid, and in after days knows why she repels her. The Earl of Beresford and Isabel meet in mutual recognition. Lady Rosamond realizes her deadliest foe, and if there is a power in heaven to blight, she invokes it now. Sir Francis Levison appears; he is at her service.

Lord Beresford presents Lady Isabel to his mother, and tells her Ravenswood Court will be honored by Lady Isabel's presence. It is a case of woman against woman and Lady Beresford stands face to face with a woman whose pride equals her own. Lady Isabel goes home. She wishes to be alone.

Lady Mount Severn totters and lays her hands on the man's shoulders—what is his name, who are his parents? His name is Pierre Bloushar, valet to the Earl of Beresford. He owes his name to the sisters of the hospital of Sacre Coeur at Canmore. He is left there, abandoned by his mother. Hoping to find her he enters Lord Beresford's service. There are hasty words and a blow. Bloushar never forgives and a deadly vengeance prompts him to Arleight Towers, where he finds his foe. Lady Rosamond knows that Pierre Bloushar is the child of Sir Francis Levison and Lady Isabel Carlyle, and a half brother of Lady Isabel, whose ruin is irrevocable. Lord Beresford requests his mother to give a ball in honor of Miss Carlyle's presentation to the queen. Isabel overhears the proud woman's refusal to recognize her and bitter enmity follows.

CHAPTER XIV.

LA SYLPHINE.

"A BOX at her Majesty's, and Patti to sing! Oh, Rosamond, how kind of Lord Beresford, is it not? I only mentioned the other day that I had never heard Patti, and he has gone to this trouble and expense. Of course, you will go too, papa?"

"Of course I will do nothing of the sort," smiled Mr. Carlyle. "Had it been any night but this, I should have been delighted. But I have an engagement, on a matter of vital importance—some evidence to collect for a trial which is to take place shortly after the time set for my return to East Lynne. All the same it is very kind of Lord Beresford. He is a noble young man, Isabel, and I esteem him highly."

Isabel looked away, and frowned in the glass at the reflection of a tell-tale blush.

"You'll not miss me," her father rejoined. "Her Grace of Arleight will chaperon you, and doubtless Lord Beresford's mother will accompany him. But here, I say, have a little consideration for the good fellow and don't keep him waiting. It is after six now and you had better be off to your dressing-rooms, both of you. But remember, not too much of this running around nights if you want any roses left for the royal drawing-room!"

"I shall have plenty, papa," laughed Isabel lightly. "Come, Rosamond. Let us be off to our dressing. You shall tell me what to wear to-night, and in return you shall have Joyce's assistance with your dressing. I should be so tired of having Annette take sick every night I needed her most, were I you. But there you have an angel's temper, dear, while I—Oh! I am all fire and gunpowder, with danger in every turn. Come along, Rosa, darling!"

My heart is beating for our meeting, Robin dear, Robin dear! Throw aside your book like a dear, good Rosamond, and help me to select something to wear. I never was at the opera before, and I want to look my best."

They were in the pretty music-room of my lady's recent purchase, the mansion in Belgravia, and the lamps burning behind pearl shades threw a soft white light on both fresh young faces as Isabel tossed aside Lord Beresford's rose-scented invitation, and bent over Lady Rosamond's chair. Lady Rosamond laid down her book and quietly arose.

"An opera and a ballet—it is something new

in our existence, to be sure, puss," she said sweetly. "We owe Lord Beresford a million thanks for this new view of life. You will not mind if we leave you now, guardy? It is too bad that you cannot accompany us, but we shall not want for a chaperon, with her grace the duchess and Lady Beresford present. Come, let us make the all-important selection at once. His lordship will drive round at eight at the latest, and we must not keep him waiting."

She wound her arm about Isabel's waist as she spoke, and went up the stairs to dress for the opera.

The all-important costume was selected, her Grace of Arleight was acquainted with the "order of the going," and my lady herself retired to choose her own dress, and to blaze upon them all an hour later in billows of sea-green crape, with emeralds on the throat and wrists and shining in the meshes of her golden hair.

Isabel at her toilet sang, in the perfect rapture of her heart, and resolved that she should outshine herself, this night of nights, when my lord's most noble mother must sit beside her in the public gaze and hear the comments spoken on the country solicitor's daughter.

And surely she did outshine herself. My lord (driving up at eight with my lady, his mother, and the Right Honorable the Viscount Dynnelly) thought he had never seen her look so radiantly beautiful as when she glided under the pearly lights to meet him and lifted her smiling eyes to his.

She wore a trailing robe of ecru satin embellished in ruby roses; opals and rubies encircled her arms and throat and shone in her lustrous dark hair; the low-cut corsage revealed her perfect neck and beautiful ivory arms; an opera cloak of ecru plush with streamers of wine-red ribbon was folded lightly over her shoulders, and her little cream-gloved hand clasped a great bunch of ruby Jacqueminots tied with trailing streamers of ecru and loops of wine-red ribbon.

My lord's patrician face flushed with pleasure as he saw her, and he would have felt no prouder of a princess royal than he did of this solicitor's daughter, when she went down the steps on his

spoke, a shower of bouquets and a storm of bravos from the young swells in the stalls, and then a lithe, agile little creature, with a bold, pert face, bounded upon the stage in the scantiest of guaze skirts, poised herself on tiptoe for one minute, then leaped, and bounded, and flashed to the tinkling of the music and the strumming of a gilded tambourine, until you made nothing of the flashing, flying, bounding mass, but floating hair, naked arms, meshed in a cloud of green gauze and silver.

"It is absolutely disgusting," murmured Isabel drawing back and screening her flushed face behind the silken curtains. "My lord, if there is more of this sort of exhibition, pray order the carriage and let us go home."

Lord Beresford did not hear the words, for they were drowned in a torrent of applause.

La Sylphine had finished her "solo on the point" and stood poised on the tips of her toes, with both hands held aloft and her brazen face aflame with smiles.

"What do you think of La Sylphine now, Lady Rosamond?" began the viscount looking up, but he checked himself suddenly and uttered a low cry.

My lady was leaning forward and glaring at the little figure poised on tiptoe in the blazing sheet of gaslight, and there was an awful look frozen on her blanched and deathly face. Just a second she sat and glared with that stony stare, then La Sylphine turning to bound away, flashed a smile at the Beresford box and over the glaring footlights the eyes of the countess and the dancer met.

There was a sudden sharp cry of recognition, the lorgnette dropped from Lady Rosamond's hand, and Isabel, turning with a look of blank amazement was just in time to see her start up from her chair and fall backward in a swoon.

My lady's quest was ended. The woman Pierre Bloushar had been seeking stood before her. The bold, brazen La Sylphine of tonight, and the vain, silly, rapid Afy Hallijohn of the past were one and the same being.

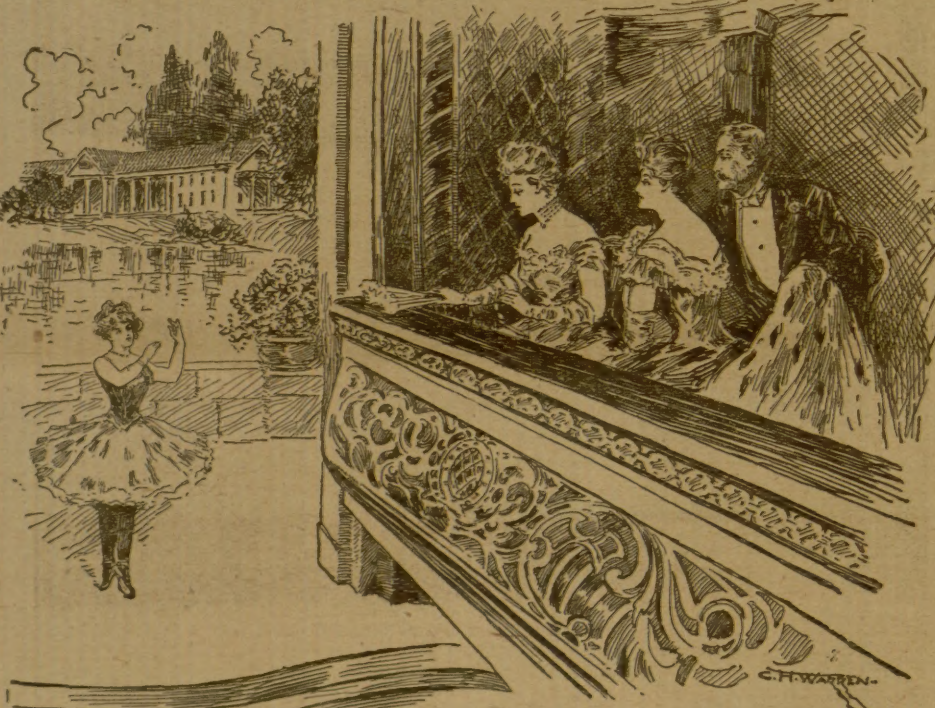
CHAPTER XV.

PAYING THE WAY.

There was a moment of intense excitement in the Beresford box when Lady Rosamond swooned, but happily the vast audience knew nothing of it for the eyes of the multitude were busy with the gorgeous ballet and the intricate measures of the fascinating steps.

At the first low cry of recognition, Lord Beresford had swung round in his seat, and shot a startled glance at Lady Rosamond, but, before he could spring to her assistance, the Right Honorable Viscount Dynnelly had bounded from his seat and lifted the lovely, unconscious lady and borne her to a chair.

"Get some water—some salts—anything," he cried, excitedly, as her Grace of Arleight and the Countess of Beresford fluttered about him like a pair of frightened pigeons. "Look here Lionel! What can have happened? She has swooned!" "Swooned, Lord Dynnelly!" The words were from Isabel, and dropping her jeweled lorgnette,



THE EYES OF THE COUNTESS AND THE DANCER MET.

arm and entered the carriage where his mother sat.

Lady Beresford started with surprise at the girl's brilliant beauty, but there was something more than beauty to Vivienne, Countess of Beresford, and she could not forget—would not forgive.

All through the drive to the opera she devoted herself to the exclusive entertainment of her Grace of Arleight, while the viscount and Lady Rosamond talked gaily of the great singer they were going to hear, and Lord Lionel played the devoted cavalier to Isabel.

It was nine o'clock when they entered the proscenium box at Her Majesty's. The curtain had just fallen on the first act of "La Traviata," and Isabel, casting back her opera cloak, leaned over in the full glare of the lights and scanned the glittering horseshoe with her jeweled lorgnette.

Murmurs of delight filled the air, a battery of glasses besieged the Beresford box, and my lady, drawing back and screening herself behind the silken curtains that she might not be seen in public with this titled nobody, bit her lip when she was belle and beauty by mutual consent.

"The upstart!" she groaned. "How dare she be so beautiful, this girl without birth? And he is crazed for love for her. My son, my son, better you had died in your childhood than live to choose a bride from the people."

For my lady quite overlooked that this was the Lady Isabel Vane's daughter. Title and rank came through the father's nobility, and hers was a lawyer.

The curtain rose on the second act, and in the recollection of Isabel chased that look away, but she brought a smile to her lips, and flash of pride Beresford coronet like a princess of the blood he thought as he bent over and studied the "notables" with his glass, and smiled to himself, would wear it and honor it and add new lustre to his grand old name, and never a Lord of Meanwhile Isabel and the Viscount Dynnelly exerted themselves to restore Lady Rosamond to the influence of aromatic vinegar at length water and copious fanning, opened her pretty long, low sigh of relief.

"What is it? Did I faint?" she murmured, brushing back a loose tress with one soft, ringed cold, contemptuous flash of Lady Beresford's pale, proud eyes. "Oh, Isabel, how mortifying, how—"

"It certainly was an exhibition of false modesty, dear," responded Isabel, a trifle vexed, "but thank fortune, nobody has noticed. I hardly think Lord Beresford would relish seeing his

name in print tomorrow in connection with an opera-box sensation."

She spoke a little bitterly, for her pride was hurt, and she would have given a kingdom rather than be a party to this scene in Lady Beresford's presence, and Lady Rosamond, noticing it, shut her lips with an expression of rage and chagrin.

"I—I could not help it," her ladyship explained, angrily. "The heat was overpowering, and I sat directly over the gas-jets. I fought against it until I could no longer, and had I been iron or ice I could have succumbed. But pray return to your seats. I shall screen myself behind the curtains lest I shock you all again. No, I do not care for my lorgnette, Lord Dynnelly. The opera has lost its charm for me."

The viscount made a low bow and returned to his seat, his ardent admiration for Lady Rosamond just a trifle cooled by this plebeian exhibition.

Isabel glided back to her seat in the front of the box, and leaned against the gilded rail where the lights of the thousand gas-jets shone down on her rich, dusky beauty and glinted on her flashing jewels, until throat and arms seemed zoned with links of dancing fire, and taking up her bouquet, folded her sparkling hands, and proceeded to watch the opera, for the ballet was now over, and Lady Beresford, seeing her reclining there like a proud young queen, could not resist one little stab.

"Is your kinswoman better, Miss Carlyle?" she said, with just the faintest suspicion of a sneer and just the faintest tone of "patronage." "We are most fortunate in not being made the subject of an article in tomorrow's Times or Telegraph."

"Most fortunate indeed, madam," responded Isabel calmly. "Yes, the Countess of Mount Severn has recovered. Even blue blood is not proof against false modesty it seems. I had expected something better from 'the nobility'."

Lady Beresford shut her lips and looked away with a dull, suffocating sensation. The arrow had been turned back and planted in her own flesh, and she designed not a word in reply.

In the violet shadow of the silken curtain, Lady Rosamond sat and watched this little scene, and a demon might have shrunk back appalled by the awful look in her wide blue eyes. She neither spoke nor moved. Unnoticed and alone she sat and watched Isabel—deaf to the music, deaf to her surroundings—sat and watched her with a sleepy smile on her soft red lips and a dangerous light burning in her lapis-lazuli eyes.

There was no more La Sylphine, no more ballet. The opera slipped on to the end; Violetta made her sacrifice and died in her lover's arms; the curtain fell amid a storm of cheers and bravos, and the vast multitude arose to depart. Isabel made no effort to stir. The red rose had fallen from her hand and lay crushed and wilted on the floor—she sat entranced; her face pale, her eyes wide and solemn, her soft, jeweled clasped arm lying over the gilded rail.

"A penny for your thoughts," laughed Lord Beresford, coming forward with her opera cloak. "Are you disappointed in the ending of the opera, Miss Carlyle? Would you rather Alfredo had married Violetta after all their terrible love?"

She started with a little shiver and looked up into his face, and the answer she gave him, Lord Beresford often remembered through the darkness of after days.

"No," she said, rising with a sigh. "Had she been a pure, good woman, with a woman's pride, she would never have forgiven him when he cursed her in his blindness, and branded her before the world. But she was not a pure woman, Lord Beresford. The shadow of sin darkened her life, and it were better that she died rather than live to blot his name. No, I should not have liked them to marry. Love and marriage are something too pure for a lost woman to know and be blessed with. Tell me, my lord, had you been Alfredo could you have returned and wedded Violetta?"

The dark eyes were lifted to his in all the simplicity of innocence, and my lady, screened by the violet shadow of the silken curtains, waited eagerly for his reply.

"No," he answered, gravely. "I could not have married her—I could not have loved her even. Alfredo knew that there was sin and shame shadowing her life, and love, as I know it, cannot survive the knowledge of these things. You are right, Miss Carlyle. It were better Violetta should die. Marriage between an honorable man and a woman shadowed by sin is almost sacrilegious. God made wedlock holy—it would be blasphemy to pollute it by such a union. But come, we are moralizing while the house grows deserted. We shall be in darkness soon." Isabel smiled brightly and my lord led her out into the soft August starlight and assisted her into the carriage.

The viscount had already escorted the elder ladies to the vehicle, and left them sunk in the "scented satin cushions," and he followed immediately with Lady Rosamond Mount Severn.

She came gliding on with a slow, willowy motion, the white plush opera-cloak fallen back and revealing her jeweled drapery and her pearly shoulders, her golden hair floating, her cheeks flushed, and a smile of triumph curving her soft, red lips—came down the steps and through the crowd, under the blazing lamps, and over the gaslit pavement—came like a brilliant, beautiful vision, and then abruptly—stopped.

A man brushing out of the main entrance and forcing his way through the crowd, had suddenly collided with my lady, and sent her reeling backward.

"Out of the way there, fellow," cried the Viscount Dynnelly, seizing the man by the collar and thrusting him angrily aside. "Keep to the path there, or—Good Heavens, my lady, what is it? Did the fellow hurt you?"

For my lady, catching a sight of the man's dark face as he rushed by with a muttered apology, and made straight for the stage-door, had started back with a gasp of recognition.

"Are you hurt?" asked the viscount turning round and looking at her; but had she been she certainly took an odd way of showing it, for her face was radiant with exultant smiles.

"No, not hurt—I have recollected something," smiled my lady, with ready wit. "My lorgnette, Lord Dynnelly. How stupid of me. I have left it in the box."

"Oh, is that all? Let me escort you to the carriage, and I will run up for it, immediately."

My lady smiled again, and permitted him to assist her into the vehicle, explaining his errand to her companions when his lordship left her and ran back into the opera house.

"I would not lose it under any circumstances," she added. "It was a gift from guardy, and I prize it highly. I do hope Lord Dynnelly will have no trouble in finding it."

But evidently my lord did have trouble for ten minutes passed and still no sign of his return, and my lady leaning back in her cushioned seat, seemed watching for his coming.

But that eager watching was a pretty deception. The dainty, jeweled lorgnette reposed in her pocket at that moment, and her shining blue eyes looked not at the glittering entrance to the theater, but down the dimly lighted passage that led off to the left and ended abruptly at the stage door.

Five minutes more passed, and this tireless watching met with success. The little door under the lamp at the end of the narrow passage opened suddenly, a female figure, all rounded and powdered, and radiant in cheap silk and pinchbeck jewelry, stepped over the threshold with a flippant word and a little outburst of reckless

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

Did you find a buff envelope folder wrapped in this paper? If not, then read the notice on page 26 and find out why. It is good for 15 to 30 cents in value to those who receive it and use it. If you want it and are entitled to it, you may have one, only one, by sending us a postal card asking for it, PROVIDED YOU ARE A SUBSCRIBER TO COMFORT.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag. COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 20 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

MAY is here, and the usual important ceremony has taken place in my classic coop. The wood stove in which I sit through the long Maine winter has been decorated with moth balls and retired to the seclusion of the ice box for the summer, and my spring suit, which consists of a palm leaf fan and a straw hat—has been resurrected from its winter hiding place and cleaned with shoe blacking, and is once more ready for use. We had the usual grand moth ball, at which my family acted scandalously. My one lone hair drank a bottle of bay rum, and got arrested for disturbing the peace, and it cost me a month's salary to fix it with the judge. Climatic changes affect us strangely in these Polar regions called Maine—they affect everything but our hearts, and they beat to the same old everlasting chords divine, of love, sympathy, brotherhood and sisterhood.

You must not weary of hearing me harp on the subject I am now going to broach. I've got to keep at it, got to keep dinging away, got to keep plugging or we'll accomplish little or nothing. I can't talk to you personally, or walk into your homes and stir you up—all I can do is to invite you to sit on my capacious lap once a month, and have this heart-to-heart talk with you. You know what is agitating my mind and heart all the time. I want to get you to win those invalid rolling chairs for your sick brothers and sisters. If you had a sick brother, sister, father or mother and they wanted a wheel chair, how you would strive to get it for them, and if you couldn't afford to get it, how you would pray God to prompt someone to open their hearts and pocketbooks and give it to your afflicted loved ones. Now, remember we are all members of one great family, all related, all brothers and sisters in God's sight, and He expects us to do for the helpless and poor what they cannot do for themselves. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto me." That shows that Christ regarded a kindness done to a sick person as though it were done for him. I am not able to tell you in this issue how many chairs we won for March, because (and here I must let you into a little secret) I have to get all my "copy" prepared for the printer three months ahead of time. You see I might get sick, and be unable to write a line or read a letter for weeks, and whatever would happen if you opened your favorite monthly and missed your pet department? You would all swear that I'd got tangled up with a bottle of hair tonic, and gone on a prologed jamboree. I'm thus obliged, so that neither sickness, nor human frailties shall rob you of your monthly budget of fun, to keep my work three months ahead. It may be however, that I can get the tidings to you in this issue, if I can, I will. New members have been coming in finely during the last three months, and I feel sure we shall be able to win one chair a month, but don't you think that is very little for six millions of people to accomplish? We ought to win ten chairs a month easily. However, I'm not going to set the standard too high, for I know it is hard to interest people in works of mercy, and deeds of love. I know a man who put a twenty-five cent piece in the plate at church by mistake for a nickel, and he was so broken hearted and disgusted with himself that he blew his head off and died a susanside. There are millions of people like the skinflint I have just mentioned. I can remember when they used to bring the plate around at church, I used to crawl under the seat to escape giving up a nickel. Once I put a dime in the plate and took change for fifty cents, and there were lots more trying to do the same thing. The night before that identical Sunday, I'd gone to a theater with my best girl, and bought her a lobster supper and paid for a carriage home, and blown in a twenty dollar bill. That's the cussedness of human nature. We'll spend a month's salary on pleasure in one night and think nothing of it, while if we are asked to give ten cents to help some suffering soul, we crawl into a hole and shed tears of blood. Now isn't that so? You know it, and I know it, and God knows it too.

Well, you're going to be god boys and girls and double our League membership by November 1st, and bring in at least two thousand new members monthly, and win two wheel chairs for your suffering brothers and sisters. You are also going to get up clubs of five subscribers and get Uncle Charlie's Poems, the best book of humorous verse ever published. That's what everyone says, so I guess I may be allowed to say so as well. Now COMFORT's price is raised to twenty cents you only have to get five subs to win this beautifully bound volume of rollicking fun.

R. F. Outcault, the world famous artist who created the Yellow Kid and Buster Brown, sent me fifty dollars for sunshine work this other day. Twenty-five dollars to distribute in one dollar bills among twenty-five of our neediest sick, and twenty-five dollars for fifty books of poems to cheer those who need something to make them forget their troubles. Mr. Outcault has a heart as big as all out doors, and devotes most of his spare cash to deeds of love and mercy. Buster Brown, Tige and Mr. Outcault have been members of the C. L. O. C. for over three years, and now I have appointed Mr. Outcault Vice-President of the League as a mark of appreciation of his noble gift, and present his picture in this issue. The world needs more men like him for such men are scarce.

Those people who send subs to our secretary will get them back. Send your subs to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Lots of you have a wild desire to send your subs and letters to every old place on earth except the right one.

Hundreds of people write our secretary in Brooklyn and ask where they are to send their subs for COMFORT? They'll know that COMFORT is published in Augusta, Maine, but that fact doesn't seem to impress them as being of any importance. It is a wonder to me that some letters are not mailed to the moon, probably they are, for the man in the moon joined the League long ago.

Quit sending nickels for membership, saving you forgot to inclose them with your subs. Anyone can say that, but who do you think is going to spend a dollar's worth of time for five cents, verifying your statements. Don't put people to a heap of trouble because of your carelessness. Nickels don't go, and you'll get them back, minus the postage. Twenty-five cents must positively accompany all applications for League membership and that includes COMFORT for one year. The button and card are given you at cost, two cents of the five go for mailing.

Now I guess we can get busy with the letters.

727 E 23rd St., ANDERSON, IND., Jan. 10, 1908.
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
I can't sit on Uncle's knee very long as I'm



COUSIN R. F. OUTCAULT,
Vice-President Comfort's League of Cousins.

awfully heavy. I'm two inches and five feet in height, weigh one hundred and twenty-nine pounds, have dark brown hair and eyes, and am nineteen. This is about my fourth letter. Our town is quite small, so I'll mention a few factories and other nice little buildings we have here: one canning factory, three glass factories, one file factory, one tile factory, one automobile factory, one carriage factory, two foundries, one quarts factory, six tool factories, one knife and saw factory, one knife and bar factory, one Irish mail factory, one nail mill, three fence factories, one street-car factory, one butter-dish factory, one chair factory, one electric light plant, city water works, one refrigerator factory and Big Four switch yards. We have eleven schools or more with at least eight rooms in each. And we've twenty-four churches, one old people's home, one orphan's home, one hospital, and four hot houses. Anderson is about 35,000 in population. This is not near all the important factories or buildings we have.

Uncle, I forgot to mention saloons in my list, they are numberless here. I wish Carrie Nation and her little hatchet were here to help us drive saloons from our town, although we have a petition to dry twenty-seven square miles of Madison county, so let us sing:

Hush little barroom, don't you cry,
You'll be a drug store, by and by,
ELISE ROBBINS (No. 7,756).

Elsie, Anderson is certainly a remarkably busy town, and I am simply astonished at the number of factories - u have in that little burg of yours. I am particularly interested in that quarts factory. I never heard of a quarts factory before in all my life. What do you make in it, quarts pots, or quart measures? Maybe after the town grows a little you will not only have quarts factories, but you will have a pint and gallon factory as well. Toby says you mean quarts, the stuff that comes from the gold mines, but I will not have a dog dictate to me, or to you either. I notice you have a file factory, too. I suppose you ship them out West so that the new settlers can file on their claims. I am sorry you have a bar factory right in your own town. Oh, that is too bad and you an ardent temperance girl, and trying to put the saloons out of business, and permitting a bar factory right in your own town. I should like to see that butter dish factory. Bill thinks that must be run by a goat, as he eats out of a "butter" dish. I am sorry you have only got enough old people

to fill one home. Evidently they die young in your section, all the old people here die young too. P. the most interesting thing in your letter is the heating arrangements of Anderson, Ind. In a city of 35,000 inhabitants you have only four "hot houses." Heaven preserve me from ever living in a city like that, you must be an icy lot in Anderson all right, all right, all right. Why don't you heat all the houses are you short of coal or shy on wood? You do not need a refrigerator factory in your city, if you have only four hot houses, the whole city must be one big refrigerator. You will never combat the drink evil in Anderson and drive out the saloons until you get more than four hot houses. People will surely be running for hot drinks as long as you keep the city in that frigid condition. You say you have a petition to "dry" twenty-seven miles of Madison county, you had better present one for heating it as well.

REXBURG, IDAHO, Jan. 20, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Since last I wrote to you I have changed my name. I was married on the twenty-sixth of last June.

We tried city life for two months after we were married. I had enough of city life in that length of time to do me all my life.

We were there about six weeks when mamma sent for me to come home and help can fruit, and when I arrived here on the dear old farm, everything seemed so peaceful and heavenlike, compared with the hot, noisy city, that I felt as though I just couldn't go back to town to live. After I went back to the city I hated it worse than ever and told my husband I would rather live on bread and water and be on the farm, than to have the finest of everything and live in the city. So we wrote to my father and told him to come after us as we were sick and tired of city life.

A week later he and my brother arrived. Uncle, you can't imagine how glad I was. After greeting papa and brother, I had to give each one of the horses a good big hug.

I love a horse the best of all the farm animals, and if they are treated right they are always faithful and true.

My husband and I had such a nice little start in life, but last January, fire completely destroyed our little home, and all we had in it.

Uncle, no one can realize how heartrending it is to stand and see all you have in the world being taken by flames.

thought he had got rid of her, as the couple went a thousand miles away to live. Pop thought wrong, however, and in a week they were back at the old homestead. The bridegroom had lost all his money in a snow bank, and had gone crazy, and papa had to sit on him all day and night to keep him from biting the stock and giving the cows hydrophobia. At this time I came on the scene. I had heard that the old man had a home for superfluous sons-in-law, and I thought I would like to get in, good, plenty and quick. So I began to make goo, goo eyes at daughter number six. She was easy and said all that was necessary was to ask the old man's consent. The old man said "yes" so quick that he nearly choked getting it out. We got married, and after a lengthy honeymoon of twenty-four minutes, I returned with my blushing bride to the paternal roof to be taken care of for life. But the game was played out and the old man had got wise. As soon as I walked up the stoop, "Pop" put a double-barreled shot gun in my face, and said, "You darned galoot, I am wise to you, beat it with your bride, or I will blow your darned heads off." That is where I got mine. I always get handed a lemon. I heartily indorse your views on temperance, Olive. I have expressed myself so often on this subject, I need not say any more about it just now. I'm very sorry you lost your home by fire. Olive, but of course you had it insured. People who do not insure their homes against fire are simply inviting disaster and they are not entitled to sympathy if disaster comes.

CONOVER, OHIO, Feb. 3, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
How I do enjoy the League of Cousins. The letters are so full of inspiration. I am such a lonely cousin, so it is with great pleasure I read the letters. I have to lie in my little bed day after day, so I cannot enjoy the out-of-door life, as most of you can. But thanks be to God for my pen friends and cousins who write me cheering letters. I also wish to thank the many cousins who were so kind to me on my birthday.

I would like another letter party on my forty-fourth birthday, April 22, 1908. I will answer all those who send a stamped addressed envelope.

I have to support myself with my needle, making quilts and cushions. Be sure to remember me on my birthday. Your loving niece,
MISS ANNIE LEYMAN.

A friend writing to me about Annie Leyman says: "I live eleven miles from her, but I go as often as I can to see her, and I try to make the poor little sufferer's life as pleasant as I can. She never complains, but she has a smile for everyone." Annie has no parents living. She lives with her sister who is delicate, and supports herself as far as she possibly can by sewing. You will notice hers is a brave letter, but if you read between its lines, what a world of pain and anguish is concealed there. The hardest thing in the world is to have to make a living when you are sick—to be compelled to toil, when the body is racked with pain—it is torture. Give this poor little sufferer a boost. Shower the dimes on her. Most of the money given to shut-ins is given by a few. About fifty of COMFORT's readers give about eighty per cent. of all that the shut-ins receive, the other 5,900,950 do comparatively little. John Gordon received \$100 as a result of my appeal in the November issue. This was apart from the \$300 special gift from the wealthy women in Omaha. Nearly all John's hundred came from a few people. One good little woman in Connecticut was so worked up over his condition that she made a vow she would raise \$25 and she ran around to her neighbors and church workers, and in a little while she had \$29. That shows what can be done, when the heart is touched and pity fills the soul. We are doing a great work, although it is so little to what we might do. Make Annie's birthday May 22nd as I'm a month late publishing it.

222 Jackson St., HASTINGS, MICH., Jan. 22, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
Uncle, were you ever in Michigan? Hastings isn't a very large place. We have wool, boot, table, chair, bookcase, car seat, press and tool, and kitchen cabinet factories here, and yet men can find nothing to do. My father works in the boot factory when it runs, but it is shut down now and many men are out of work. I worked in the car seat factory during my vacation last summer. I would like to get a position as stenographer next summer after I graduate. Do you suppose I can?

We are having examinations in school this week. I haven't got to take them in anything except physics. Did you ever study physics Uncle Charlie? It is awful hard for me. I study American history, physics, stenography, typewriting, and Vergil.

Here is a picture of the writer: A young female nearly eighteen years old, with brown, almost black hair and brown eyes. About five feet four inches tall, rather large feet, and somewhat thin in width. Is your picture not beautiful?

I have an Uncle Charlie residing in Grand Rapids and since I was adopted by you I have another in Maine.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and if I can help any with my small mite, will be very glad to do so.

Your dear niece,

MYRTLE DARLING (No. 21,204).

Myrtle, you have a darling name. I should like to engage you as stenographer, but you are so far away, I fear it would be a task on my vocal cords to dictate to you. I am very much interested in your studies dear, especially one. You say you are studying physics in school. I should think that is a very poor place to study physics. Seems to me a drug store would be the best place to pursue a study like that. Will you kindly let me know what kind of physics you are studying. Are you taking a course of Dr. Kidd or Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am sorry that the children in our schools are getting so delicate and sickly that they have to study physics. I don't like physics, I never did. Billy the Goat got studying physics the other day, and I think he somewhat regrets it. We have a ten gallon jar of Epsom Salts in the cupboard in our chicken coop. Willy got studying that bottle and finally he made an internal study of it, and he says that is the last time he will study physics. Honestly I think they ought to keep this physic study out of schools. If they would teach people to read, write and especially spell, the study of physics could be relegated to the hospitals. If physics is to be one of the studies in our schools, I hope they will make the doses as palatable as possible, and that the scholars will take their doses without making too much fuss about it? Who is this fellow Vergil? Some foreign guy I'll bet. When I went to school his name was Virgil, and he got me more lickings than I ever had in all my life. If the schools would

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

This department is even more important and beneficial to those who are not pretty, but want to become so, than to those who are pretty. It shows you how you may become pretty and how to preserve your beauty. We were all designed to be pretty and attractive, and if we are not it is largely our own fault. Do you know, half of you do not know how really pretty you are, what possibilities are hidden in the circle of your eyebrow, in the smooth softness of your hair, in your pretty features, in your daintily molded figure? You don't know because they are so hidden under a mass of absolutely unnecessary blemishes or shortcomings. Your one good glorious point of beauty you have never even discovered, in fact, so lost, it has become in a medley of small faults. Why not be pretty? Why not be attractive and charming? The women who can't be are few and far between, odd as this may seem. Sometimes just one little thing will transform an apparently plain woman into a joy to the eye—a different way of dressing the hair, a study of the waist line, a clearing of the complexion. Be sure to read COMFORT'S PRIZE BEAUTY CONTEST announcement on this page.

Hints on Waving and Dressing the Hair

THIS is a subject that I know will interest every feminine reader of COMFORT, as the part of the toilet that a woman spends the most time over is the arrangement of her hair, and it is an exceedingly troublesome thing to arrange unless your hair is the kind that falls gracefully in any way you wish. Even supposing that you have fluffy, amenable hair, you may still be ignorant of the best ways of curling your "halo" and then arranging it after it has been curled. Nothing changes a woman for the better quicker than an artistic arrangement of beautifully waving hair. There is nothing easier in the world than to train hair to wave softly and naturally and while this takes a little time each evening, I think it is time well-spent. Of course, a great many women secure their waviness by the use of the curling iron but this is decidedly injurious to the hair. The heat of the iron dries and breaks the hair, thus retarding its growth. It also deprives the hair of the natural gloss and luster, which is its crowning beauty. Of course if the iron is used only semi-occasionally and great care is taken to try the iron on a piece of paper (thus gauging the amount of heat) very little harm is done.



FOR THE GIRLISH FACE.

Marceling the hair is a very successful way of attaining artificially wavy locks but the "Marcel habit" is a very expensive one and consequently people with slim pocketbooks have to avoid it and it is just as well, as it ruins the hair eventually.

Everybody knows of the old-fashioned kid curlers and for my part I think the wave they give to the hair is very natural and pretty. Of course these "kids" are not to be worn in the daytime, unless in the privacy of your own room. The women who made a practice of wearing their hair in kid rollers most of the day were the ones who made the old-fashioned "kids" very unpopular. It is needless to say that they are not part of the day's dress. These kid rollers can be obtained at any drygoods store in three sizes, short, medium and long. The medium length ones can be used for the short hairs about your face, while the long kids should be used when you desire to wave your hair all over the head. The method of using them is very simple and perhaps you already know how. However for the benefit of those who do not, I will now proceed to give it in outline. If you are waving the short hairs around the forehead, you must first separate them into six different strands, then begin with strand No. 1, and roll carefully and tightly around the center of the kid roller, rolling from the end of each strand toward the roots of the hair. When the entire strand has been rolled around the kid, bend each leather covered end over and down upon the hair. Press the ends down very firmly as otherwise the hair is apt to slip out and your waves never materialize. This simple method of waving the hair only takes a few minutes' time each night and produces the desired wave with no injury to the hair.

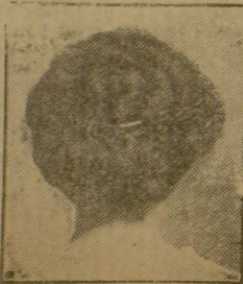
If you wish the kids to look very pretty, cover them over with pink, blue or yellow silk and the result will be quite dainty. The long hair can be waved in the same manner, only of course you will probably need to divide it into anywhere from eight to ten strands and the strands must not be heavy. You should only try to wave the outer layer of the hair.

The hairpin method of waving the hair is very good and makes a firm curl. Divide the hair around the head into strands, then twist each strand from left to right around the hairpin, fastening the hair firmly at the end by bending down on the hair each hairpin end. If you wish to retain the curl for several days it is well to dampen the hair thoroughly with a hair brush previously dipped in rectified alcohol.

After you have put your hair up on pins regularly for a few nights, you will find that the dampening can be stopped and the waving only done every third night or so.

You will find this method of curling the hair a very simple one and that there will be no discomfort from it while in bed. If you are restless and apt to move around quite a little while sleeping, I would advise you to wear a scarf or old veil around your head so that the pins may not become loosened.

The very latest thing in the hair-dressing world is to wave the hair with combs, and it is an exceedingly pretty fad. The hair can be fixed up with combs in the early morning and as the busy housewife goes about her many duties her crown of glory will gradually be converted into a beautiful mass of regular waves. The first thing you want to do is to beg, borrow or steal ten ordinary side combs and one old-fashioned round comb for the back of the hair. These combs can be bought very cheaply at any store where hairpins are sold. You must begin by brushing your hair up loosely to the top of your head and fasten in a knot, then put the combs in carefully in an even line, the teeth of the bottom row pointing upward, the teeth of the second row point-



FASHIONABLE PUFFS.

ing down so that the teeth locking, hold the hair out in a puff. The round comb is to be used for the bottom row at the back and creates a very even wave. Three rows of combs are generally necessary, although some people only use two. You understand that these rows of combs must extend around the head and that the hair must first be dampened. The result of all this is lovely deep waves extending all around the head and causing a very dressy effect.

If you cannot obtain the combs the same effect can be gained by tying ribbons or tape around the head. The hair must be combed straight back from the forehead, and after the ribbons are tied carefully around the head, you must pull out the hair between each ribbon with a coarse comb until it forms a decided puff. If you find the ribbons slipping at all, they can easily be kept in place by the use of wire hairpins. If you were to arrange your hair this way each night before going to bed and have a ribbon in your night gown to match the ribbons in your hair, I would defy you to look anything other than "fetching". This last way of waving the hair is I think the prettiest of all. I know a very sweet little woman who does this, and her hair in the daytime looks extremely well dressed and at bedtime as I said before very "fetching".

Now that all my girls are waved and crimped to their heart's content we can go on to the next stage in the game of hair dressing.

Everybody this year has a head covered with waves and curls, puffs and braids. Most of the braids and puffs I'm fain to say are false. But as false hair is the fashion, this year, and as no pretense is made by the wearer that it is hers, criticism is out of place. False hair is no disgrace if it adds to a woman's looks and is carefully matched with her own locks. Very few even pretty faces look pretty with thin hair while a woman with a thin worn face can look pretty and youthful by a dainty arrangement of a heavy head of hair.

A few words about dressing your hair to suit the lines of your face. If said lines are severe and hard and the woman is middle-aged the hair should have a deep loose wave and be put up in a full soft pompadour, which should extend all around the head. The rest of the hair should be braided or curled loosely back of the crown but not down on the neck.

The thin-faced woman past twenty-five—with occasional exceptions—should never dress her hair low. A very pretty way for her to dress it is to wear a soft pompadour in front and comb the back hair up loosely, then braid the remaining hair—pulling out the strand to make the braid wider, if necessary—and lay the braid flatly on top of the pompadour, having the braid start from a little below the crown in the back, encircle the head on top of the pompadour and end at the starting point. This style of hair dressing is very becoming to the type of woman described last, and is easily put up.



BECOMING POMPADOUR.

A little practice will render her perfect. Any woman with a thin girlish face, can wear her hair parted in front and dressed low on the neck. The young girl with a plump face, wears a high pompadour and braids her hair in a club at the back.

The heavy double braid which goes around the head and ends in puffs at the front is the very latest in hair dressing. In order to dress your hair thusly, first comb your hair into a large pompadour, then braid the remaining hair into two braids, letting the ends remain loose. Lay these braids around the head until they meet in front then tuck or snarl the loose ends and roll them around your finger, slipping your finger out when all the hair has been rolled and pinning these cute little home-made puffs on the top of your pompadour. When making these puffs, be careful to roll loosely as the larger the puffs the prettier you look.

If you are the rare girl who can wear her hair parted, part it at once, as nothing is prettier. The hair should be fluffy and kept waved, if this style is to be attempted. The part should be perfectly straight and the hair combed back loosely over the ears. Take the remaining hair and coil it on the nape of the neck, in the form of a figure eight. This figure eight can run from left to right or top to bottom, whichever way is the most becoming. The principal thing in dressing the hair this way is to have the hair fluff up and out on the fronts and sides.

Young girls are restricted to two ways of putting up the hair. One way is to part or pompadour the hair in the front then braid the back hair and wear it in a club at the neck. On top of this doubled up braid, the young lady should pin an enormous black bow of taffeta ribbon. The larger the bow is the more in style she will be.

For a younger girl the prettiest way to settle this question is to keep the hair waved and after braiding very loosely let it hang down the back tying just below the shoulder with ribbon made into a large bow. Another bow should be worn just below the crown of the hair. The ends of the braids should hang loosely in curls.

The worried girl whose pompadour refuses to fluff and stand up has an easy remedy. She must spend five or ten cents on a hair pad or "rat." This should be pinned on the front of the head and the hair combed over it. If she wishes a pompadour all round the head, she must buy two long pads, placing one around the back and the other around the front, making the ends meet. Personally I do not like a stiff pompadour in the back.

The pompadour parted on the side is very becoming to some faces. With this style the back hair can be combed up loosely and the ends ruffed and made into four or five puffs, which should be pinned down on the crown

of the head. Each puff as I said before must be rolled loosely and when pinning they should be pulled out as long as possible without splitting the puff or causing it to look flat.

If you keep your hair nicely waved all the time and follow any of the above ways of dressing it you may be sure you are right in the fashion. The pompadour is universal and puffs for the back, sides or top of the head are all the rage. If you have heavy hair you should be able to make fully a dozen, and even the woman with thin hair can make three or four, which is quite sufficient when the hair is combed loosely in the back and pompadoured in front. The second illustration in the article shows an ordinary sized pompadour with the back hair arranged in two large puffs just behind the pompadour and on top of crown, just below the crown and arranged in a half circle extending across the back of head from ear to ear is a row of several good-sized puffs. This is a pretty style to copy.

Don't forget to wave your hair. Wear a cheesecloth night cap to keep the pins in.

Dress your hair in puffs. You'll like it and so will everyone else.

And last of all remember that I want all "my girls" both young and old to be just as particular about their hair and the way they dress it as they possibly can, because you know you are all going to be pretty and you can't be very pretty unless your hair is fluffy and wavy and done up cutely.

Now for the questions, but before I answer them I want to tell you that next month I am going to give you a Complexion Talk with some special advice on freckled and tanned skin.

If any of COMFORT readers desire the regular kid curlers we will send a package of twelve curlers of either the small, medium or large size for one new yearly subscriber at 20 cents if 6 cents extra is sent with the subscription, 25 cents in all.

Just after this article was written a new Magna-Electric Hair Waver was put on the market, for marceling the hair or making the so-called marcel-wave. By having a set of these new hair wavers any woman or girl can easily give that wavy or delightful fluffy effect to her hair, not only with perfect safety, but without any expense to herself. The Publisher of COMFORT has secured a lot of these Electric Wavers which you will see by their advertisement they will offer as premiums to club getters, and anyone securing a club of only two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20c. per year can have a set of five free.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

I am not allowed to give addresses of business firms in this column (against advertising ethics) and cannot write personal letters. Sorry! So many letters ask similar questions, that I have grouped them, letting one answer cover questions on the same subject. So read carefully, won't you, not to miss the information I mean for YOU. This month's article, too, is an answer to a great many complexion inquiries which I therefore do not print separately. I want to thank several of my girls for their pictures. Are you all pretty, I wonder, or are only the pretty ones sending their pictures? Our Publisher evidently thinks there are a lot of you who are pretty as you will see by COMFORT's offer of a Prize Beauty Contest. Also, I would like to tell you of the many that have written in, telling me of the wonderful gains they have made, through using the Milk Diet. This should encourage the others using it.

Miss Vina S. Papa's Baby, Mountain Rose and others interested in Milk Diet will find full answers in the April number of COMFORT. Do not use butter-milk, condensed milk, nor put sugar or flavoring in the milk.

A. I. S., N. Dak., Rowens, Ala., and others interested in reducing flesh, diet and exercise. Take dry foods, as much as possible, avoid juicy fruits, vegetables, muskmelon, tomatoes, pears, peaches, etc., avoid soups, milk and cream. Walk daily—the more you walk the better.

Miss V. Bryll.—Yes, indeed, I like to have all the girls join the club.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26)

\$119.00
In Prizes

COMFORT'S Prize Beauty Contest

\$119.00
In Prizes

The Pretty Girls' Club, which has become such an important interesting and instructive department of COMFORT, has led to the discovery of hundreds of very beautiful women among COMFORT subscribers.

This is no surprise to the Publisher, who is aware that there must necessarily be thousands of pretty girls among our readers who have not been heard from, because by far the greater part of COMFORT's subscribers live in the small cities, towns and rural sections where the wholesome physical conditions and moral influences are most conducive to health and virtue, the two most important factors in the development of female beauty as a racial characteristic. Beauty is sure to degenerate if long subjected to unhealthful, degrading or immoral influences.

Believing that the cultivation and preservation of female beauty and attractiveness in form, features, complexion, facial expression and bodily pose by healthful and natural means are objects worthy of being advanced, which is the purpose of our department of the Pretty Girls' Club, therefore, in order to promote public interest in the subject and to widen the field of usefulness of this department, COMFORT's Publisher offers

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETEEN DOLLARS IN BEAUTY PRIZES

to be awarded to the successful contestants among COMFORT's LADY SUBSCRIBERS, as follows:

FIRST CLASS

A First Prize of \$25.00

To the most beautiful woman, taking into account features, facial expression, hair, complexion and bodily proportions.

A Second Prize of \$10.00

To the woman ranking second in all these particulars.

A Third Prize of \$5.00

To the woman ranking third in all these particulars.

SECOND CLASS

A First Prize of \$15.00

To the most beautiful woman, taking into account all the above-mentioned elements except bodily proportions.

A Second Prize of \$10.00

To the woman ranking second in this class.

A Third Prize of \$5.00

To the woman ranking third in this class.

THIRD CLASS

49 Prizes of \$1.00 Each

To be awarded one each to the handsomest woman in each of the 48 States, the District of Columbia and the Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. In awarding the prizes of the third class the woman will win whose photograph shows her to have the prettiest face and sweetest expression among the contestants in her State or Territory.

No more than one prize will be awarded to any one woman.

Girls under fourteen years of age are not admitted to any of the beauty prize contests.

Katherine Booth, and two prominent Physical Culture Experts will judge the qualifications and relative merits of the contestants and award the prizes.

The contest will close at noon on August 31, 1908. The prizes will be awarded and paid early in October, and the pictures of all the prize-winners will appear with their names and residences in the Great Jubilee, Twenty-first Anniversary number of COMFORT to be issued next November, so you will all see what they look like and know who they are.

CONDITIONS OF PRIZE BEAUTY CONTEST

First. Each contestant must be a subscriber to COMFORT when she enters and must keep her subscription paid in advance until after November 1, 1908.

Second. Each contestant in any and all classes must, on or before August 31, 1908, send us two 1-year sub-

scriptions at 20 cents each or one 3-years' subscription at 50 cents.

Third. In competing for prizes of the third class each contestant must send us, post-paid, her photograph carefully wrapped and protected by pasteboard with her full name, age and post-office address plainly written on the back.

Fourth. Each contestant competing in the second class must send her photograph, protected with pasteboard, with her name, age and post-office address and a description of her complexion and the color of her eyes and hair.

Fifth. Each contestant competing in the first class must send her photograph, carefully protected with pasteboard and all information required of contestants in the second class and also bodily measurements as described and explained in illustrated physical culture chart, which we will send free as a premium to each contestant in either class as soon as she sends us the two 1-year or one 3-years' subscription accompanied with the subscription price in cash, money order or 2-cent postage stamps.

This illustrated, physical culture chart premium is valuable, useful, instructive, and it gives you the measurements of all parts of the body and the weight of a perfectly formed woman, and shows you how to apply these measurements to yourself.

We are continually receiving requests from our subscribers for just this information, and for this reason we believe this physical culture chart premium will be in great demand, as well as being a necessary guide for those who compete for the first class of beauty prizes.

Entering the first class puts you in the other two classes also. Entering the second class puts you in the third class also.

You must send us a good clear, distinct cabinet-size photograph, protected by heavy pasteboard, so that we may have a good half tone picture made from it to print in COMFORT. If you have no good photograph on hand, send in the subscriptions now and get your physical culture chart premium at once to measure yourself by; then have your photo taken and send it to us with your measurements if you wish to. The chart gives full directions.

Please to understand that the physical culture chart premium is given you in place of the club of two premiums advertised in our catalogue.

This will be an exceedingly interesting and instructive contest showing the distinctive and varied types of beauty from all sections of the country and we shall take great pride in it.

Remember, this is limited to COMFORT subscribers, so if any lady who is not a subscriber wants to get in, she must subscribe at once herself and then send the subscriptions of two of her friends. This is easy, because all the ladies and young girls, even if they do not enter the contest themselves, will want to subscribe for COMFORT so to keep track of this contest from now to November and see how their friends and neighbors come out.

A little later COMFORT will inaugurate some other interesting prize contests.

Subscribe now and get your friends to subscribe and receive the benefit of these new and interesting features as they come along this summer.

This is a good thing for the ladies. So many prizes that you stand a good chance to win, but if you don't win you lose nothing.

If you win you will feel just pride in seeing your picture in November COMFORT, but if you do not win no one will know that you have entered the contest, as we only publish the pictures and names of the winners, and the names of all other contestants are kept by us with strict confidence, except those whose beauty we deem worthy of favorable mention may look to see their pictures in COMFORT under that heading.

Of course we shall not publish and do not require you to send us any picture showing bodily proportions. We only require photos of heads and shoulders.

Don't wait. START NOW.

Think of it, the pictures of 55 reigning beauties of State and national fame to be seen in November COMFORT.

Do you want to miss seeing them? If not, renew or subscribe now. Address

COMFORT BEAUTY CONTEST, Augusta, Maine.

WAVE OR CURL YOUR HAIR MAGIC ELECTRIC SAFETY HAIR WAVER, WILL NOT CUT, BREAK OR PULL THE HAIR.



A LITTLE TWIST.

If you want the beautiful Marcel Wave and pretty, curly, fluffy effect now so fashionable every where, you can get it quickly and safely by using the new Electric, Magnetic Hair Waver. Women are throwing away Curling Irons; they ruin the hair. The Electric Curlers and Wavers curl, wave and preserve the natural softness of the hair, in a few minutes. They Curl or Marcel Wave your hair anywhere at any time quickly. This little device locks and curls or waves your hair as it by Magic, for they generate just a little heat when in contact with the hair. Once



THE MARCEL WAVE.

you use them you always will use them; no possible harm to the hair; they are so constructed that it is simply a little twist of the hair, a Slip of the thumb and the thing is done, for in a very short time you have the fluffy and pretty Marcel Wave without any effort on your part.

The Electric Waver does it all. Don't spoil your fine head of hair with heat. Save It and Wave It with Electric Quickness and Safety. These Curlers and Wavers are small, compact and portable. You can easily carry them around with you and when your hair gets out of wave, you can slip them in and, with a twist of the hair around the Electric Curlier, you lock it in the Curl but it



A NICE CURL.

not have to wait long before the Wave is on quickly, easily and safely in a few minutes.

CLUB OFFER. You can get a set of five of these Electric Wavers with full directions for use, free, for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each. We do not sell them; they are only given as premiums for getting up clubs to COMFORT. Get up your club of 2 now.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

cut out Virgil and the other dead Latin guys, not to mention physics, and teach you girls how to broil a steak, turn out a meal, fix a salad, make an omelet, and give you a post graduate course in domestic science, nursing, dressmaking, etc., it would be a blessing to the community.

MULHALL, OKLA., Feb. 29, 1908.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

As the sand banks have allowed me to draw on them, I will inclose the price for which please enroll me as a member of your League. As I have not seen any letters from the cousins of Oklahoma, I have begun to think that there aren't any here. Well, I will try and give my description. I have saw twenty summers and hot ones at that. I am four feet and twenty inches tall, and weigh one hundred and fifty pounds, have dark brown eyes, and black hair. I have lived in Oka. ever since the opening day, April 22nd, 1889, and I can say this is the best country I ever lived in. I live near the famous Mulhall ranch which consists of one section of school land, with their homestead adjoining the town. The city of Mulhall has about five hundred inhabitants. It is situated fourteen miles north of Guthrie, the capital. Well, I guess I have bothered you long enough. I will look through the keyhole when you hug cousin May Lowery. Hoping to receive a letter or post card from all the cousins, I am your nephew,

LEO L. ANTHIS, JR.

Leo, I am glad that you got twenty cents out of the sand bank. That is twenty cents more than you could find in any bank in this section. I would like to have seen you sawing those twenty hot summers. How did you do it old boy? What kind of a saw did you use, a hand saw or a buzz saw? What was your idea in sawing those summers? I should think it would be a pretty tough job to saw one summer let alone twenty. We had a pretty bum summer back East last year, and I never knew what the reason was, but of course if you have been sawing the summers I don't wonder they have a cut up appearance. What lengths do you saw the summers into, and after they are sawn, where did you store them? If the coming summer happens to be on the blink, I shall send to you for six feet of good hot summer, and trust you will send it on prepaid by express. If you want to saw the seasons up, Leo, I advise you to select fall or winter. It is less strenuous work to saw up twenty winters than twenty hot summers. I have heard all about the Mulhall ranch, and hope to visit it some day. You say you will look through the keyhole when I hug cousin May Lowery. It will not do you any good, old boy, for when I do any hugging I always plug up the keyhole. I know my business. Now don't saw the summer of 1908. You can see it if you like, but you must not saw it.

GAS CITY, IND., Feb. 2, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE AND COUSINS:

Ground-hog day, and Mr. G. Hog surely saw his shadow in this section of the U. S., as the sun shone brightly most of the day.

February issue of COMFORT arrived yesterday, and has been read from cover to cover, advertisements and all, but the part most enjoyed is the page of cousins' letters, with your amusing comments.

I was especially interested in the letter from the La. professor who is "holding down a professorship." I, myself, am a teacher, this being my seventh term. I enjoy the work very much. Have charge of a district school three miles from town, with thirty very interesting little pupils. If you care to visit us, we will give you a most royal welcome.

Now don't begin to picture me as a prim old maid, for I am not, and never will be that. The truth is, I began teaching when I was sixteen years old. Rather early in life, but there were two younger sisters to be educated, and I was only too glad to do all I could to lighten the burden of father and mother.

Since then I have taught eight months of every year. I have brown waving hair, brown eyes, and a fair complexion. Am rather on the slender order, but as you do not admire a slender waist, I am almost afraid to tell you my belts are only three more than eighteen inches in length.

Now let me tell you something of this little town. It is located in Central Indiana, in the gas and oil belt. A few years ago, there was a liberal supply of natural gas, and a number of factories located here. Now that the supply is exhausted, the factories are closed or closing, and the town is losing much of its former prestige as a manufacturing center. Last week the Diamond Window House was completely destroyed by fire. This leaves about two hundred and fifty men unemployed. The tin plate mills are closed, but we have a box factory, axe factory and U. S. glass house still operating.

TINA B. OLIVER (No. 20,823).

I am always glad to welcome you little shoollma'ams Tina. I am sorry Gas City is going short of gas. There will be no shortage of gas in this section as long as I am here. I should like to have an oil belt. Do you have an oil belt to span that dainty twenty-one inch waist? An oil belt certainly ought to make a person good and slick. Slender waists have one advantage. I find you can put your arm around them twice. When the tin plate mills open you might send us a couple of tin plate china dishes. I should like to see that United States Glass House. I did not know Uncle Sam lived in glass houses. Anyhow Tina I hope you will bear this in mind, and always impress it on your scholars that people who live in stones should never throw glass houses. I notice you have a box factory in your town. If I ever go to another box spread I will do some business with that factory. Fancy putting diamond windows in houses! It is these mad extravagances that brought on the money panic. Plain windows are good enough for anyone without having diamonds attached to them.

MAYNARD, ARK., Feb. 21, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I will write you and the cousins a letter. I am fourteen years of age, have blue eyes, dark hair and am five feet tall. I live in the small town of Maynard, eight miles from a railroad. We have a nice little town, with no saloons. We have seven stores, two brick, one stone and four frame buildings, besides several dwellings.

We have about six hundred inhabitants. I have three brothers and one sister. I live in Randolph county in the state of Arkansas, about twelve miles from the county seat.

I go to school and study seven books. We have two large schools up here.

My father is a tie inspector and I sometimes go with him when he inspects ties. I read in COMFORT the many interesting stories. Hoping to receive some letters from the cousins, I remain your niece,

TOMMIE CROCKET.

Tommie (what a name for a girl!) I am quite interested in your papa's profession. Tie inspecting must certainly be an interesting job.

I have always thought that the government ought to appoint tie inspectors for some of the ties that people wear are a disgrace to a civilized nation. There is a man goes past my chicken coop every day, and he wears a red tie with green spots on it. If your papa would come and inspect that tie, honestly he would be doing a service to humanity. That tie is so loud I can hear it coming half a mile away, and it makes so much noise when it goes past that I have to stick a couple of piano legs in my ears so I cannot hear it as it goes by. Your father must be a brave man to inspect ties, if they are all as loud and aggressive as the ties the people wear around here. I suppose when your father inspects a polka dot tie and it does not come up to the Arkansas standard of culture and fashion, he arrests the man who wears it, or does he arrest the tie itself or both. If I were to go down to Arkansas with a green tie with red polka dots, how much would your father charge to inspect it, and how many days' imprisonment would I get for wearing it? I would not like to have a tie inspector's job. There are some ties I have



WM. VERNON KINTER,
Home, R. D. 2, Pa.

seen that put me right in the hospital. One look was enough for me, and then the ambulance and surgeon had to do the rest. A man must be a brave man to inspect ties in Arkansas or anywhere else for that matter. The only man who could inspect ties in Maine and live would be a blind man. If you could see the neck wear of the yaps and yahoes around these polar regions called Maine, you would die dead. I never had but one tie in my life, it was given to me on my birthday by a COMFORT cousin who lives in this section. It is a beautiful railroad tie, goes half way

around my neck, and ties in a bow; for a stick pin I wear a stove lifter. Every time I look at it I sing the beautiful hymn, "Blessed be the ties that bind." Tell your papa if he would like to come and inspect this tie he had better insure his life before he attempts it. A man came from California to look at it a few weeks ago. He looked at it with green goggles on on a dark night, and even then we had to send him home in a box. Tie inspecting is no cinch.

We Win One Chair!

Hurrah! Eleven hundred members came into the League during March, and we have won one chair and made one poor soul happy. Our first chair was promptly shipped to Luther T. MacFarland, Berea, N. C. Luther is twenty-three years old and has been bedridden for five and a half years with valvular heart disease. Father is dead and he depends on his mother (sixty-seven years of age), and brother of sixteen for support. Luther is a refined, well-educated boy, and his references are of the best. These chairs become the property of the invalid after one year's use. I thought best to keep them the property of the C. L. O., for that term, as some poor souls may probably only be able to use them a few weeks before they are called home, and then we'd have the right to pass the chair on to another sufferer. I think you will agree with me that this is a wise and sensible rule to make as these articles are expensive. Next month we'll try and give you a picture of the chair, and a friend of Luther's has promised to take a picture of him reclining in it as soon as conveniently possible. I want you to see with your own eyes the good you are doing, and then you'll take more interest in this noble and beautiful work. Those who want to help win these chairs without joining the League, can do so by mentioning the fact when sending subscription. Simply state that you want your sub. or sub. to count towards the chair, and they will be credited to the chair account. Of course these subs for which premiums are given will not be counted, as it is only natural if your sub. earns you a premium it cannot at the same time earn a chair for an invalid. Now get busy and let's see if we cannot give half a dozen invalid chairs away each month. Six millions of people ought to be able to do that much and a great deal more.

PLATTESVILLE, COLO., Feb. 27, 1908.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Well uncle, we have moved out on a farm, and I have to go every morning and milk the cows and feed chickens and gather eggs. I go to school all the time. Our teacher is a man and he makes us walk the chalk. He keeps a long stick back in the window behind his desk, and if you don't be good he tells you to go out in the hall and he gives you a "thrashing."

Uncle, do you send Toby and Billy and Maria to school? If so you can send them out here and they can go to school with me. If you send them out here they can live with me and go to school in the buggy. Uncle what grade is Billy in?

Say uncle tell Billy if he likes butter to come out here, we have lots of butter. Our house sits up on a hill and just below is a lake all frozen over, and cattle and horses run in the pasture, and just near the lake a big ditch runs out and there is a bridge across it.

Do come out uncle and spend a month or two with us, we will feed you on buttermilk, pickles and crout, and cottage cheese. Now uncle couldn't you live on that if you had to? Uncle maybe you want me to tell you what we do when company comes.

We kill a chicken and cut it up and take the breast and put it in a pot of hot water, and then we take a lot of old straw and put in it and boil it about half an hour, we call it Dutch stew.

Then we take a pint of milk and a gallon of water, and put it together and mix in a little grease and a little flower and boil it twenty minutes. Then we take it up and put it all on the table and when it's all together it looks fine enough for a king. From your niece,

BERTHA CRAWFORD (No. 20,896).

You are a jolly little girl, Bertha, and for ten years of age you are a wonder. I should like to see you milking the eggs, and gathering the cows, but for Heaven's sake don't go to school all the time. I should think that if you went to school about five hours a day it would be sufficient, but to go to school night and day must be a little hard on your teacher. Suppose you take an hour or two off for sleep, another hour or two for meals, and a short period per day for play. I don't think it is right to go to school all the time. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and you will certainly die if you do not take time to eat. Yes, Toby goes to the goat school, but he does not go in a buggy. To tell you the truth we think he is buggy enough without getting any buggier. Billy is in the appetite grade in the goat school. They are graded in the goat school according to appetite. In the first grade they eat glass bottles, and tin cans. In the tenth grade they eat freight cars, barb wire fences, graveyards, railroad bridges and other airy trifles of that kind. Billy has graduated from the tenth grade, and is now one of the professors at the goat school. He is taking a rest just now, as last week, in a moment of abstraction, he ate the goat school, and education of course is discontinued until we can raise enough money for another building. Billy does not need to go to Colorado for butter. He is the champion butter, and has butter to burn. I am glad your house sits on a hill. All the houses around here stand on hills, and I do wish they would sit down and take a rest once in a while. I could live very nicely on buttermilk, pickles and crout; as for the cottage cheese, I could eat the cheese but not the cottage. I am very much interested in the way you entertain company. You certainly do put them up some swell meals. That last preparation of yours is a "beaute." You say you put a little "flower" in this last concoction, but you do not tell us what kind of a flower. Do you put in a little daisy, or a couple of golden rods? Billy says lightning rods would do better. Perhaps you put in a bunch of chrysanthemums. A mixture like that would make a flowery stew. I will certainly come to visit you Bertha and I will bring Billy along, but on one condition—that you will let me eat in a restaurant.

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League for the first time, and are ignorant of its aim and objects, the following facts will be of interest:

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT's immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT's family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will always be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Danderine

GREW MISS CARROLL'S HAIR

AND WE CAN

PROVE IT

Beautiful Hair at Small Cost

WITHIN the last decade great and rapid strides have been made in the medical profession. Many diseases that were considered incurable fifteen years ago are now cured in a few days, and in many cases prevented altogether. The scientists of late years have been searching for the reason and the cause of disease, fully realizing that the actual and true cause must be ascertained before the remedy can be created. Hair troubles, like many other diseases, have been wrongly diagnosed and altogether misunderstood. The hair itself is not the thing to be treated, for the reason that it is simply a product of the scalp, and wholly dependent upon its action. The scalp is the very soil in which the hair is produced, nurtured and grown, and it alone should receive the attention if results are to be expected. It would do no earthly good to treat the stem of a plant with a view of making it grow and become more beautiful—the soil in which the plant grows must be attended to. Therefore, the scalp in which the hair grows must receive the attention if you are to expect it to grow and become more beautiful.

Loss of hair is caused by the scalp drying up, or losing its supply of moisture or nutriment; when baldness occurs the scalp has simply lost all its nourishment, leaving nothing for the hair to feed upon (a plant or even a tree would die under similar conditions).

The natural thing to do in either case, is to feed and replenish the soil or scalp as the case may be, and your crop will grow and multiply as nature intended it should.

Dr. Knowlton's Danderine has a most wonderful effect upon the hair glands and tissues of the scalp. It is the only remedy for the hair ever discovered that is identical with the natural hair foods or liquids of the scalp.

It feeds and nourishes the hair and does all the work originally carried on by the natural nutrients or life-giving juices generated by the scalp itself. It penetrates the pores of the scalp quickly and the hair soon shows the effects of its wonderfully exhilarating and life-producing qualities.

One 25-cent bottle is enough to convince you of its great worth as a hair growing and hair beautifying remedy—try it and see for yourself.

NOW at all druggists in three sizes,
25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

CUT
THIS
OUT

FREE

To show how quickly Danderine acts we will send a large sample free by return mail to anyone who sends this free coupon to the
KNOWLTON DANDERINE CO., Chicago, Ill.,
with their name and address and 10 cents in silver or stamps to pay postage.



MISS J. CARROLL, 2307 Irving Ave.,
Chicago, says: "My hair would not reach to my waist when I began using Danderine and it is now more than four feet long."

ONLY A GIRL Or, From Rags to Riches

By Fred Thorpe

Author of "The Silent City," "Frank, the Free Lance," etc., etc.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

A dispute arises between Madge Mason and Annie Kelly, two girls of the street, and Madge Mason springs upon Annie like a tigress. Dave Lane, a good-natured lad of fifteen pulls them apart. Ralph Straight, who buys papers of Madge, places his hand on her shoulder. He is surprised and asks the girl to go with him. The boys mistake him for a fly cop, and Dave tells him if the girl is in trouble he'll go bail for her. Ralph turns to Madge; it is a pity for a girl like her to be selling papers on the street for a living. He will get a place for her in the bindery. His sister Alice will show her. Madge goes to Ralph's home, and she opens her heart to Mrs. Straight and tells of her mother and the counsel she gave when dying. "It's like day's kept me good more than anything else," Ralph walks home with Madge and there is no happier girl in New York City.

Shirley Everton, at sixty, retires from business to enjoy his wealth and the companionship of his son whose tastes are different. It is whispered that Mr. Everton has been a little wild. The father dies suddenly leaving Shirley sole heir to his estate. He receives a visitor, Richard Harold, who convinces Shirley he is not the only heir. There is indisputable evidence of a child by a former marriage. Shirley cannot buy the papers but he can his silence. The price is one half million. It is absurd. Shirley will pay half for the proof of the girl's death. There is a rap and Harold is confronted by a shabbily dressed old man. He passes the papers to him and tells what Shirley demands. Stanwix is in a rage that he divulges where the girl is to be found.

A big printing press is in the place where Alice Straight works. Her seat is near a slowly revolving wheel encircled by a belt. Her hair, blown dangerously near the belt. A well-dressed young man asks Dave Lane if Madge Mason works there. Dave points to Alice, whose hair becomes entangled. Madge comprehends the situation and seizes a pair of shears to cut her hair. Shirley Everton grasps the girl's hand. Madge struggles. In one minute Alice will be beyond human aid.

Shirley Everton is seriously disturbed. The marriage certificate bears the name of Shirley Everton and Anna Hilton. It is the old, old story. The girl's station in life is humble—she can neither read nor write. Her social position is higher. He marries and expects a girl that she keep his identity a secret, and that she be known as Mrs. Mason. Within two years he makes "a marriage of convenience" with Alida Fenton, the daughter of a banker, and neither wife is aware of the existence of the other. After the birth of Madge's first wife and causes a notice of his death to appear. Shirley Everton goes out to find his half sister. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. He hears the name of Madge. Madge knows where she hears the name of Madge. In her mother's last sickness she calls, "Everton, Everton, Shirley Everton!" There is mystery, and Everton laughs uneasily.

He is visited by Richard Harold. For one million dollars he agrees to bring proof of Madge Mason's death. She is beguiled by a scheming woman, and under pretense, as a favored guest to a dinner, enters her carriage. A peculiar odor overpowers Madge, and she becomes unconscious. As the woman descends from her carriage she is confronted by Johnny Brownlow. He recognizes Madge Mason who is carried in by the coachman. Madge awakens in a luxuriously furnished room. She is met by a negroess. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She admits to Madge she is an adventuress, and gets Madge there for a young man who loves her. Mrs. Fairleigh prevents Madge leaving the room and she is a prisoner. She pushes aside the damask hangings and finds bare unbroken walls. Richard Harold enters. His intention is to force Madge into a marriage. If she becomes his wife every luxury she desires is hers. Harold talks with Mrs. Fairleigh. Leave all to her and the Everton millions will be divided between them. When she is acknowledged as Shirley Everton's widow she shares the estate evenly. Harold thinks it risky. The only one to interfere is Stanwix, an escaped prisoner. His intention is to employ Mrs. Fairleigh. The bell rings and he admits Mr. Harold, who is closeted with Mrs. Fairleigh. He takes two vials from his pocket. She may want to bring Madge back to life again. Harold enters Madge's room. She insists upon being released. Mrs. Fairleigh enters. She steps between them and forbids him to annoy her any further. Madge can go. Before they part they will say their adieu over a bottle of wine. Mrs. Fairleigh engages the girl's attention and Harold pours the contents of a vial into one of the glasses. Dave witnesses the act and changes the glasses. Harold takes the one intended for Madge. The glass drops from his hand and he calls for the antidote. Dave helps Madge make her escape. Harold recovers. In a few days he will see Mrs. Fairleigh mistress of the Everton fortune. She visits Shirley Everton and will present indisputable proofs that she was his father's first wife.

Shirley Everton introduces his aunt, Mrs. Stafford Everton. Mrs. Fairleigh consents to this arrangement requested by Shirley and agrees to through her lawyer. Shirley's suspicions are strengthened when the supposed aunt fails to recognize his father's portrait. Mrs. Stafford Everton receives a caller and he reminds her he is known as Stanwix. Removing a wig the woman falls in a faint.

Ralph suggests a better position for Madge, who is disappointed when she learns it will take her out of the bindery and away from Ralph. She fancies he is tired of her. Madge goes next morning to the leather department of Smith & Smith's. The saleswomen annoy her by alluding to her former life. Mr. Adams, the floor-walker, defends her.

Mrs. Fairleigh recognizes her former husband, Jerome Hurley, in Stanwix. He confesses he received the wedding certificate from Mrs. Mason and entrusted it to Richard Harold. He demands one half the estate. It is closing time at Smith & Smith's. A shabbily dressed woman declares her post-book is stolen and accuses Madge, who denies it. Miss Moore thrusts her hand in Madge's pocket and produces the purse. The woman demands the girl's instant arrest.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE TABLES TURNED.

"I DID NOT steal that purse," cried Madge. "Oh you didn't, eh?" sneered the stranger. I suppose it walked into your pocket, didn't it?" "What do you mean, Miss Mason?" asked Mr. Smith sternly.

"Yes, that's what I should like to know," added the strange woman shrilly. "She took it from the counter where I laid it and put it in her pocket, and yet she did not steal it. The girl must be crazy."

"I should think she was," snapped Miss Moore viciously. "I've thought that before today."

"Miss Mason a chance to explain," said Mr. Smith quietly. "Speak, Miss Mason."

"I can explain very easily," said Madge. "Yes," interrupted the stranger, "I don't doubt that you can. You have thought up some plausible story by this time, I suppose."

"Listen to what the young lady has to say," said Mr. Smith.

Giving him a grateful look, Madge began: "About ten minutes ago this woman came up to my counter and made a small purchase. Then she said: 'Miss, I have got to go to a number of other departments before I leave the store, and I don't like to carry my purse with me. It was snatched from me hand once, and I'm afraid the same thing may happen again. Will you please take charge of it for me?'"

"It's a lie!" began the woman, but a glance from Mr. Smith silenced her.

"I took the purse," went on Madge, "though I didn't like to, and laid it on the shelf back

of the counter. 'No, that won't do,' said the woman, 'put it in your pocket, please.' I did so, and she went away. In a few moments she came back and accused me of having stolen it, as you heard."

"Well, that is about the most unlikely story I ever heard," cried the stranger. "I guess you won't find many people who will believe it."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mr. Smith. "What is your name, madam?"

"Mrs. Johnson, and my address is No. East Forty-fifth street. You'll find me there at any time."

Just at this moment a short, stout, plainly-dressed man stepped up to Mr. Smith and whispered a few words in his ear.

"This gentleman," said Mr. Smith, "is Mr. Sharpe, the detective who has been employed here for several weeks. He has an intimate knowledge of the faces of most of the professional shoplifters in town, and he identifies this woman who calls herself Mrs. Johnson, as one Sarah Mallon, otherwise, 'Light-Fingered Sal,' one of the best-known female 'crooks' in New York."

"It is false!" screamed the woman, shaking her fist in the officer's face.

"That'll do now, don't you get excited," said the detective calmly. "It won't do a bit of good, you know. I see that you've forgotten that little haul of yours down at Lord & Taylor's. That was a neat job, and I've been looking for you ever since. I'll have to take you into custody, my dear."

And now, Mr. Smith, went on the detective, "I have a little surprise for you which I was going to reserve until after business hours. I've been watching this woman"—indicating Miss Moore—"for several weeks. I knew there was something crooked going on in which she was implicated, but I've found out now."

"What have you discovered?" asked Mr. Smith, closely watching the paling face of the girl.

"That she and one of the cashiers have been in collusion, and that by a system of bogus checks they have succeeded in swindling the firm out of considerable money—how much, of course I can't tell yet."

There was a sharp cry and a heavy fall. The detected thief had fainted.

"At any rate," snapped the shoplifter, "no matter what I am, that girl did steal my purse, and I'll bring a charge against her anyhow."

"Oh, no, you won't," said the detective quietly. "Won't I?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I happen to be able to prove that the whole thing was a plot between you and that woman, Moore to ruin this young girl."

"How can you prove any such thing?"

"Because I happened to overhear the conversation between Miss Mason and you that she describes. It is correct word for word. The next time you try to work a scheme like that be sure there are no eavesdroppers."

The woman ground her teeth in rage. "Keep cool, Sal," said the detective, "you will need all your nerve for what's before you. Come along with me now. But before I go let me congratulate you, Miss Mason, upon your lucky escape from the trap that was laid for you by these scheming women."

"And let me thank you, Mr. Sharpe," cried Madge gratefully, "for the great service you have done me."

"Oh, that's all right, Miss Mason. You'd do as much for me, I guess, if you had a chance."

"Indeed I would, and I hope that some day I shall have the chance."

In a few moments the detective and his prisoner were gone, the store had been cleared of customers—for it was now after six o'clock—and quiet had been completely restored.

Then Mr. Smith turned to Madge. "You've had a lucky escape, Miss Mason," he said.

"I know I have, sir," replied Madge, simply. "I didn't believe there were such wicked people in the world."

Mr. Smith smiled. "There are worse people than those in New York," he said. "You are evidently not worldly-wise, Miss Mason. I should like to have a short talk with you if you have no objection."

"No, indeed, I have not, sir," said Madge. "Then suppose you allow me to walk home with you this evening."

For a moment Madge hesitated, for she knew that the young floor-walker expected to accompany her, but, being fearful of offending her employer, she replied timidly:

"Certainly, sir."

During the walk home it did not appear that Mr. Smith had anything of great importance to say to Madge, and when he left her at her door with a respectful touch of his hat, she murmured to herself:

"I wonder why he wanted to walk home with me? He really had nothing at all to say."

The next evening, and the next, and the next, Mr. Smith acted as escort to his pretty employee.

The other girls began to look enviously at her, and many sly, spiteful remarks reached her ear. But this was not destined to last long. On the third evening Mr. Smith, to the girl's amazement, made her a proposal of marriage.

Madge gently but firmly refused him, and he left her evidently much surprised and chagrined.

Perhaps any other girl in the store would have considered the offer an honor, and would have accepted it, but Madge felt that where she could not give her heart it was impossible to bestow her hand. After that her position in the store became naturally less agreeable, and a few days later she resigned it. She was now forced to look for a new career.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE RENDEZVOUS.

The woman whom we have known throughout our story as Mrs. Fairleigh was by no means in an enviable mood when she heard the door of the Everton mansion close behind her husband, Jerome Hurley. Nor was the state of her mind much improved when, a few moments later, the door opened again and Shirley Everton's footsteps sounded in the hallway.

Mrs. Fairleigh advanced to meet him, trying to wreath her features into a smile.

"Ah, back already?" she began.

"Yes," said Everton, regarding her angrily. He almost pushed her into the reception-room, and followed her.

Closing the door, he asked: "Who was that fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"You know well enough whom I mean."

"I do not."

"I mean that villainous-looking old man who left the house just as I entered it."

"I am at a loss to imagine what you are



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CHAPTER XXIII.

A FEARFUL CRIME.

Mrs. Fairleigh watched him with eager fiery eyes.

She placed her glass to her lips, raising her veil just enough to permit her to do so, but did not drink.

Her breath came thick and fast, but she endeavored by every means in her power to repress any outward sign of agitation.

Just as Hurley seemed about to drink the glass fell from his hand and was shattered upon the floor.

A hoarse, irrepressible cry of rage burst from the woman's lips.

An attentive waiter brought another glass. Hurley filled it and drained its entire contents. Then, bending forward and fixing his eyes upon the woman, he said:

"Attempt to play me false again, you wretch, and I'll let the world know who and what you are. The movement was not quick enough to escape my eye. You would have put me out of your way, wouldn't you? Well, I shall be doubly on my guard now, and let me warn you to beware. Now, then, I'll tell you what you are to do about that money."

"Go on," said Mrs. Fairleigh, "I am in the toils of an adventuress, but I don't mean to be made the victim of every blackguard in New York, or to have my house made the rendezvous of such wretches. Remember that, and when you desire to see any more of your friends of that stamp, meet them outside this dwelling," and he rushed out of the room in a rage which he made no attempt to disguise.

It was evident to Mrs. Fairleigh that he had been drinking—had he not been he would not have dared assert himself so boldly.

But he had shown his true feelings, and evidently meant just what he said. The woman saw that she had reached a critical point in her checkered career. Of what use was her fraudulently-acquired wealth likely to be to her after all?

"But I'll not give up," she muttered fiercely, as she paced the reception-room after Everton had left it. "I have risked all on the success of this plan, and I will not be conquered. I have surmounted greater difficulties than this in the course of my life, and I will surmount this too. Let me think!"

She flung herself into a chair and for some minutes sat buried in thought. There was an evil gleam in her eyes as she muttered:

"Yes, I'll do it! Jerome Hurley is my worst enemy; it is from him that I have the most to apprehend. I'll do it! Meet him at the old place at eight tomorrow night, he said. I'll be there."

She arose and left the room with a lighter step than that with which she had entered it.

Shirley Everton wondered at the cheerfulness of her manner all the next day.

"There's something afoot," he muttered. "That woman means mischief. What can she be plotting, I wonder? Nothing against me, I hope. But Jove, she's capable of murder."

He was right; but Mrs. Fairleigh's plottings were not against him.

At about half-past seven that evening a closely veiled woman emerged from the Everton mansion and hurried in the direction of Third Avenue. That thoroughfare reached, she hailed a passing cab.

Fifteen minutes later she alighted from the cab in front of a resort which was, and still is, well known to many New Yorkers.

For the purposes of our story we will call it Brown's, although that is not the name by which it is known.

It is a large restaurant and concert-hall, principally frequented by the class known as Bohemians—artists, musicians, newspaper writers and men-about town. While it could not be termed a disreputable place it was by no means the sort of resort that one would have expected a lady of the fastidiousness and social position of Mrs. Stafford Everton to frequent.

The lady found herself in a large room more than half-filled with men and women who were eating, drinking, smoking and listening to the alleged singing of an Irish comedian on a stage at one end of the room.

It was evident that Mrs. Fairleigh was familiar with the place.

Without lifting her veil she gave a quick glance around her. Then she advanced to a seat near the stage, where a man wearing a long gray beard was seated at a table.

Taking her place beside him she said in a low tone:

"Well, I am here."

"Well, I am here."

"I didn't know you, my dear. Why don't you raise that veil?"

"I do not wish to be recognized in this place."

"Oh, I see," answered Hurley. "Brown's is scarcely high-toned enough for Mrs. Stafford Everton, though it used to be good enough for you're here on time, and that shows you mean business."

"Yes," said the woman in slow, measured tones, "I mean business."

"Well, have you got any money for me?"

"Yes."

"How much?"

"A thousand dollars."

"Humph! Well, that'll do for a starter. But remember one thing."

"What is that?"

"I must have half—a clear half—of the fortune or I squeal. I've made up my mind to that, and I'll stick to it, no matter if you denounce me and send me back to serve out my sentence."

"I see that you mean what you say."

"I do."

"Very well, I accede to your demands."

Hurley gave a start of surprise. He had evidently not expected this ready acquiescence.

"You mean it?"

"I do."

"When shall I have the money?"

"As soon as I can raise it."

"How soon will that be?"

"You must give me a little time."

"I'll give you a reasonable amount of time, but I tell you my beauty, I'll keep my eye on you while I'm waiting."

"I make no objection to that," said Mrs. Fairleigh, as quietly as ever.

"Well, it wouldn't make any difference if you did. Now hand over the thousand."

The woman took a roll of bills from the purse she carried and handed them to her companion.

Having counted them carefully, he placed them in an inner pocket.

Mrs. Fairleigh watched him closely through her veil all the time.

"Well," he said, "this is good for a quart bottle, I guess." And calling the waiter he ordered a bottle of champagne. While the cork was being drawn Mrs. Fairleigh's hand nervously fumbled in the pocket of her dress. The next moment a white powder fell from her hand into Hurley's empty glass.

When the two glasses were filled, the man said:

"Here's luck to our enterprise."

And he raised the wine to his lips.

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

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Bees

THE people who are wise enough to keep bees as well as poultry, should be busy just now getting things in order for the honey harvest, and so will possibly be glad of a few hints and reminders. A letter received this month contains an often-received inquiry about laying workers. Are there such things? What causes such eccentricities? How can it be prevented?—are some of the questions on this same subject which I have received in the past, and will now try to answer fully.

Laying workers do materialize in colonies occasionally, just as sometimes a queen lays only drone eggs. If a hive has been left without a queen or brood for over two weeks, one or more working bees may attempt to fill the vacancy. One of the things about bees which amateurs seem to be most hazy about, is brood-rearing. What I mean is, they don't know the difference between the cells in which workers and drones are reared; or the laws which control their development; and truly it is a complex business.

A healthy, normal colony, headed by a good queen, commences to rear brood as soon as food supply is bountiful in the spring. Their first step is to build the comb in which to cradle eggs and store honey. The majority of combs built entirely by bees will contain five cells to every inch, but there are also portions which will contain only four cells. The queen in her daily wandering deposits the eggs which will eventually develop into workers, in the smaller cells, and the drone eggs in the larger cells. The eggs look exactly alike—minute white specks attached to the bottom of the cells by one end. After the queen has dropped them, her responsibility ends, and the workers take full charge. First they deposit a drop of milky fluid in each cell, which filtrates through the porous shell of the egg and furnishes food to the embryo grub, which hatches about the third day. The grubs are constantly fed during the six days it takes for them to develop into the form of a bee. But at that time—just when anyone would think they needed the most food—the workers cap over the cell with a thin, paper-like substance, leaving the young bee safely tucked up to sleep (or whatever the process may be), for eleven or twelve days, at which time it awakens and gnaws its way out of the prison to take up the duties of life.

Now, as the eggs are precisely alike, and the difference in the size of the cells is very little, and as sometimes (though rarely) the queen makes mistakes in depositing the egg, you cannot be absolutely sure about the sex of the embryo bee until the workers close the cells; and then there can be no doubt, for the caps over the drones are always raised, whilst those over the workers are flat. During the swarming season, when the hive is headed by an elderly queen whose strength is waning (a condition which these most wise little creatures seem able to foretell), still a different cell will be seen on examination of the hive. These are the queen-cells or rather cells in which queens are to be reared. Queens are hatched from the same class of eggs as workers, and are deposited in the smaller cells. The difference commences after the egg is laid, and is wrought by the workers, who gradually break down the walls between adjoining cells, so making more space around the grub which they have chosen, which permits them to deposit a greater amount of food around it. The food is also of a much richer and more perfectly digested quality than that furnished to the other babies, and is called "royal jelly". Like pigeons, bees have the ability to create a milky, pre-digested food on which to rear their nestlings. Several cells having been made into one necessitates a much larger cap, added to which, the bees deposit so much surplus wax over it that cells containing baby queens are out of all proportion to their surroundings, and there is no possibility of their escaping observation.

Now, having an idea what the different brood-cells look like, you can intelligently examine your hive when suspicious about laying workers. If you find no queen, no queen-cell, but eggs scattered promiscuously about—sometimes several in one cell, and then in the next, or attached to the side instead of the bottom of the cells, you can be sure there is something very wrong. But if all the cells have the high crown peculiar to drone-capping, you have either a drone-laying queen, or laying workers and no queen. How are such freaks possible? Well, I'll try and explain. Workers (as the bees who gather honey are called) are imperfectly developed females, some few of whom can lay infertile eggs. It used to be thought that this ability was gained only by workers who had been reared in cells adjoining queen-cells, and had by some accident received minute quantities of the royal jelly; but of late years the general idea is that the workers can develop the habit, and it is a known fact that through some undiscovered ordinance of nature the infertile eggs laid by workers or queens, produce drones.

Discovering the laying worker or workers—for there may be more than one family with this abnormal trait—in a hive which has been long left without a queen, is a difficult matter, because their appearance does not change, and there is no way of distinguishing them from other workers, except that sometimes bees may cluster about them as they would about a queen. Sometimes, removing the brood-combs, and substituting others from hives mothered by a good queen, will break up the habit; but truly, when laying workers are discovered early in the season, the safest way is to empty all the bees out of the hive and remove it, for, though some few may stray away or be killed, the majority are sure to unite with adjoining

colonies where the presence of a queen and true brood will banish their unnatural aspirations.

You may wonder why I have not recommended you to introduce a queen to restore order in a demoralized colony, instead of risking the lives of a whole hive full of bees. The answer is: Once workers get the habit of accepting one of their own class as a layer, they are very liable to sting a mature queen to death, or at least to so injure her that she would be useless as a mother. Briefly, the principal points which bear on this question are as follows: There must be a queen in every hive, as she is the only female who has the power to lay fertile eggs, and there is never more than one queen in the hive, although there are always several queen-cups or cells started at the same time. The first young queen to issue from her cell, destroys all the others. A queen leaves the hive when about a week old, to try her wings, and returns in a few minutes. A few days later she sallies forth for what is called the nuptial flight, and after meeting a drone in mid-air, she returns to the hive, from which she never again ventures.

A fertile queen, who will fill all the small cells with eggs which produce workers, also has the power to deposit the infertile eggs which produce drones in the larger cells. Drones are the male bees, who never gather honey, and seem only to be tolerated by the industrious workers for the purpose of mating to meet the young queens, for as soon as the swarming season is over, or the supply of food decreases in the fall, they are driven from the hives to starve and die. In these days of modern hiving artificial combs virtually control the production of drones, as the queens seem to be influenced by the size of the cell as to the kind of egg they drop.

Correspondence

T. W. K.—My chickens have a rattling in their throats; in other words, something like hicoughs. They stand around like chickens with cholera, yet they eat heartily all the time. The trouble seems entirely in their throats. I am anxious about it, as I fear it is contagious. At first only a few had it; now they all have it.

A.—I should think your fowls have chronic bronchitis. Keep them warm, and try administering arsenite or antimony tablets, 1-1000 of a drug strength, three or four times a day. This is recommended by P. T. Woods, M. D., and I have lately had convincing proof of its value.

L. B. D.—Kindly tell me the cause of pullets that were hatched last March and started to lay in October, stopping six weeks later and beginning to moult. I have also a pullet of the same hatch and kind which lays about five eggs a week; but often on breaking her egg, I find it streaked with blood, and a small clot of blood in it. Why did some pullets of the same hatch and brood lay when seven months old, and others not until ten months? My chickens get the best care, and have a warm, dry place to roost in. I feed a mash of cornmeal and wheat bran in the morning; oats and wheat at night. They have all the fresh bone meal they want, table-scraps and cooked vegetables.

A.—In all probability you commence to feed much more heavily in November, and in a mild climate such as you live in it would force a moult even in November, especially if the pullets are of a light-weight class, such as Leghorns, Andalusians or Games; for they mature early, and if hatched in the beginning of March, would easily be affected by any sudden increase in diet.

The nature of the trouble referred to in your second question shows that you are laboring under the mistaken idea that good care means an abundance of food, for eggs being streaked with blood or having clots in them, usually point to an excess of stimulating food. Bone meal is not necessary if they have table-scraps, which, by the way, should contain no fat in your part of the country. A little fat cut up fine is all right in cold localities, because it furnishes heat, but, as I say, it is dangerous in warm climates to health and laying qualities of parent birds, having a great influence on the age at which pullets commence to lay, which of course accounts for the difference in birds of the same hatch.

J. L.—There is something the matter with my hens; they lose their appetite, stand around for three or four weeks, then die. On cutting them open, I find the livers enlarged four or five times the natural size, and covered with white spots. I take good care of the hens and feed a variety of food. Last summer I killed some that had a sort of skin around the heart, and a watery substance between. They seemed in good health at the time.

A.—This is another case of over-indulgence; too much soft food, fat, potatoes and bread and the table-scraps; also want of exercise. Remember that though your hens may be on free range, they will not exercise if suffering from indigestion and kindred ailments. Turn them out to grass, feed very lightly, and give ten grains each of sulphate of magnesium or bi-carbonate of soda daily for four or five days.

P. C. M.—Some of my fowls have a growth on the corner of their mouths, which swells or spreads up to the eye, and on opening their mouths I find a little hole filled with what looks like wheat bran. My little chickens had it, too. What is it, and what will cure it?

A.—The fowls have what is called canker. It is slightly contagious, and is supposed to be caused by microscopic germs. It may appear after some slight injury to the mucous membranes. Use the diluted lotion of the permanganate of potassium which I recommend so often, or dust with burnt alum.

G. W.—I thank you for your kind, thoughtful letter. It is so gratifying to feel that subscribers take a friendly interest in helping our efforts to help others. I will keep your address, and when any of the subscribers ask for a cure for roup, I will forward it with much pleasure.

NOTE.—Several letters have come, both this month and last, asking for a further description, and if possible, a picture, of the trap-net described in January, so I have had one made, and will publish it next month.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

the Jersey Central some day; if I do I shall not fail to see you.

Edith and others that have written me on this subject. We hear of the marriage of cousins every day and at the same time that such is illegal; if such is the case it must certainly be a dead letter.

The fifth of May is the anniversary of my wedding day and was also the birthday of James Wall. I shall sadly miss his cheerful letter on that day; but he is where my poor little remembrance is not needed.

I trust the Queens of May and their attendants will, in some cases, provide themselves with storm coats and rubbers and be sure to instruct mother not to "Call me early, mother dear," if the day promises stormy. But if it is a bright sunny day it will do no harm to take the wraps anyway. Of course low-necked white dresses and fancy slippers are all very pretty but they often cause much suffering and a big doctor's bill.

I wish to inform many who wrote me regarding our beautiful Mountain Laurel, that neither it nor the flowers can be transplanted, only in exceptional cases.

A childless sister writes me that she would like to adopt an orphan baby girl about two years old. Address to me inclosing stamped envelope, not directed.

Many of you may probably be wondering why J. A. D. does not answer your letters. She has been very ill with a broken arm the past two months, and the arm is still perfectly helpless; your letters will be answered as soon as possible.

Mrs. B. L. Griffith. A little bird must have told you I was ill as you have sent me many of those fine descriptive papers of your country; thanks for them, also for the card. I shall certainly not be able to write you for some time, but I want you to know that I think of you very often.

When we send a very small gift to shut-ins we should not expect them to spend two cents to reply; if we wish them to answer let us inclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Mrs. Lizzie Warner. Better let Hardanger work alone and attend more to your outside duties; you will find that your backache and tired eyes will be greatly benefited. I will be on hand, at the proper time for a dish of those luscious raspberries, and while I am there I certainly must have a real good, first-class boiled dinner, as from your list of vegetables you have a fine assortment, and a good old-fashioned smoke from tobacco that has been raised by yourself.

Mrs. Annie A. Garsh. How happy you must be in the thought that your dear mother did not lack for care and attention from her children; let us all remember a verse from an oldtime song:

"Oh you who have a mother dear
Let not one thought or act give pain,
But cherish, love her with your life,
You ne'er can have her like again."

Mrs. C. B. Llewellyn. Just as soon as I can walk out, whether I can use my good right arm or not, I am going to get one of those odd-shaped sticks and follow your directions given in our March number. I know from your letter that you will be much pleased with the song, "Take me back to Dixie," that our Comfort people have so kindly given us.

Mrs. M. Tacket. I wrote to Mrs. Jessie Buchanan, and the letter was returned to me. I was very sorry indeed as she was very enthusiastic; if she sees this I wish she would write me.

Mrs. Makee. I think if you get Bug Death and sprinkle it on your flowers you will find that the insects will disappear. Put soot around the roots of the rose bushes.

For the benefit of many who are still writing me regarding the balsam pillows, allow me to state that only the Fir Balsams are used. Please do not write me or think that the common pine can be used. Pick the Fir Balsam needles from the stems while green, fill cushions eighteen by eighteen inches with the green needles. The pillows should weigh two or three pounds and ought to sell for a dollar and a half; if you make fancy covers for them the price should correspond; they can be sold in many of the department stores in the large cities. I do not know of any place where the balsam can be sold in bulk.

J. A. D. (Mrs. VAN DYKE.)

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am going to send you a few thoughts about home. It has been said that there is no sweeter word in all the dialects of the earth than the word home, unless it be the word mother. One always suggests the other and about them cluster more happy and hallowed associations than about any other word. In these days much is said about the old-fashioned home, but I believe the home means as much in this twentieth century as ever it did. It means all that makes life really worth living; it is the object to which all unselfish endeavor is directed; it is the one solitary spot in the world where all those principles taught us in childhood preserve their living green and reach out of the twilight memories of the past into the sunlit hopes of the future, preserving unbrokenly for generations to come the lessons learned around the hearth at mother's knee.

Some writer has said that each member of the family contributes his or her share towards the making of the home, but the principal presiding spirit is the wife and mother; she is or should be its life, heart and center, the mother holds the key of the soul and she it is who stamps the coin of character on her sons and daughters. Then crown her queen of the home. Love, hope, aspiration blend in a glorious, gorgeous rainbow of promise that arches the holy circle of home where we love to linger.

I am a Comfort reader of sixty-eight and as each year rolls by my mind reverts to my childhood's home in Indiana where noble traits and kindly inclinations fill the atmosphere with affection and love prevail.

Now I must close as duties call me, but I will come again sometime in the future with a few words on the subject, "Why Do Our Boys Crowd to the City?" If I am welcomed by the members of our Comfort family, wishing you all happiness and that the clouds, that perhaps overhang some homes, may break away and reveal the bright and joyous sunbeams I remain,

MRS. E. A. LANFORD, Center City, Texas.

If your friends don't know COMFORT and are doubtful about subscribing for a year get them to try it for six months for 10c. THAT'S EASY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

A little North Carolinian will join your happy band again. I do delight in reading COMFORT's sisters' letters, and since my letter, giving a brief description of the old north state appeared in September number of COMFORT, I received many letters from all parts of the United States. I answered all but one who inclosed stamp, and dear Miss — I did not answer yours because I had so many requests to exchange postals and found it impossible to comply with all, although I am pleased to receive souvenirs from the dear friends of other states. The inquiries are so many I will, through COMFORT, tell you all I can of this county. I live with my father and mother on a little farm three miles from Concord, a Cabarrus county, which is situated in the south central part of North Carolina and is about sixteen miles from north to south, and nearly twenty-five from east to west. Concord is the county seat and largest town in the county. It is situated on high land and contains about twelve thousand inhabitants. It is called a milling town, because many cotton factories are within its limits. There are no saloons in the place. There is one opera-house, post-office, steam laundry, factory, two ice factories, four artesian wells, two public school buildings, furniture factory, seminary for colored girls, hotel, two banks, two roller mills, fourteen churches (two for colored people). These are Methodists, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Reformed, Episcopalians and Baptists. Many of the sidewalks are asphalt and business streets are macadamized. Concord is quite a businesslike and healthful little place. Mt. Pleasant is the only other town of importance in the county. The county is generally hilly, although we have some large level fields. The land generally is very productive. One river crosses the county which makes the lowlands on either side very fertile. There are six other streams of importance that cross the county, thereby making large meadows and good land for the production of corn, wheat, or any kind of grain. Sometimes you find fields of corn almost twice as high as a man, with two and sometimes three well-made ears of corn on a stalk.

Sometimes the seasons are very dry, sometimes we have an abundance of rain, and again we do not have too little or too much. Every farmer tries to raise his own wheat, and to sell if he can. As in all places the wheat crops are cut short, sometimes by bugs, others by too little or too much rain, and again the winters are so cold we have no snow, consequently this makes a disadvantage in the crop, but when the season suits and nothing destroys it in any way a few acres are sufficient to feed a moderate-sized family.

Cotton is king in this county. Every farmer (CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

In Cash \$50,000
In Stock
Of The
Miami Cycle & Mfg. Co.,
which earned 10% during the season of 1907, is offered as proof that

The World's Best Bicycle

has less pressure on its crank hanger bearings than any ordinary bicycle built; therefore, that it pushes easier and runs faster with less energy and will climb hills easier. The explanation is found in the special Crank Hanger construction and large sprockets of the Racycles. 340 Models are built with drop forged steel heads, crown and seat post clusters and the frames are made of English cold drawn welded steel tubing made especially for us. We build Racycles as near non-breakable as money, materials and workmanship will permit.

Write for 1908 catalog and pamphlet—"The Three Reasons", which contains our offer. We make no cheap RACYCLES but you can secure yours cheap if you secure an agent.

THE MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.
Middletown, Ohio, U. S. A.

2 HP STATIONARY 2050 ENGINE
FOR FARM AND SHOP WORK. Start without cranking; no cams or gears. Burns Alcohol, Kerosene and Gasoline. All sizes in stock—2 to 20 horse-power. Steel connecting rods. Anti-Friction bearings; no vibration. Write for free catalog. Run Separators, Corn Shredders, Grist Mills, Pumps, Dynamos, etc.

Detroit Engine Works, 269 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich., U.S.A.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY BOOKKEEPING STENOGRAPHY

In a few short weeks of pleasant spare-time home study, under our practical Correspondence Courses by mail—and a good-paying, responsible position is yours; we are unable to supply the demand. Many energetic students have worked up to salaries of

\$5,000 PER YEAR

—there is no reason why you cannot do this if you want to. You

Pay Us No Money

for tuition until position is secured. We send complete outfit. Bank references. Write for particulars, at once, asking about special offer, and stating which you would prefer to learn.

MICHIGAN BUSINESS INSTITUTE.
652 Institute Bldg., Kalamazoo, Mich.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINES

STEREOPTICONS

You Can Make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public.

Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital.

We start you, furnishing complete outfit and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost.

THE FIELD IS LARGE, comprising the regular theatres and lecture circuits, also local fields in Churches, Public Schools, Lodges and General Public Gatherings. Our Entertainment Supply Catalogue fully explains special offer. Sent Free.

CHICAGO PROJECTING CO., 225 Dearborn St., Dept. 168, Chicago

Let Me Pay Postage on My Big Free Book to You

Just write a postal for my Big 1908 Book—shows big line of

Split Hickory Vehicles

Sold on 30 Days Trial—Guaranteed Two Years. I make all my huggies to order—sell them direct from factory and let you use them free for 30 days as a test. My Baggy Book gives you full particulars of my offer. Two big free trials. My Chicago, Ill. Press, 3910 CARRIAGE MFG. CO., Station 319, Chicago, Ill.

ASK HOW WE GIVE THIS

AFINE CHAIR and over 1200 other nice things for the home with orders for groceries—tea, coffee, baked pork and beans, rice, soups, pure foods, extracts, perfumes, etc. Send for Catalog telling "How the Housewife Can Purchase Her Home Without Cost." "How to Save \$10 Every Few Weeks."

GROFFS & REED CO. Dept. A154 Chicago

This ELEGANT Watch \$3.75

Before you buy a watch out this out and send to us with your name and address, and we will send you by express for examination a beautiful CHAIN C.O.D. WATCH and when sent, fitted with a fully jeweled movement and guaranteed a perfect timepiece, you may send your watch for Ladies or men chain for \$5.00. If you consider it equal to any \$35 watch, we will pay the express \$3.75 and it is yours. Our 30-day guarantee sent with each watch. Mention "Horn West Goods" or Ladies' Goods. Address: H. PARKER & CO., 801, 39 Quincy St., CHICAGO.

IF YOU STAMMER

We will send you our 200 page book "Advice to Stammerers" FREE. It explains how to be quickly and permanently cured. I cured myself after stammering nearly 30 years. Profit by my experience. Write today to Bogus School, 1408 E. Illinois St., Indianapolis, Ind.

AGENTS \$50 WANTED Per WEEK

To sell the DR. HAUX famous "Perfect Vision" Spectacles—finest on earth. State present occupation. DR. HAUX SPECTACLE COMPANY, Dept. 37, St. Louis, Mo.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Keeps and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and hair falling. 25c. and \$1.00. Druggists.

Do You Need Fencing?

OR MORE IN COST and get the best steel woven wire fencing made, strongest and most lasting material—proven, but it is about the cost of a few strands of wire. These dangerous barbed wire. We have it in our own factory, 1000 ft. in one of our big sheds. If you have a few hundred feet, get your fencing here, or this material is better than any other. **WOVEN WIRE STILL IN THE OFFER.** Address: **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL.**

ELEGANT LACE FREE COLLARS

ONE ONLY TO EACH OLD SUBSCRIBER WHO NOW SECURES ONE NEW TWO YEAR SUBSCRIBER ACT NOW DON'T LOSE YOUR CHANCE

A Limited Bankrupt Stock

Although we bought a LARGE LOT, a bankrupt stock of these elegant imported Laces, the NUMBER IS LIMITED, and when they are gone, as they will be in a short time after our subscribers and club-risers see the advertisement and get after them, WE CANNOT GET ANY MORE at prices at which we could afford to use them as premiums. We hope we have enough to supply the WANTS OF OUR OLD SUBSCRIBERS and club-risers THROUGH THE MONTH OF MAY. But FIRST COME, FIRST SERVED WHILE THEY LAST, and then no more. SO, if you want one, GET YOUR WORK IN QUICK, and be sure of it.

If you want more than one, use your special subscription blank at once, which gives you one on the most favorable subscriber's terms; then SEND IN TWO NEW ONE-YEAR SUBSCRIBERS AT 20 CENTS EACH, or one new three-year's subscription AT 50 CENTS, immediately, and you will receive the second Lace premium free, postage prepaid by us.

Bear in mind no old subscriber can take more than one special new two-years' subscription at 25 cents.

In Sending the number as your choice of Collar, you might also put down two numbers as second choice, so if by any chance we get out of one number before another we will substitute your second choice and thus not keep you waiting for your lace.

BRILLIANT AMBER COLOR BACK COMB

Broad, stylish, beautiful carved effect, the very latest styles in Ladies' Back Combs. These very large combs are now exclusively worn, in preference to smaller combs or combs ornamented with gold or jewelry, and are the only proper combs nowadays. Back comb is hand-made and hand-finished, is perfect-fitting, is smooth, and does not have rough edge teeth as many combs do. These patterns are known as Sculpture Combs, and have taken the place of all other ideas and designs. Our illustration hardly conveys an idea of their true beauty; they are



This is No. 2 Pattern in Amber. Same Color also Comes in No. 1 Style.

five inches broad or wide and over three inches deep, so that it would be most impossible to lose them. We have two styles in either Shell or Amber Color and Finish. The light colored one here is Amber and one opposite is Shell color. We also have Side Combs to match either color.

While we try in this ad. to faintly illustrate the exact size of these BEAUTIFUL COMBS we can in no way do them justice. The many almost iridescent shades and transparent mottled effect of the Shell Color Comb can in no way be conveyed by a picture printed in black ink. The color and effect of a SHELL-POLISHED, HAND-FINISHED COMB can only be seen in the Comb itself and we can GUARANTEE these Combs to be VERY HANDSOME and something you will want to KEEP FOR A LIFETIME.

We Give These Combs and Laces Free How Can We Do It?

BECAUSE we bought a BANKRUPT STOCK of these Imported Laces in New York at RUINOUSLY LOW PANIC PRICES. BECAUSE we got hold of the STOCK OF COMBS which the manufacturer had on hand when the panic struck and he had to close his factory—AND SO WE GOT THEM AT OUR OWN PRICE.

It was a RICH MAN'S AND BANKER'S PANIC. It was sharp and short, but it DROVE MANY TO THE WALL AND FORCED THE SALE of many goods at a dreadful SACRIFICE. IT WAS A CHANCE IN A LIFETIME for any one having COURAGE AND READY to carry away honest bargains MORE PROFITABLE THAN SMUGGLING.

NO.

Address all Orders, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. THIS ADVERTISEMENT WILL NOT APPEAR AGAIN AND THIS OFFER IS ONLY GOOD UNTIL JUNE FIRST

We picture these collars full size, just as they come. They are all choice bits of fine Lace work.

BANKRUPT

BARGAIN IN IMPORTED IRISH and POINT GRACE LACE PANIC PRICES GAVE US A CHANCE TO GET THEM COMFORT NOW GIVES YOU YOUR CHOICE OF ONE BUT ONLY ONE FULL-SIZE COLLAR

JUST AS YOU SEE THEM

FREE

PREMIUM FOR A CLUB OF 2

A WORD ABOUT THESE COLLARS

As we are able to show these Collars to you in their full size with the full reproduction of each entire pattern, you can see for yourself just what they are. Of course, when you get the REAL COLLAR ITSELF it will LOOK MUCH NICER and far better than any reproduction we can show on this thin newspaper printed on a fast press. The COLLARS are REALLY VERY FINE and truly WONDERFUL when you consider the work that would be required and the time taken if you should sit down and TRY TO MAKE ONE YOURSELF. There are MANY USES one can make of them besides wearing them for collars. There is so much of the IRISH and POINT LACE now used for TRIMMING either black or white SHIRT-WAISTS, COATS or SKIRTS, and so many all Lace Costumes were that some people take SEVERAL OF THESE COLLARS and either cut them up or PIECE THEM TOGETHER FOR TRIMMING WAISTS, SKIRTS AND COATS, and they can be used for insertion as well. There is no way to get this quality of Lace so easily and cheaply as we now offer our subscribers from these GREAT BARGAIN SALE LOTS of Collars. We can ONLY give ONE COLLAR and this only to each OLD SUBSCRIBER who uses the subscription blank to renew their own subscription for two years for the low price of 25 cents and gets one new two-year subscriber at the same rate for this month only. This will be only 50 cents that you are to send us. If you want more than one Collar secure a club of two one-year subscribers at 20 cents each for each additional Collar you desire, but you will have to act quick as they won't last long. Be sure and order by Number. Look them over, examine the different patterns, decide which one or ONES you want and send at once. DON'T DELAY. Many people take two of one number for trimming purposes as they work in very handy in this duplicate form.

NO.

2

Description of the Different Collars

No. 1 is a V-shaped Stock Collar in real PLAID LACE. This baby IRISH effect given in this style and design is certainly a handsome bargain. While it is not quite so fine and delicate as the POINT LACE, the IRISH STYLE LACE is probably the MOST POPULAR of any LACE now worn. Notice the exquisite pattern and think of the many uses two or more of these Collars could be put to and remember each one of these Collars is just as much of a bargain for you to possess as the other and you will always be proud to think you own one.

No. 2 is called a POINTED GRACE COLLAR with Tab, giving a nice flat effect. Besides wearing this as a regular collar, many other uses can be found for this delicate Imported Lace Effect. With two of them one could decorate the upper part of the sleeves of a waist, having the ends go around the piece and the tab fit down on the arm lengthwise. This is certainly a very pretty design and the effect can be made very beautiful either on any way you use or wear it. It makes a fine display on the front of a waist as the tab has beautiful and graceful lines as you can see for yourself.

No. 3. WELL! you will exclaim, how much like DRAWNWORK this IRISH LACE of real IMPORTED design does look. The pattern is perhaps the MOST MODEST although containing several of the Venice Medallions, and there are so many uses you can put this style of a collar to the shape being as HARMONIOUS as to FIT ANY PLACE or any person, especially the OLDER ONE worn as a collar, or for the young or middle-aged as TRIMMING. This Number is the real PLAID LACE and has the BABY IRISH effect to a dot. Worn as a Stock Collar, great advantage anywhere for either street or house garment.

No. 4. THE CHARMING, DELIGHTFUL, AND ARTISTIC SPRAYS woven into the design of this PRETTY STOCK COLLAR makes it at once one of the prettiest bits of BABY IRISH STYLE of LACE that can be imported. How exquisitely the different patterns BLEND ONE TO ANOTHER in this pretty, modest V-shaped Stock Collar. The DELICATE FINISH of this Bargain number is remarked upon by all who closely examine the real Collars and of course in printing these very fine designs on LACE effect could be brought out, but you can see what the size is and how a general idea of what the lace will be itself. Two of the designs would be nice for many uses.

1st. Class One. THESE IMPORTED LACES are offered as a premium to our old subscribers whose subscriptions have expired and who now use the BUFF ENVELOPE FOLDER SUB. BLANK to renew their own subscription for two years at the special limited price, to them only, of 25 CENTS FOR TWO YEARS, and privileging them to take ONE, AND ONLY ONE, new two-year subscription at this special 25-cent rate, they SENDING US THE 50 CENTS with their own and this new subscriber's name and stating which pattern of Lace Collar they desire for their premium.

2d. Class Two. To the old subscribers who have renewed for only one year and do not get a BUFF ENVELOPE FOLDER SUB. BLANK, they as well as anyone whose subscription expires before January 1st, 1909, have the right to send for our BLUE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK. This will enable you to EXTEND FOR 25 CENTS YOUR OWN SUBSCRIPTION FOR TWO YEARS FROM THE TIME YOU HAVE ALREADY PAID FOR, and take a friend's subscription for two years for 25 cents, and thus be entitled to your choice of any one of the LACES AS A FREE PREMIUM. If you are in a hurry and want to be sure of getting the PREMIUM LACE, persons in this class can send the 80 cents for the 2-year subscriptions, giving names and addresses, and we will send your Premium Lace and forward the BLUE SUBSCRIPTION BLANK to be filled out.

3d. Class Three. To the new or old subscribers who have already subscribed or renewed for two years, or in any subscriber who desires ONE OR MORE of these LACES as a free premium, you can get a club of 2 one-year subscribers at 20 cents each and have your choice of Collars; and for every 2 ONE-YEAR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS thus sent in by persons already paid subscribers to COMFORT themselves, we will send one LACE COLLAR as PREMIUM AS LONG AS THEY LAST, but we cannot guarantee your getting EVEN ONE extra unless you send in your clubs AT ONCE. BE SURE and order BY NUMBER and DO IT QUICK. Please understand if you desire two Lace Collars of the same or two of different patterns, you send a club of 4 one-year subscribers at 20 cents each, and if additional Collars are wanted, send in 20-cent yearly subscriptions for every Collar desired.

CLUB OFFERS Telling How You Can Get These Real Imported Bargain Laces

When Opportunity Raps at Your Door, as She Does Now, Don't Neglect to Respond. She Rarely Raps a Second Time.

LADIES' SHELL POLISHED BACK COMB

IRIDESCENT HAND-FINISHED AND BEAUTIFUL NOTCHED EFFECT. The Comb illustrated below shows the real Hand Engraved and Beautiful Carved Top effect so much favored by all the ladies. While this style of carving is represented in the dark sculptured Shell pattern, we also have the same shell color in the Pattern illustrated by the light or Amber comb on opposite side of this pattern. See the No. 1 and No. 2. The Shell color or either pattern. No. 1 and No. 2, in the Amber color. We can also give you Side Combs to match either color. Many ladies order a Back Comb and a pair of Side Combs to match it in color, which we can supply on the same club offer, that is, we give one of the Back Combs of either color, or a pair of Side Combs, for a club of 10 one-year subscribers at 20 cents each, or a Back Comb and a pair of Side Combs for a club of four yearly 20-cent subscribers.



This is No. 1 Pattern in Shell. Same Color also Comes in No. 2 Style.

We Got Them We Do Not Sell Them You Cannot Buy Them

But WE GIVE YOU all the benefit and profit of these great bargains just for a little of your time in getting us a few subscriptions COMFORT.

Every lady, young or old, who sees the true illustration and reads the accurate descriptions of these charming imported Laces and BRILLIANT SHELL AND AMBER COLORED Combs in this advertisement, will at least have some idea of how USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL they may be to her, and how she will want them. But she CANNOT FULLY APPRECIATE them UNTIL SHE SEES THEM.

They are equally valuable premiums for MEN AND BOYS, who will find them most FASCINATING GIFTS TO MOTHER, SISTER, WIFE OR SWEETHEART.

If you are an old subscriber and do not want one of the Laces we will send you your choice of one of these Combs for your own Renewal for two years at 25 cents and a new 25-cent two-year subscriber on the same basis as the Lace offer to old subscribers.

CLUB OFFER. Only 2 new yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25c. you may have your choice of combs; and please order by number, stating whether you want shell or amber. If you wish a pair of Side Combs to wear with the Comb, include 2 additional yearly 20c. subscriptions. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Heiress of Beechwood

By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Judge Howell receives a letter asking him to adopt a little girl nearly two months old. Taking another letter he reads why his son is in New Hampshire. Hetty Kirby, a poor relation, is taken into Judge Howell's family. His wife, on her death-bed, commits the young girl to her husband's care. The memory of his wife and daughter softens his heart until he learns there is no music so sweet to Richard as Hetty's voice. The Judge turns her from the door and threatens to disinherit his son. Richard writes Hetty is dead. His father can curse him. He buries his heart in her grave. The Judge hears the cry of a child and opening the door finds a basket with a baby in it. The dog carries the basket into the house. The Judge calls Rachel, the colored woman of all work, to take the child to her house. Richard returns. His father tells of the baby. He will keep it, of course. The father accuses Richard of most unaccountable tastes. "Hetty is dead, but if she had lived he would have called no other woman his wife." In the morning Richard goes to Rachel's house and takes the baby in his arms. Hannah Hawkins, a widow with one boy, Oliver, offers to have Milly, in place of little Bessie. It impresses Richard favorably and he takes Milly to her home. Her mother Hepsabah Thompson objects. Cautious people offer opinions as to the parentage of the child and none pass the ordeal so wholly unscathed as Richard Howell. The physicians order a sea voyage for Richard. Before leaving he visits Hetty Kirby's grave. There is a stormy farewell and a father's curse. Richard implores Hannah to be good to Milly.

Nine times the April flowers blossom. Milly's heart is heavy. She asks Clubs if she isn't his sister and if she isn't who she is, and she knows why her grandmother scolds her. Clubs tells her the story of her life and she exclaims, "Judge Howell is my father!" The conversation is interrupted by the shrill voice of Hepsabah Thompson. Milly realizes if she isn't Milly Hawkins then Aunt Hepsabah isn't her granny. She visits Beechwood. Judge Howell is incensed. Milly thinks the Judge is her father. He raises his hand to smite her when his eyes meet those of Richard in the picture on the wall. He sends Milly from his home. She meets Lawrence Thornton, and she confides to him the story of her life. He is a young man from Boston. Cousin Geraldine Velle wants a waiting maid. Lillian, her half-sister, will be good to her. Milly runs away; she misses the train; a severe snow storm comes on. In her desperation she goes to Judge Howell's. She's "come to stay." He'll be sorry if he turns her away. If she is not troublesome she may stay for good and he rings for Rachel to open the register in the chamber above. The next morning Hepsabah and Oliver appear on the scene. Oliver begs Judge Howell to keep her; she grows into his heart, and he promises to send Oliver to college if he learns smart and she behaves herself. Milly goes to Charlestown Seminary with Lillian Velle. Three years pass and she and Lillian come home to Beechwood. Milly goes to see Oliver and confides to him that she answers Lawrence Thornton's letters written to Lillian Velle. How will it end? Milly writes a letter for Lillian inviting Lawrence to visit Beechwood. Mr. Thornton requests Lawrence to make Lillian his wife, and not fool with Milly, who is of unknown parentage. Does his father know for certain she is not the child of sister Helen? Milly admits she loves someone as much as Lillian loves Lawrence Thornton, but refuses to give his name. Lawrence goes to Beechwood. On his way he again reads the letter received from Lillian. There must be more in her heart than her conversation indicates. Lillian tells Lawrence Milly is here and the clouds gather. Milly goes to Oliver in her trouble.

CHAPTER X.

THE ACCIDENT.

THE next day was excessively hot and sultry, confining the young people to the parlor. Lillian fanned herself furiously, while Lawrence turned the pages of a book, and Milly drummed listlessly upon the piano. Oliver did not join them, and Luce, who, before dinner went down to the Cold Spring for water, brought back the news that he was suffering from one of his nervous headaches. "He needs more exercise," said Lawrence. "I mean to take him with me this afternoon when I go down to bathe in the river."

About four o'clock he called upon Oliver, who looked pale and haggard, as if years of suffering had passed over him since the previous night. Still, he was so much better that Lawrence ventured to propose his going to the river. "No matter if you can't swim," he said; "you can sit upon the grass and look at me."

Oliver knew that the fresh air would do him good, and he went at last with Lawrence to the quiet spot which the latter had selected. Sitting beneath a tree, which grew near to the bank, Oliver watched his companion, as he plunged boldly into the stream, and struck out for the opposite shore. Suddenly a fearful cry rose on the air—a cry of "Help! I'm cramped! oh, help me, Clubs!" and turning in the direction whence it came, Oliver saw a frightened face disappearing beneath the water, while the outstretched hand, which went down last, seemed imploring him for aid.

In an instant Oliver stood by the river bank; and when the face came up again, he saw that it was whiter than before, and the voice was fainter which uttered another name than that of Clubs. At first Oliver thought he was mistaken, but when it came a second time, he reeled as if smitten by a heavy blow, for he knew then that the drowning man had cried out: "Milly! dear Milly!" as if he thus would bid her farewell.

For a second Oliver stood spellbound, Lawrence was his rival, and yet, not his rival, for, even had he never been, such as Oliver Hawkins could not hope to win the queenly Milly, whose heart would break when they told her Lawrence was dead. She would come to him for comfort, as she always did, and how could he tell her he had looked silently on and seen him die? There would be bitter reproach in the eyes which never yet had rested upon him save in love, and rather than meet that glance Oliver resolved at last to save Lawrence Thornton, even if he perished in the attempt.

"Nobody will mourn for the cripple," he said. "Nobody miss me but Milly, and Lawrence will comfort her; and with one last, hurried glance at the world which had never seemed so bright, Oliver sprang into the river and struck out for the spot where Lawrence last went down.

He forgot that he had never learned to swim—nor knew that he was swimming—for one thought was uppermost in his mind, and that a thought of Milly. Hers was the name upon his lips—and the mighty love he bore her buoyed him up until he reached the spot where the waters were still in wild commotion. By what means he held up the rigid form and took it back to the shore, he never knew. With an almost supernatural strength, he dragged the body up the bank, laid it upon the grass, and then his feeble voice went echoing up the hill, but brought back no response. Through the soft summer haze he saw the cupola on the roof where Milly often sat, and where she was sitting now. But his voice did not reach her.

"I must go for help, and leave him here alone," he said, at last, and he started on his way, slowly, painfully, for his poor, tender feet had been cut upon a sharp, pointed rock.

But he kept on his way, while his knees shook beneath him, and in his ears was a buzzing sound like the rush of many waters. Human strength could not endure much more, and by the time he reached his grandmother's gate, he sank to the ground. In wild agonized old Hepsabah came out, asking what was the matter.

"Lawrence!" he gasped—"he's drowned—he's dead!"

Then from his mouth and nose the crimson blood gushed out and Hepsabah just caught for a moment as she died.

"Help! Murder! Fire! Milly Howell! Oliver is dead, and Lawrence too!"

From her seat in the cupola, Milly heard the cry, for Hepsabah's voice was shrill and clear. Milly heard her name and that Oliver was dead, and bounding down the stairs she went flying

down the Cold Spring path, while close behind her came the wheezing Judge, with Lillian following closely in the rear.

On the floor, just where he had fainted, Oliver was lying, and Milly's heart stood still when she saw his dripping garments and the blood stains round his pallid lips.

"Poor, poor Oliver," she said, kneeling down beside him, and wringing his wet hair. "Where has he been?"

At the sound of her voice his eyes unclosed, and he whispered faintly: "Lawrence, Milly, Lawrence is dead under that tree."

Then for one brief instant, Milly fancied herself dying, but the sight of Lillian, who had just come in brought back her benumbed faculties, and going to her, she said:

"Did you hear, Lily? Lawrence is dead—drowned. Let us go to him together. He is mine now as much as yours."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" sobbed Lillian, covering her face with her hands. "I'm afraid of dead folks! I'd rather stay here."

"Fool! dough-head!" thundered the Judge, who was out of all kind of patience with Lillian. "Go to the house, then, and see that his chamber is ready for the body," and without waiting to see if his orders were obeyed, he hastened after Milly, who was lying over the distant fields, as if she sported a pair of unseen wings.

She saw the stains from Oliver's wounded feet, and she ran on and on until she reached the spot, whither other aid had preceded her, else Lawrence Thornton had surely floated down the deep, dark river to death.

"Speak to him, Miss Howell," said one of the men. "That may bring him back—it sometimes does," but Milly's voice could not penetrate the lethargy which had stolen over Lawrence, and, with an ominous shake of their heads, the two men lifted him between them, and bore him back to the house, where Lillian, in her own room, was sobbing as if her heart would break, and saying to Rachel's grandchild, who had toddled in and asked what was the matter:

"Oh, I don't know; I want to go home and see Geraldine."

"Go home, then, and be—hanged," the Judge finally added, speaking the last word very naturally, as if that were what he had intended to say all the time.

With one scornful glance at Lillian, who, as Lawrence was borne past her door, covered her face with her hands and moaned: "Oh, I can't look at him, Milly saw that everything was made comfortable, and then all through the anxious, exciting hour which followed, she stood bravely by, doing whatever was necessary for her to do, and once, at her own request, placing her warm lips to the cold ones of the unconscious man, and sending her life-breath far down into the lungs, which gave back only a gurgling sound, and Milly, when she heard it, turned away, whispering:

"He is dead!"

But Lawrence was not dead; and when the night shadows were stealing into the room, he gave signs that life was not extinct. Milly was the first to discover it, and her cry of joy went ringing through the house, and she stood in the room where Lillian still cowered upon the floor.

But Lillian mistook the cry, and grasping the dress of the child, who had started to leave her, she sobbed:

"Don't go, don't leave me alone—it's getting dark, and I'm afraid of ghosts."

"Confounded fool!" muttered the Judge, and he hurried on to the chamber where Lawrence Thornton was enduring all the pangs of a painful death.

But he was saved, and when at last the fierce struggle was over, he fell away to sleep, and the physician bade all leave the room except Milly, who must watch him while he slept.

"Will he live? Is he past all danger?" she asked, and when the physician answered, "Yes," she said: "Then I must go to Oliver. Lillian will sit with Mr. Thornton."

"But is her face a familiar one? Will he be pleased to see her here where he wakes?" the doctor asked, and Milly answered, sadly:

"Yes, far more pleased than to see me."

"Let her come, then," was the reply, and hurrying to Lillian, Milly told her what was wanted.

"Oh, I can't, I can't! I ain't used to sick folks! I don't know what to do. You stay, Milly, that's a dear, good girl."

"But I can't," answered Milly. "I must go to Oliver; I've neglected him too long," and seeing that Lillian showed no signs of yielding, she took her by the arm, and led her into Lawrence's chamber.

"Sit there," she said, placing her in a chair by the bedside, "and when he wakes, give him this, pointing to something in a cup, which the doctor had prepared.

"Oh, it's so dark, and his face is so white," sobbed Lillian, while Milly, feeling strongly inclined to box her ears, bade her once more sit still, and then hurried away.

"There's grit for you," muttered the Judge, who in the next room had overheard the whole. "There's a girl worth having. Why, I'd give more for Milly's little finger than for that gutta-serena's whole body. Afraid of the dark—little fool! How can he coo around her as he does? But I'll put a flea in his ear. I'll tell him that in Milly Howell's face, when she thought that he was dead, I saw who it was she loved. I ain't blind," and the Judge paced up and down the room, while Milly kept on her way, and soon reached the gable roof.

"A pretty time o' day to get here," growled old Hepsy; "after the worst is over, and he got well to bed. I'd say that city spring for you, gals—if I was Clubs."

"Grandmother, please go down," said Oliver, while Milly, unmindful of old Hepsy's presence, wound her arms around his neck, and he could feel her hot tears dropping like rain upon his face, as she whispered:

"Darling Oliver, heaven bless you, even as I do. I knew it must have been so; but why did you risk your life for him?"

"Grandmother, will you go down?" Oliver said again; and muttering something about "being glad to get rid of such sickness," old Hepsy hobbled off.

When sure that she was gone, Oliver placed a hand on each side of the face bending over him, and said:

"Don't thank me, Milly; I don't deserve it, for my first wicked thought was to let him drown, but when I remembered how much you loved him, I said I'd save him for Milly, even though I die. It is far better that the poor cripple should be drowned than Lawrence. Do you love me more for saving him, Milly?"

"Yes, yes," answered Milly; "and so does Lillian, or she will when I tell her, for you know you saved him for her, not for me."

"Milly," said Oliver, laying his weak hand upon her hair, "when Lawrence Thornton was sinking in the river, whose name do you think he called?"

"Lillian?" and by the dim light, Oliver could see the quivering of her lips.

"No, darling, not Lillian, but 'Milly, dear Milly.' That was what he said; and there was a world of love in the way he said it."

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1900 Gravity Washer and let you see for yourself all it saves. Thus our 1900 Gravity Washers sell themselves.

Then—if you send us part of what the washer saves until it is paid for, the washer really pays for itself.

In just a short time it is all paid for and, after that, the washer is yours and all it saves is yours.

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"Are you certain, Oliver, that you heard right? Tell me again just what he said."

"Milly, dear Milly," and Oliver's voice was full of yearning tenderness, as if the words welled up from the very depths of his heart.

She looked so bright, so beautiful, sitting there beside him, that he would willingly have given his life, could he once have put his arms around her and told her how he loved her. But it must not be, and, with a mighty effort, he conquered the desire, but not until he closed his eyes to shut out her glowing beauty.

"You are tired," she said. "I am wearing you out," and, arranging his pillows, she made a movement to go.

He let her think he was tired, for he would rather she should leave him, and, with a whispered "good by, dear Oliver," she glided from the room.

CHAPTER XI.

LAWRENCE ENLIGHTENED BY THE JUDGE.

For a time after Milly left him, Lawrence slept on quietly, and Lillian gradually felt her fears subsiding, particularly as Rachel brought in a lamp and placed it on the mantel. Still she was very nervous and she sat sobbing behind her handkerchief, until Lawrence showed signs of waking; then remembering what Milly had said of something in a cup, she held it to his lips, bidding him drink, but he would not, and setting it down, she went back to her crying, thinking it mean of Milly to leave her there so long when she wasn't a bit accustomed to sick folks.

Suddenly she felt a hand laid upon her own, and starting up, she saw Lawrence Thornton looking at her. Instantly all her fortitude gave way, and laying her face on the pillow beside him, she sobbed:

"Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence, I'm so glad you ain't dead, and have waked up at last, for it's dreadful sitting here alone."

Drawing her nearer to him the young man said:

"Poor child, have you been here long?"

"Yes, ever since the doctor left," she answered. "Milly is with Clubs. I don't believe she'd care a bit if you should die."

"Milly—Milly," Lawrence repeated, as if trying to recall something in the past. "Then it was you who were with me in all that dreadful agony, when life came back again. I fancied it was Milly."

Lillian had not the courage to undeceive him, for there was no mistaking the feeling which prompted him to smooth her golden curls and call her "Fairly." Still she must say something, and so she said:

"I held the cup to your lips a little while ago."

"I know you did," he answered. "You are a dear girl Lillian. Now tell me all about it and who saved my life."

"Waked up in the very nick of time," muttered the Judge, who all the while had been in the next room, and who had been awake just long enough to hear all that passed between Lawrence and Lillian. "Yes, sir, just in the nick of time, and now we'll hear what soft-pate has to say," and moving nearer to the door he listened while Lillian told Lawrence how Oliver had taken him from the river and laid him under a tree, where he was found by two of the villagers, who brought him home.

"Then," said she, "I went for the doctor, who did all manner of cruel things until you came to life and went to sleep."

"And Milly wasn't here at all," said Lawrence sadly. "Why did she stay with Oliver? What ails him?"

"He had the nose-bleed, I believe," answered Lillian. "Getting you out of the water made him sick, I suppose. Milly thinks more of Oliver, than of you I guess."

"The deuce she does," muttered the Judge, and he was about going into charge Lillian with her duplicity, when Milly herself appeared, and he resumed his seat to hear what next would come.

"I am sorry I had to leave you," she said, going up to Lawrence, "but poor Oliver needed the care of someone besides old Hepsy, and I dare say you have found as competent a nurse in Lillian."

"Yes, Fairly has been very kind," said Lawrence, taking the young girl's hand. "I should have been sadly off without her. But what of Oliver?"

Milly did not then know how severe a shock Oliver had received, and she replied that, "he was very weak, but would, she hoped, be better soon."

"I shall go down tomorrow and thank him for saving my life," was Lawrence's next remark, while Milly asked some trivial question concerning himself.

"Why, in thunder don't she tell him all about it?" growled the Judge, beginning to grow impatient. "Why don't she tell him how she worked like an ox, while Father one sat on the floor and snivelled?" Then as he heard Milly say she must go and see which of the negroes would stay with him that night, he continued his mutterings. "Milly's a fool—Thornton's a fool—and that Lillian is a consummate fool; but I'll fix 'em," and striding into the room, just as Milly was leaving it, he said, "Gypsy, come back. You needn't go after a nigger. I'll stay with Lawrence myself."

It was in vain that both Lawrence and Milly remonstrated against it. The Judge was in earnest. "Unless, indeed, you want to watch," and he turned to Lillian: "You are such a capital nurse—not a bit afraid of the dark, nor sick folks, you know," and he chuckled her under the chin, while she began to stammer out:

"Oh, I can't! I can't! It's too hard—too hard."

"Of course, it's too hard," said Lawrence, amazed at the Judge's proposition. "Lillian is too delicate for that; she ought to be in bed this morning, poor child. She's been sadly tried today," and he looked pityingly at Lillian, who feeling that in some way wholly unknown to

herself, she had been terribly aggrieved began to cry, and left the room.

"Look out that there don't something catch you in the hall," the Judge called after her, shrugging his shoulders, and thinking that not many hours would elapse ere he pretty thoroughly undeceived Lawrence Thornton.

But in this he began to fancy he might be disappointed, for soon after Milly left them, Lawrence fell away to sleep, resting so quietly that the Judge would not awake him, but sat

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

The financial independence in old age of the man who works for a salary depends on his savings and his investments of small sums; and the man who has self-control enough rigidly to put aside a part of his salary till its accumulation in a savings bank is large enough to warrant investment—such a man is likely to find safe investments; for his self-denial has taught him care. The man who cannot save is not so likely to be careful in his investments—if by chance he should have anything to invest. The first step, then, not only in getting money to invest but in getting the training that is necessary to invest wisely is to save something. It is not, as a rule, the depositors in Savings Banks and Trust Companies that become the victims of wild-cat schemes.

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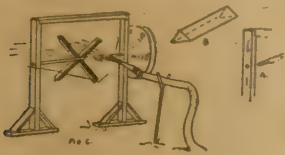
A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

MY DEAR NEPHEWS:
Spring, lovely spring, with long bright days and school about to close, which means long joyous outdoor days for my boys, who must all enjoy this healthy recreation period to full extent, is here.

Water Motor

Here's a handy little motor run by water power. Build a strong oblong frame of scantling and bore two one inch holes in the up-rights for the axle. The latter should be a straight grained, square piece of tough wood



whittled round where it turns. The trough-like paddles against which the force of the water is directed are made of four pieces of light wood as shown by "b". Tack them securely to the axle, put a heavy flywheel on the end that extends out and the motor is complete. To operate it simply fix the hose so the water will strike against the paddles or spokes. Running water falling on the paddles from overhead will cause the wheel to turn but will not generate much power. The idea is the main thing to master. Its applications are numerous.

To Blacken Putty

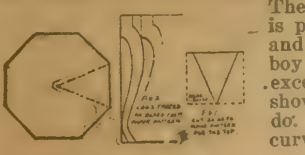
When the putty begins to chip and fall off the window panes it is time for the boy mechanic to get busy. Window sashes are almost invariably black and putty is white so if we put it on over so neatly it will still look patched and shoddy. Painting it after it's on is out of the question for we can never find what we want and it wouldn't be wise to buy a can of paint when we only need a spoonful. The proper method is to mix shoe or stove black with the putty till it is dark enough and then apply it. If you wish to remove an old pane of glass, rub soft soap on the hard putty and it will soon become soft.

Game of Quick Wits

This game is very fascinating and has the advantage of being quiet, orderly and a mind developer. Each player and there may be any number, is provided with a pad and pencil. At a given signal all start to write words of three letters beginning with "a," such as "ail," "art," "aid," "ace," etc. Whoever completes a list of twenty words first scores a point and then the players start to write words beginning with "b" and so on till all the letters in the alphabet are used. Ten points win the game, and two games won in succession equal fifty points.

Tabourette

Small plant stands or tabourettes as they are called are always useful around the home.



The one shown here is plain and simple and will furnish the boy mechanic an excellent chance to show what he can do. The legs are curved but nevertheless may be all cut from one flat piece as shown by "2". The top is octagonal or eight sided and its edge is left square or round off just as you please. You can round it off nicely by scraping with pieces of broken glass. When finished paint the stand an olive green and it will look very pretty.

Restoring Old Files

If you have an old rusty file around that you would like to restore to use dip it in a solution of four parts water and one part nitric acid. In order to avoid getting the acid on the fingers you should have it suspended on a piece of wire and pull it up occasionally to see how the solution is cutting. In a short time the ridges will be almost as sharp and well defined as when the files are new. To clean a file that is filled up rub it crosswise with the end of a small block of hard wood.

Funny Parlor Game

The theory of this game of definitions, is very simple and it affords an excellent opportunity for original wit. Write down a sentence copied from a newspaper or book and without letting the players know what it is, request all to write down in the proper order the definition of the words composing it. Here's an example. "The big black horse tore along the street." When the definitions provided by the players are used it would read something like this, "The large, not white, domestic quadruped, ripped, lengthwise, the thoroughfare." If the company possess sufficient ready wit no indoor game will produce more fun and amusement.

May Pole

A simple amusement device for the country lad to rig up is the historic Maypole of old Puritan days. Get a good, sound pole four or five inches in diameter and plant it three and a half feet in the ground preferably in a bed of concrete, which is broken stone, cement and water mixed together. Now loosely fit an iron ring on the top and hang ropes from it. It is great fun to grasp one of the ropes and after getting a good start by running around to merrily swing through the air and best of all it is an exceptionally healthy exercise.

Where Common Things Come From

Cork is the bark of a tropical tree; rubber is the sap of a tree; sponges grow on rocks just as moss does on old logs; pure amber is skimmed off the surface of certain Russian lakes; carboric acid is made from soft coal; glass is made by melting a kind of white sand that abounds almost everywhere; linen is spun from the fibers of flax; castor oil is made from a bean, so also is vanilla; glue and gelatine and isinglass are simply the bones, sinews and gristle of fish and animals boiled down to a pulp; silk is made from threads spun by a worm; pearl buttons are made from sea shells; paper is made from the wood of certain trees and a poorer quality from old rags. As our wonder at these great achievements increases we should remember the most important fact of all, that we are made of common clay.

Nursery Business

The real country boy who is familiar with growing things and knows considerable about soil should find it profitable to raise small trees and shrubs and sell them in neighboring communities. Only a small patch of ground is required and the best of seed costs next to nothing. You can start them growing in portable boxes being careful to keep them moist and in a sunny place. I will not attempt to give directions in the limited space at my disposal but you can get all the advice you want from your own people no doubt. One thing I will say emphatically is that you can sell everything you raise at three and four times what they cost. In shipping always wrap the roots in moss and do not permit them to dry. I would like to hear from boys who tried this scheme.

Novel Gardening

Growing tomatoes and other vegetables in glass bottles is the novel experiment of an Oregon lad at whose home I recently spent a week. When the tomato was about the size of a cherry he placed the neck of the bottle around it and propped up the bottle in such a way that it did not bear on the stalk or vine. In nearly every case the tomato would grow to its natural size and start to ripen, then the lad would cut the stem and there would be a large red tomato inside a narrow necked bottle and no one able to guess how it got there. The clever boy that evolved the trick sold his bottled vegetables to city stores for window displays.



I have an idea you all guessed the Easter Puzzle; the answer is three. Now I bid you all good by until another autumn as I shall take a long vacation and join you again in October.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle John.

Lady Isabel's Daughter or, For Her Mother's Sin

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

laughter; then the man who had brushed by my lady a moment since came out and offered her his arm, and Lady Rosamond, leaning forward with a low breath of rapture as they came out of the passage and hurried by into the darkness beyond was startled by a sudden cry from Lord Beresford.

"Lionel—good gracious—what is it?" gasped Lady Beresford, startled by this unexpected outburst. "Are you ill or—"

"Didn't you see? Didn't you see?" exclaimed his lordship excitedly. "Why, the man who passed by just now, mother. It was Pierre—my ex-valet—Pierre Bloushar."

"Pierre," repeated the countess, paling at the bare mention of the name of the man who had led her to commit her first act of treachery. "Non-sense, Lionel,—Pierre Bloushar is in France."

"No, that he isn't," asserted my lord strongly, "for I saw him not an instant since. I wish—"

The speech was cut short by the sudden return of Lord Dymally.

"The lorgnette is not in the box, Lady Mount Severn," he announced, opening the door of the carriage. "I have had half a dozen ushers searching the place, and we can't find a trace of it anywhere. You must have dropped it in the crowd, and somebody has picked it up. I am very sorry."

"It does not matter, then my lord," smiled Lady Rosamond, sweetly. "I am sorry that I troubled you. My name is on it and it is sure to be returned. Pray give the driver the direction, No. 10 Belgrave Square."

So the subject was dismissed, but my lady had never wasted one poor thought upon it, and she did not now. She had won her point. It was Pierre! Fate led him to the opera tonight; he has seen her, recognized her—and yain, silly, vapid little thing that she still is, it has been no trouble to scrape up an acquaintance with her, and start the game at once.

"The last link is found, the chain is complete, and oh, dainty Isabel, better for you if you dropped dead this night. You shall win your lover, you shall be Countess of Beresford in spite of all the proud mammas in Christendom, belle cousin, but the hour that sees you Lord Lionel Beresford's bride, sees the vengeance of a lifetime completed. Take her, my lord—take her and treasure her, your dainty, spotless darling. Give her a name that never knew a blemish nor a taint, give her what you refuse to me—your heart's best and truest affection—but give it only to recall again. Yours shall be the hand to smite her, yours shall be the lips to curse her, Lord Beresford before the honeymoon has waned."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year, and read the next chapter, when Lady Isabel declares to her father she has nothing to blush for, and Archibald Carlyle realizes his terrible mistake. In reading this sequel to Mrs. Wood's famous novel it has reminded many of our readers to ask for the book "East Lynne," and we are now offering it as a premium, in an attractive cloth binding for a club of only three subscribers to this paper, at 20 cents each. "Lady Isabel" will not be published in book form, but nearly every reader will want a copy of "East Lynne" in the house for reference while reading this story.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

must have fields of cotton or he is counted poor. A bale to an acre is sometimes raised, but most farmers, possibly, average one bale to two acres. A field of cotton in bloom certainly is beautiful in early morning. The blossom is white when first open, on the second day they are pink, and on third they usually fall off. In the fall after frost has killed the leaves, and many of them have fallen to the ground, the fields remind you of a snow-bank. Often as many as ten or twelve bales, sometimes more, are put in one field to pick, till night; some have "icked as many as two and three hundred pounds of the fleecy stuff, and are paid fifty cents a hundred.

Besides corn, wheat, and cotton we raise oats, clover, rye, kafir corn, molasses cane, broom corn, pop-corn, peanuts, peas, quays, cantaloupes, pomegranates, watermelons and pumpkins.

Most of the modern conveniences of farming are used in this county. We grow quite a variety of vegetables, such as cabbage, beans, beets, lettuce, kale, mustard, peas, cucumbers, cauliflower, spinach, horseradish, radishes, squashes, okra, celery, turnips, onions, and sweet and Irish potatoes. We have cabbage and mustard fresh from the garden all the winter. Lettuce and onions are usually planted in fall and ready for early spring. We usually have plenty of fruits, if one kind fails another possibly will not. The kinds of fruits are as various as the vegetables.

The scenery is diversified. You pass from large forests of oak, pine, hickory trees to fields of little "old field" pine. From these you get pine needles to make pillows and hundreds of cords of wood are chopped annually. You also cross large level fields in cultivation, also hills and dales nearly all of which are under cultivation and not wooded. The timber is being removed very rapidly by putting sawmills in the forests and sawing most of the timber into lumber.

In the county is one mineral spring, one gold mine, and one granite quarry. The price of land, generally, is very high. For further information inclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

I have a scrap book I want to send to the dear shut-ins. I made it to cheer you all I can. I hope if any are blue or despondent my little book will help drive the "blues" away. After you have read it send it to another Comfort shut-in, as I want many to read it and trust they will be benefited, because my heart goes out in sympathy for the needy and suffering. I would like to help all. Every COMFORT reader has a special invitation to visit me on my birthday, June 30.

MISS LOU ANNA BARNHARDT, Box 13, Concord, E. D. 3, N. C.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Butterscotch Pie

First part. Yolk of one egg, one tablespoonful of flour, one cup of milk, well mixed. Second part. Take a piece of butter the size of a walnut, let it melt and fry in a skillet. Into this put one cup brown sugar and four tablespoonfuls of milk. Cook five minutes. Then pour in first part and cook slowly until thick. Pour into baked crust. Beat white of egg with a little sugar until stiff. Spread on top and brown slightly in oven.

Molasses Cake

One cup of sorghum molasses, one tablespoonful sugar, two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter or lard, one egg, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon level full soda, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, two cups of flour before sifting.

Devil's Food Cake

One third cake of sweet chocolate grated, put in mixing bowl, pour two thirds cup of boiling water over it, add one half cup of butter, scant. Stir well, add one cup of dark brown sugar and one cup of granulated, three eggs well beaten.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

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A SICKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Buelah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Edbert Maurice, a Confederate general, dies, leaving a wife and daughter, Marcia, and upon her the mother centers all her love and devotion. At seventeen, Marcia meets Allison Kent, a lover of forty, handsome, debonaire and witty. There is a clandestine marriage. Mrs. Maurice goes to her child's room to kiss her good night, and finds a farewell letter praying for forgiveness. The mother returns the letter and across it she writes: "My only hope is that God will take me out of the world before I see the face of the child who has disgraced the memory of her father and the name of her mother."

Mrs. Maurice is called from Europe by the death of her over-seeing, Bobbitt, whose wife, Eliza, is sheltered by Mrs. Maurice. Loving Marcia, Eliza intercedes with a letter. It is returned unopened. Dr. Eggleston and Bishop Vivian plead for Marcia. The latter gives Mrs. Maurice a letter. Marcia is dying, and he asks the mother to be merciful. Mrs. Maurice writes the word, "Come."

A boy, her dead first born, is laid in Eliza Mitchell's arms. Marcia Kent is brought home. Three days later she dies in her mother's arms, and whispers, "If my baby lives, keep her for my sake," and Eliza Kent is given to the care of the foster-mother, Eliza.

Noel Herriott visits Mrs. Maurice and brings papers announcing Judge Kent's marriage to his stepmother, Mrs. Nina Herriott, and then Mrs. Maurice realizes that Eliza is Marcia's baby. She wants to comfort her. It is too late. Noel Herriott will be friendly with Eliza. She only wants her father.

Mrs. Maurice leaves instructions for Eliza's future care. Eliza is awakened from a sound sleep by Eliza. She hears her grandmother call "Egbert," "Marcia." They enter the memorial chamber where Mrs. Maurice sits in the silence that death consecrates.

Eliza guards Eliza and believes that the soul created for her baby boy who never breathed is living in Eliza. Two years later Mrs. Kent is suddenly killed. "Father" Temple, cousin to Judge Kent, invites Noel Herriott to Calvary House and inspects the seed he sows in the lovely home he gives. He inquires of Eliza and her religious tendencies. Noel advises him to let the child pick her own way in peace.

The rector of St. Hyacinth is called away and Father Temple explains his presence. He is unconscious that Eliza witnesses a scene near the altar. Leighton Dane, a boy soloist, held spellbound by Father Temple's magnetic voice, asks if he may learn the words he speaks. He will set them to a chant. The boy passes two hymns to the Father, who reproaches him for touching sacred gifts. The boy admits he brings them. God can spare two. A sob and tears follow.

Eliza recognizes in a cash boy the soloist of St. Hyacinth's. His mother, Mrs. Nona Dane, has the glove counter at a department store. It is easy to discover the center of attraction. Eliza makes the desired purchase. It is part of the business to fit the gloves, but the woman's repellent bearing proclaims all intercourse is restricted to the business of the counter, and the wish to mention the chorister of St. Hyacinth's is extinguished. Noel learns Mrs. Dane's history. She drifts from the fast West to Brooklyn and finds employment, from which she is dismissed on an unjust charge. She is an avowed socialist of the extreme type.

A note is left and the menace to Judge Kent's peace of mind is discovered. He requests Eliza not to grieve Eliza about his sudden illness. Eliza discovers the identity of Eliza. Noel Herriott offers to Eliza the unshared love of his life. She trusts and admires him but will marry no one. Noel Herriott shows Father Temple drawings. He is deeply affected, and the hour of his humiliation comes when he tells the sad story of his life—his marriage through a minor, and before he can publicly claim his wife she dies.

Noel Herriott calls to see Leighton Dane. Leighton, hearing his voice, pleads with his mother. Noel asks to take the boy to ride—will she accompany them. She refuses all help. Eliza meets Miss Higginbottom and doubts creep in. She realizes her father's restlessness and her bitter disappointment comes when she learns from strangers his determination to resign his senatorship.

Father Temple visits Mrs. Dane. He finds in her his long lost wife. She refuses all pleadings and the privilege of caring for his boy. The law forces her to leave his wife. Leighton begs for his father, who recognizes no validity in divorce. Only the positive order of the doctor prevents Mrs. Dane from moving Leighton.

Eliza's father watches impatiently for the announcement of her acceptance of Herriott. She will never marry a man she does not love. Mr. Noel will never renew his offer. Her father warns her of bitter consequences. Eliza questions Noel why her father resigns the senatorship. He has not confided his reasons to Herriott. Eliza will not, cannot accept defeat. Vernon baptizes his boy. He begs to be carried where the daisies grow. Suddenly the boy cries: "The gates of heaven! Mother, mother!"

CHAPTER XIV. (CONTINUED.)

NOT always comes Imperial death as pacificator; now and then the flame of vengeance leaps through the shroud of shadows, and sometimes open graves typify wider, deeper chasms that know no closing. There are natures who prefer total surrender rather than any sharing of that which they hold dearest; and of such was the pallid, dry-eyed mother, lying hour after hour on the bed where her fragile boy slept his last sleep.

His head rested on her right arm, and with her left hand she had drawn his tiny fingers inside her dress, trying to warm them on the breast where in infancy they toyed. Since the moment she had snatched him from the meadow couch of daisies and borne him unaided to the farmhouse, no one was allowed to touch him, and the angel who called and guided the young soul to God was more welcome than the human father daring to claim him. During the long night of her last vigil, the priest, pacing an adjoining room, wondered at the stern repression of her grief; and only once, through the half-open door, came a frantic cry, ending in a low, quivering wail.

"Mother's man! Mother's own pretty—pretty—darling baby! Oh—"

An hour later, when he ventured to re-enter the room he knew the one passionate outbreak signalled her final surrender. She had lifted the little wasted form from the bed and laid him in a coffin resting on a low table; covering all but the delicate, chiselled face and shining hair with a thick shroud of daisies.

Now, with hands locked in her lap, she sat leaning her head against the coffin. Tears he could not repress fell as the father bent down to the casket, but she put her arm across it, barring him.

"Don't! You must not touch my baby." Sinking to his knees he put his hand on the fingers lying in her lap.

"Oh, Nona! Eleven years ago tonight!" She pushed his hand aside, and when he bowed his head on her knee, she moved her chair back to avoid the touch.

"My wife—"

"No, I am no man's wife. I can't forget, and I don't wish to forgive, even if I could. I want you to understand that I would rather see my darling where he is than have him live for you to come between us. The Nona you knew died ten years ago, when insulted, and slandered, and despised I washed and ironed for money to clothe and feed my little fatherless one—my own beautiful little baby."

She laid her hand on the cold head and fondled the golden ring of hair, but no moisture dimmed the huge, mournful eyes that defied her husband's pleading.

A moment later she added, in a stinging tone: "After tomorrow you will have no reason to intrude upon me; with a childless, hopeless, desperate woman you can make no more, and I shall continue to save myself the intolerable sight of your face. In your tin box you will find the money I have not touched, but the papers I burned tonight; because in the grave—my baby's grave—certificates of legitimacy are not required."

I wish no record retained of any association or tie with you, and henceforth I want to hear neither from nor of you. For ten years what heart I had left beat only for my baby, and his precious little hands will always hold it tight in his coffin. After tomorrow my work waits for me, and your path and mine will cross no more."

Up and down the room Father Temple walked, striving to master his emotion. Pausing in front of her, he asked very tenderly:

"May I know where and what is the work my son's mother has selected?"

"It is everywhere; the struggle of the poor to loosen the strangling clutch of the rich on their throats; the cruel war which will end only with the downfall of aristocracy, when millionaires will be hunted like other criminals, when cowardly sons of rich army officers can dare to marry publicly the daughters of their regimental teamsters, and when a pure woman, because she is pure, will be as much respected as a crowned head. You preach 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.' We have a different doctrine, a broader gospel. When justice reigns there will be no poor, no hoarded surplus of dishonest riches, no 'benevolent fund' doled out by 'philanthropic' pharisees to the workers whose labor created it. In that day, no poor girls in reeking tenements will be goaded by the sight of fashionable society women, who drink, and smoke, and gamble, and loll half clad in opera boxes, and hug their lap dogs and their lovers instead of their children. In that day society lines will vanish, and only two classes exist—workers and drones, governed by bee hive laws. To aid in this is all I care for now—all that remains for me—and my work will be well done."

She had spoken in a cold, defiant tone, keeping her eyes on the coffin and her fingers on the child's curls, but after a moment a spasm of anguish shook her mercilessly, and, gazing, she pointed to the door, saying, between strangling sobs:

"Leave me, and shut the door. I have all I can bear now. Leave me alone with my little one."

CHAPTER XV.

"DEFIANCE I NEVER FORGIVE."

Aix-les-Bains proved a successful prescription, and Judge Kent declared himself cured; but two silent women knew he could obtain only a modicum of sleep, and noted the fact that when the daily mail—nervously expected and handled—had been scanned he grew gay and chatty. After sixteen months on the continent, he settled for a while at Taormina, and here his companions were surprised to learn that his business agent had sold every foot of real estate he owned in America, including the Herriott house in New York, and the old homestead built in an elm grove among the bleak, stony hills of New England.

"Father, when was the house in Thirty-eighth Street sold?"

"Soon after we reached Aix."

"And you never told me?"

"Why should I? Herriott might cherish some sentiment about it, but the matter touched you in no way."

"At least I should like to know who bought it."

"Herriott. While at Greyledge I told him it would be on the market, and he instructed his agent to make the purchase."

"Had I known in time, Mr. Whitfield might have invested some idle money. I like those cool, big, old-fashioned rooms."

"I entertain no doubt that sooner or later they will be yours. Mrs. Mitchell, may I trouble you for the 'Eggaro' at your elbow?"

"Who owns the old homestead that has belonged to some Kent for two hundred years?"

"The town has grown until it needs a juvenile reformatory, and one is now in course of erection where my old barn stood so long. A better site could not have been found, or one more vigilantly patrolled by orthodox puritan ghosts."

"Have you no regrets when you think of strangers possessing the little family burying ground where some of your ancestors long ago crumbled to dust?"

"Regrets are unprofitable, and what remains of my life must pay dividends. My dear, will you kindly hand me my match box?"

"Then you are homeless?"

"Smiling blandly, he bowed to her.

"I trust not, while my daughter owns thousands of acres of the finest land in the South."

"Do you forget how often you have declared you would never again live south of Washington?"

"I forget nothing, but circumstances are not as fixed as parallels of latitude, and changed conditions demand readjustment of plans. After the first of May I hope I may count upon the traditional hospitality of Nutwood. You are of age, and have the right to occupy it."

Slowly but steadily the barrier between father and child had risen and strengthened since that visit to Greyledge—a wall as of crystal, which she could neither level nor penetrate. Close to him, having him apparently within touch, yet conscious always that a transparent obstacle divided them. To the cause of estrangement he never referred, even indirectly, and he was neither irritable nor stern, but mercilessly cold and punctiliously courteous. Why he had selected Taormina in preference to Palermo was known only to himself, but one morning Eliza and Eliza saw a letter posted, Catania, and both recognized Mr. Herriott's peculiar bold handwriting.

Which he put in his pocket, and unfolded a New York newspaper. Mrs. Mitchell moved away to a distant window, carrying her embroidery frame and silks, and Eliza opened the piano and played softly two of Chopin's nocturnes. In the mirror opposite she saw that her father was listening, beating time with the index finger of his right hand. When she ended and approached him, he shut his eyes and hummed the final bars.

"Father, why did you come here for so long a stay?"

"It is convenient to Catania and on the road to Messina."

"You knew that Mr. Herriott expected to be there?"

"I know that he has a scientific friend there who is an expert in all that pertains to seismology, and that he wishes Herriott to see his seismographs."

"That fact should in no degree influence our movements."

"Speak solely for yourself, my dear. I particularly desire to see Herriott before he starts from Taormina on his trip to the midnight sun."

Leaving forward, his fine dark eyes fixed on hers, he lowered his voice.

"A separation of eighteen months must have brought you to a realization of your blind folly, and it is necessary that you should have an opportunity to retrieve your error. Herriott comes today."

"A lifetime—a thousand years would make no difference with me. I am glad to know that he will never ask me a second time to marry him, and if he should, I could not and I would not. Oh, father! Put that idea out of your mind, and give me back my own place in your heart."

She came close and tried to embrace him, but he held her back at arm's length.

"I love only those who obey me; and defiance I never forgive. Until you come to an appreciation of your duty as regards my unalterable wishes, I must request you not to touch me, not to expect any notice from me, except such social courtesies as one cannot avoid."

"I am the price of something Mr. Herriott alone can sell you? What is it you wish to buy?"

"Your future happiness, and my peace of mind."

"Distinctly, I decline to be sold."

He smiled, put her aside, drew his chair out upon a balcony, and resumed reading his newspaper.

The conversation had been inaudible to Eliza, but, putting out her hand, she rose quickly at sight of a white face where the large eyes glowed as on the memorable day in the pavilion at Nutwood.

Looking steadily before her, Eliza passed into an adjoining room and locked the door. Some hours later she laid a note on Mrs. Mitchell's lap.

"I am going to sit a while in the old Greco-Roman theater. I shall come back when I am tired. Please ask no questions."

The vague anxiety, the tenderly regretful pain long gnawing at her heart, had given place now to angry indignation, and a humiliating consciousness of her father's persistent and increasing desire to barter her, body and soul, for something that Mr. Herriott possessed. Not his great wealth, her own fortune was sufficiently ample; not his social influence, since political aspirations had come to an untimely end; there was no animosity to be conciliated, no strained personal relations existed, only a mild friendship manifested by occasional correspondence. Her conjectures ran around a baffling circle marked only by the starting post, "what?" "why?"

The strong sense of dispassionate justice on which she prided herself upbraided her sharply, but the intolerable disappointments of the last eighteen months shook her from the calm, cool heights of impersonal reasoning. As she leaned her bare head against the pillar of an arch, her upturned face was shown in clear relief, like ivory features on a dull-red background. Gowned in gray cloth, she had clustered lemon blossoms around the cameo fastening her belt, and across her lap lay a branch of acanthus, its pale, delicate lilac flowers springing among the curved, glossy leaves.

From a neighboring angle in the portico, to which Mr. Herriott had noiselessly ascended, his eager, hungry eyes watched her, studied her, and through a mist of unconquerable tenderness he noted the changes time had printed on the frank, fair face—so much older, so pale, so hard, so sullen rather than sorrowful. The light of youthful hope in her lovely eyes had been driven away by so ugly fact always confronting her, and the sensitive lips were set tight, stern, pitiless. Who or what was the Gorgon that had frozen the exquisite face he loved so passionately? More than grief was written there, and he who had so long interpreted its phases read the dominant emotion, indignant protest against some wrong. Over the crest of Etna the sinking sun hovered, and in the wonderful radiance, that seemed woven of vast rainbows into some celestial garment for sea and land, Mr. Herriott came out of his niche and stood before her.

"I am very glad to see you here, Eliza. It seems so long since we parted at Greyledge."

He held out both hands, and, without rising, she put up one of hers, but he saw the swift frown, the undisguised annoyance his presence caused. There had been no opportunity for fastening a mask, or forcing perfunctory smiles, and upon her frank truthfulness and scorn of dissimulation he relied implicitly. Very tenderly he covered her cold fingers with his warm palms, and, as she withdrew them, he seated himself on a stone at her side.

"Who has put me in your black book? Not a word of welcome for a travel-weary vagrant starving for friendly recognition?"

She looked coldly at him, but something in his fine, magnetic eyes, his caressing tone, touched her into self-reproach.

"If ever you should get into my black book, you will have put yourself there. Mr. Herriott, I am very glad to see you looking so remarkably well."

"Have I so many gray locks, to warrant my promotion to Mr. Herriott?"

She glanced at the silky black head bent toward her.

"Not a white hair visible. Your promotion comes by brevet, in honor of perfect behavior as well as additional years. Of course you have seen father?"

"No, I met only Mrs. Mitchell, who told me you had gone to watch the sunset, and I knew this must be your coin of vintage."

"This is not your first visit?"

"No. The island attracts me more than any other part of Italy, and justifies what has been said: 'Sicily is the smile of God.'"

"Then surely His frown must be Etna—the pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp, eternal snows. A few moments ago it was dazzling, now how grim and somber it looms, and that wavering jet of smoke crawls against the purple sky as a dying candle flame flickers over the head of a corpse. I sometimes wonder if God—"

She had lifted the acanthus spray and touched it with her cheek, and her eyes followed the ascending smoke which suddenly glowed from crater lights beneath as sunset splendors faded; but the sentence was not finished, and her lips paled. Turning toward her companion, she smiled.

"You have been feeling the old earth's pulse while she was in an ague?"

"Yes. On the surface our ancient mother appears so absolutely in repose, and yet, when we get down nearer her mighty heart we find the earth is never still; it trembles and thrills ceaselessly. This was my first view of the seismic pendulum records, in a subterranean vault that suggested the workshop of Hephaestus."

"I should think you would tire of wandering about, and prefer to go home."

"If I had one, doubtless, a should; but roof, walls, and fields and gardens do not exactly constitute the home that would content me."

"Mr. Noel, you are wedded to science, and nothing else will ever satisfy you."

"Yes, I am very faithful to my vast spouse, and I find her loyal. She never flirts, never is inconsistent or petulant; when I work hard she smiles divinely, and like that other sorceress of the Nile, she cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety. Domesticity is not one of her charms, hence hard in hand we roam the world, making a perpetual bridal tour. No connubial quarrels disturb our sweet response, even when I write to you, her only rival; but if I grow indolent, or over-wise or conceited, she simply lays her great finger on her lips of stone and turns her huge planetary back upon me. Now, Eliza, you are due in the confessional. Why did you fail to answer my letter from Fort Churchill, Hudson Bay?"

"Because it contained no address, and to reach you seemed as uncertain as mailing a letter to that wild new comet people are praying will not make a carrom with earth and moon and sundry stars. Have you heard that Herriott and Mr. Stapleton were married in November?"

"Yes, I received a long wall from Aunt Trina, in which she came as near boxing my ears as in—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Perhaps you suffer from some old trouble of long standing which other doctors have tried to cure in vain. Do not despair. Do not give up hope. I have cured hundreds of cases which others said were incurable. Come to me. I treat more cases of a single disease in a day than many doctors do of all diseases in a month. No matter where you live I can cure you as well with my medicine and treatment by mail as if you came to my office or I went to your bedside or home.

Why Should You Suffer

longer when I will send you my medicine free? Why should you keep on hoping against hope? You will not get well without aid. You know that. Your disease will not cure itself. You must have help and in your heart you know it. Just sit down and write to me fully and frankly. I will treat your letter as a sacred confidence. Let me study your case, and from my great experience of thousands treated, send you my free medicine. Remember it doesn't cost you a cent. I do not want your money.

Do Not Delay a Single Day.

Tomorrow you may be worse. Next week or next month your trouble may take a more serious turn and it may be too late. Act now while there is yet time. I will send the medicine, all charges paid, in plain wrappers. No one need even know you are using my treatment. Cure yourself in the privacy of your home and with a cure that will last. With my medicine I will send you also absolutely free, my household volume, telling the cause, treatment and cure of all disease. This great work represents the labor of years. I send it free to you, for I want to make you well. Write to me today.

DR. E. P. KING, 489 Security Trust Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

RHEUMATISM.

I want to inform you that your remedies have entirely cured me of a severe case of Rheumatism. My joints are now limber and I have as good use of myself as ever. I am suffering no pain at the present time, and I am confident that your remedies have entirely relieved me of this disease.

I certainly am thankful to you for the treatment, and will be glad to recommend the same to my friends.

Yours truly,
JAMES VANSICKEL, Newark, O.

STOMACH TROUBLE.

One year ago last spring I doctored with you for stomach trouble and I have been bothered but very little with it since, and I feel that I owe you for my wellness and happiness. Yours very truly,
L. C. WRIGHT, Cary, N. D.

HEART DISEASE.

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I am glad to inform you at the present time that I am feeling all right in every way, and that your remedies have effected a complete and permanent cure of my Heart Trouble. I can also say that other doctors told my husband I could not be cured, but now I am feeling as well as ever, and if I shall ever need treatment again, Dr. King would be the one I shall go to.

Yours with respect,
MRS. GEO. McDANIEL, Viewfield, S. D.

PILES AND BLADDER TROUBLE.

"DEAR DOCTOR:—I have just received a letter from you asking me to state my reasons for not writing. I wish to say, Dear Doctor, that your treatment cured me of Piles and Bladder Trouble, for which please receive my thanks. I will say that if my disease ever returns again, I will write to you at once.

Very respectfully,
W. H. MELTON, Kapps Mill, N. C.

MALARIA.

Some time ago I was informed of you by some of my friends who took your treatment. I sent you a description of my case, and you prepared and sent me a complete course of treatment. This was the only course I took from you, and can honestly say, that I received more benefit from the one course of your treatment than from any previous remedies I have taken, and am at the present time able to do my work, and do not feel in need of any more medicine at this time.

Thanking you for what you have done for me, I remain,
Yours sincerely,
H. JOHNSON, Four Oaks, N. C.

CHRONIC DISEASES.

I thank you for your goodness. I am feeling all right and can't pay you any more than telling about your remedies. I remain as ever,

Yours truly,
CORNELIUS JACKSON, Sclips, Ark.

LUNG TROUBLES.

Many thanks to you, doctor. I think I am completely cured. I am like a new man, able to do a full day's work. There is nothing that troubles me, and I am grateful to you for my present health.

Yours truly,
GEO. DAVIS, Kaw, Okla.

CATARRH.

Yours of a few days ago is at hand and contents noted. In reply will say that the first treatment of medicine that I bought from you seems to have given me a permanent cure. My health is entirely restored.

I was afflicted with several ailments and was unable to receive permanent relief before I tried your treatment.

Thanking you for your past kindness, I am,
Yours very truly,
MRS. ROSE MUSTIN, Gainesville, Fla.

This is my message to the sick. Do not despair come to me. It is because of my confidence in my medicine that I make this generous offer of Free Trial to every suffering man and woman.

Dr. E. P. King,

The Death-Bed Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

by the vow sworn in the blind rashness of my youth. I have been faithful to my trust. I have struggled through years of suffering to turn evil into good, but my hand was weak—my voice was powerless, I could not change; hence, I only baffled you."

"You baffled me!" the man's voice was fearful, in its suppressed passion. "You dare to confess it, then? Was it your hand that lay me senseless, the night of Ross Delmore's capture? Where were you? Speak woman, where were you while I lay stupefied by your cursed drugs?"

"Where were I?" she asked, her voice low and trembling. "I was undoing your devil's work, saving you from a coward's crime. When did you learn to fear the sight of blood, Sebastian? That summer night, nine years ago, when you crouched at my feet, and lifted your murderous hands, and called upon a woman to save you—a woman to bear the judgment and doom of your sin?"

"The listener opened his livid lips twice, thrice, before speech came to them. 'Where is he now?' he whispered, at length. 'Where is the man you tore from my vengeance? Where is Ross Delmore now?' 'Free and safe, thank God! since you know nought of him—free and safe!' she repeated triumphantly."

He staggered back against the wall. There was a white froth against his lips, a deadly glitter in his eyes. "And Inez?" he continued hoarsely, "what of Inez? You swore to me by all that you held sacred that you knew nought of her."

"And she has fled? You know whither, and you shall reveal it!"

He sprang upon her like a beast upon his prey. One cruel hand clutched the long, dark hair; the thin white fingers of the other twisted themselves about the slender throat.

"Yes," he cried, as she struggled in his grasp, "you would baffle me, eh? You loathed the sight of my face, the sound of my voice. How like you the touch of this hand now? It is caressing and tender, is it not? The hangman's cord was easier? Speak!"—he loosed his grasp and shook her rudely—"speak, while you have breath left you! Whither fled the girl?"

Aline's lips moved, but the feeble prayer they uttered was not to man. "You will have it then, eh? You will have it then?"

He grasped her throat and forced her rudely backward. She moaned feebly, as he flung her upon the couch.

"You have been mocking me with your mummery of death too long—too long. Eh, eh? How like you the reality? Heaven will protect you now!"

His veins were swollen, his lips purple; the glitter in his eye, the mockery of his voice, seemed to belong to a demon's triumph. "Ha! ha! You would baffle me!" he repeated, pressing his cruel hands closer about his unresisting victim. "Speak now—speak! Where is the girl?"

The slender form fell back heavily from his relaxed hold, the wild open eyes faced his with a horrible stare.

The yellow light from the funeral tapers fell upon the ghastly features of a corpse. Aline's servitude was over, she was at rest with her kindred dead.

Three hours afterwards, while all at the Lodge were still buried in repose, a short, fierce bark from Duke, the dog aroused his master, and Doctor Morosini started from his pillow nervously. Recent events had made the jovial doctor restless and excitable. Springing to the window, he threw open the sash, and was about to call the faithful watch-dog, when a cry reached his ears, so wild, so strange, so piteous, that for a moment he stood rooted to the spot.

Duke's angry bark seemed to re-echo the scarcely human sound, which rose again, wilder and stronger than before.

Mrs. Morosini awoke in terror, and little Tot ran in fright to her mother, from the adjacent chamber.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Morosini, turning pale, as the dreadful wall rang again through the darkness.

"Claude! Claude! do not go down! Stay with me, Claude. Some new horror awaits us."

"Tut! tut! don't be nervous. There's somebody or something in pain outside. 'Twould be inhuman not to aid a creature suffering at our door. Jump up and light a lamp and let us see what it is."

Mrs. Morosini obeyed. Together they descended to the hall. Tot and her sisters, now fully aroused, waiting upon the broad staircase, the startled servants peering cautiously from the kitchen and attic.

"Where is the key, Bob?" asked the doctor of his stalwart butler. "Open the door, I must see who is outside."

The doctor took the key and flung the heavy door wide open.

"Who are you? What are you? Speak!" he said, grasping a dark figure crouched upon the mat outside.

There was no reply, except a shriek more piteous than before. He drew the creature into the light, and a strange horror came into his eyes, as he saw the long, elfin locks, the distorted limbs, and the hideous features of Coal, the dwarf.

"What do you want with me?" asked the doctor, in a constrained voice. "Can you speak?"

The dwarf shook his head, and opened his mouth to show his mutilation; then grasping the hem of the doctor's gown, he flung himself upon the floor, in an agony of supplication.

The woman shrieked away in disgust. "He is some mad creature," said Mrs. Morosini. "It is unsafe to have him here. Let him stay in the barn until morning."

The dwarf shook his dark locks angrily and pulled more fiercely at the doctor's gown, pointing over his shoulder out into the darkness. "Is there someone there that needs my help? Must I go with you?" asked the doctor. Coal nodded his head vigorously.

A sick person?

He whispered a warning in Bob's ear, as they passed together into a narrow corridor. "Are you armed, Bob?"

"I am, sir, thank God," said Bob, sturdily. "Look out, then!" said his master, "something wrong is at work here, you may be sure of it. Sharp eyes and a sure hand—remember, Bob!"

The dwarf darted before them, and flung open a door upon the left. A thrill of awe ran through the doctor's frame; he paused at the entrance of the chamber thus exposed to view.

The funeral tapers smoldered in their sockets, the sable draperies of window and doorway fluttered in the wind. Coal was bending, with walls and cries, over something half revealed in the center of the apartment.

With a brave effort, Doctor Morosini conquered his repugnance and approached the dark object before him.

It was a coffin, partly veiled by a velvet pall. Crushed downward into it, as if by a blow, her dark hair falling in rippling masses to the ground, her glazed eyes still open, as if bearing dreadful witness against her murderer, lay a woman—a woman not old, and still bearing traces of a wonderful beauty.

For a moment the doctor's professional interest conquered all other feelings. He bent his head upon the silent breast, felt the pulseless wrist, listened for a uttering breath. All was cold, hushed, lifeless.

Then he gazed more earnestly upon the pallid face, a new thought seemed to strike him. Hastily pushing aside the velvet hair, he examined the throat. He saw with horror the purple marks of the murderer's hands, and beneath it, a faint narrow line, darkening the snow-white flesh—the death mark of nine years ago!

In the corpse before him Doctor Morosini recognized the victim of mistaken justice—the woman who had given all things, even life for love.

He closed the eyes pitifully, threw a light covering over the face, folded the outstretched hands. "I can do nothing here," he said, turning to his companions. "She is dead!"

A piercing cry rang through the room at these words, and Coal flung himself down beside the coffin, tearing his long hair, and moaning like some faithful beast.

"The law must act here," said the doctor, hastily. "Take the carriage and drive as quickly as possible to town. Give the alarm. The coroner must be notified. I will await your return. I am armed, and fear nothing."

The faithful servant turned away reluctantly. "Stay," said the doctor. "First we will search the house; someone may be hiding here."

They lit one of the yellow tapers and commenced exploring the building.

The luxurious suite of rooms allotted to Inez occupied one side of the mansion; the other side contained Aline's apartments; beneath was a well organized kitchen apartment, above, an empty attic. Nothing save the desertion of the place and splendor of some of its appointments, could attract suspicion, or even occasion remark.

The search completed, Bob departed leaving the doctor to keep his daybreak vigil alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

If not a subscriber, or if your subscription is about to expire, send 20 cents for one year, and the next chapter, when Coal's hour of vengeance arrives and Sebastian Del Puerto finds himself in the strong grasp of the law.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

tervening distance permitted. Dana and Trix will be as happy as a pair of Java finches in a gilt cage."

"I imagined that Miss Manning's objection arose solely from the fact that the cage was not gilded."

"Wall Street is a wonderful matchmaker, and smiled on the lovers. Sometimes Hymen corners stocks, and Dana's kite was lucky."

Having learned from Judge Kent that Mr. Herriott had assisted Mr. Stapleton in financial matters, Egiah smiled, and the old look of kindly trust came back to her eyes as they steadily met his.

"What a treat it would be to read Miss Manning's letter!"

"Because you think my ears deserve boxing, and you enjoy seeing justice meted out? How unkind to your faithful old friend! Nevertheless, I would lay the letter before you, but it is in my trunk at Brindisi, where I am due to meet Chalcoff for the next steamer to Cyprus. Chalcoff has questioned the accuracy of statements relative to the recent excavations there, and wants local data, and as he is also at odds with Schlemann over the Troad, we go there to debate the claim of Hissarik versus Burnabashi."

"I did not know you were so deeply interested in classical archaeology."

"I am not, and it does not attract me; but it is a special line of study with Chalcoff, who wishes me to accompany him, not as co-worker, but merely as a friend."

"You prefer Hopi and Haida legends, and 'Walam-Olum,' and 'glacial moraines,' and 'kettle holes'? You see, as an old friend, I thought it really my duty to read those two reports you sent to father."

"I dare say you found them very tiresome; but pre-glacial conditions and anthropological problems appeal powerfully to me. In tossing up balloons we do not all select the same color."

"After burrowing in the Troad, where next?"

"Tromso, Hammerfest and the midnight sun. We shall have a pleasant party; two Americans, a German professor, an English scientist, and a Russian astronomer. I must go on to Brindisi tomorrow, but I could not resist the temptation to you and spend a few hours."

"It will be a long time before you reach home."

"So long that I have fixed no date for return." The unmistakable expression of relief that crossed her face was not lost upon him, and involuntarily he clenched his right hand resting on his knee.

"Egiah, your countenance is honest as your heart, and you are not glad to see your old friend. May I ask why?"

Without hesitation she looked at him frankly. "Today something annoyed me very sorely, and I came here to fight it out alone. I fear I have at times the temper of a Tartar, and the evil one possessed me at the very moment you appeared and spoke to me. Just then nothing would have given me pleasure, but your patient courtesy makes me ashamed; and now, Mr. Noel, you must believe me when I assure you I am heartily glad to be with you, and hear of your various expeditions."

Smiling cordially, she held out her hand, but he took no notice of it, and for a moment his eyes rested on the sea, where a freshening wind crimped the long swells of water dyed by the after-glow into the gold of a daffodil. Turning, he bent over her.

"May I asked you a question?"

"Certainly, if I may be allowed discretionary powers as regards answering. I do not think Mr. Noel could make an unkind inquiry, or that he would distress me in any way."

"Am I responsible for the annoyance you referred to?"

Keen as was his gaze, she did not waver. "Personally it was impossible that you could have been responsible. When it occurred you were in Catania."

She saw that he was not satisfied, and, rising, put on her hat.

"We must go back: father will have so much to talk over with you. Please carry my acanthus; I shall make a sketch of this spray, it is so laden with blossoms."

In silence they walked some distance, and rather suddenly she exclaimed:

"I must have been rude indeed, when you, so generous and kind, will not forgive me. Mr. Noel, I am not quite my old self, and today have felt at odds with the world. Father's incom-

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prehensible retirement from public life grieves and perplexes me, because his health is perfect, and I cannot patiently accept the forfeiture of all my hopes for his political future. Without his knowledge, I wrote early in the new Administration to two prominent officials, close personal friends to the President, and asked their influence in securing a foreign ministerial position for my father. With elaborate circumlocution they expressed regrets, and 'tendered kindest remembrance and best wishes.' I presume it is wise to wage no war with the inevitable, but I simply cannot reconcile myself to the most bitter disappointment of my life. You see, I trust you so entirely I am opening my heart to you, that you may quite understand I did not intend to show any lack of cordiality to you."

He laughed, and tapped her shoulder twice with the acanthus spray.

"With all my heart I absolve you. Rude you could not be, and I trust the time will never come when I deserve to be treated less cordially than in the past. When do you go back to America?"

"In May or June. Ma-Lila will stay away no longer; she is so anxious to look after her little fifty-acre farm."

"In the South, of course?"

"Yes; it is a corner of one of the 'bend plantations,' and with a new, pretty cottage, well furnished, grandmother gave it to her as a bridal present. None of us can ever forget that her father was killed while bringing dying grandfather off the battle-field."

"Has Judge Kent decided where he will live?"

"He has sold the old homestead in New England, and we expect to settle down in the only remaining home, Nutwood, which, in accordance with grandmother's will, we now have the right to occupy. Until this year the trustees controlled and closed it."

"Do not forget that whenever you and your father wish to visit New York the house in Thirty-eighth Street will be entirely at your disposal—at least for a couple of years. A telegram to my old butler Hawkins will always insure a comfortable reception. Here comes the Judge. How remarkably well he looks."

Very late that night, when adieux had been spoken and only father and daughter remained in the small salon, Egiah rose, and they looked steadily at each other. In her dark brown eyes two defiant stars glowed, but the clear, sweet voice was low and tender.

Father, after what was said this morning, I, of course, can only wish you good night. Your conditions make it impossible for me to attempt to kiss you, and until you choose to remove the embargo, I certainly shall observe it, in accordance with your orders. Good night, dear father."

He bowed as if to a duchess.

"Good night, Egiah."

When Mr. Herriott went down the steps leading from the Kent apartments to the street, Mrs. Mitchell beckoned him into a niche between two stone pillars, and said, almost in a whisper:

"Excuse me, sir, but will you tell me what is behind this trouble between Egiah and her father?"

"She says it is the result of his refusal to re-enter politics."

"Exactly; but what is behind his refusal? She is fretting herself ill, because she cannot find out. Ever since our last day at Greyledge they have been estranged. This morning, when your letter arrived, something very unpleasant occurred; and you see Egiah is not like herself."

"My letter was a most innocent paper bomb—the mere announcement that I intended to stop here a few hours on my way to Messina. It contained absolutely nothing more, and you must have mistaken the cause of her annoyance. Perhaps you wish to intimate that you think my presence enhances the trouble, whatever it may be? I shall be glad to have you speak frankly."

For a moment she was silent, but she patted his coat sleeve approvingly.

"Mr. Herriott, she is all I have in this world and I can't see the child breaking her heart over Judge Kent's selfish secretiveness. There is something about him I do not understand, and I thought you might be able to explain it to me."

"The more you know him so much longer and more intimately than I, it seems probable that you can estimate him accurately without my assistance. Mrs. Mitchell, it will be a long time before I see any of you again, and going so far away, I shall remember with great pleasure that our dear Egiah will have you always at her side, in dark stormy as well as sunny hours. Good by; my best wishes for you all."

He understood most thoroughly. Egiah's struggle to receive cordially an evidently unwelcome visitor had pained him inexpressibly, wounding his pride even more than his heart, and since his absence contributed to her peace, he resolved that henceforth she should know no disquietude. If, despite his efforts to surrender, he had cherished a faint, unacknowledged hope, he strangled it effectually now, and in after years he thought of Etna only as a monument whose shadow lay ever across the acanthus-covered grave of his last beautiful vision.

Longer than usual Egiah knelt beside her bed that night, and when she rose, Mrs. Mitchell, waiting to brush out and braid her hair, noted in the pale young face traces of mental wrestling.

"Little mother, does God answer our prayers?"

"Not always in the way I may have wished, but when they are denied I seem to receive instead an increased assurance that He knows best; and as to a child crying for sharp-edged tools. His refusal springs from omniscient mercy."

"Do you think Mr. Noel is really a Christian? Father believes him a more rationalist."

"His is such a fine character, only Christianity could have moulded him."

"I wish I knew whether he prays every night."

"Why?"

"If he does, his prayers and mine must clash like crossed swords before the Lord, and Mr. Noel is better than I, and deserves to receive that which he wants most: but he will not—he shall not!"

"Egiah, dearie! The Lord alone will decide."

"No. If we are true agents, human will cannot be coerced by Him who gave it. Even our

great, dear, good God cannot give him what I pray he will be denied. Never—never!"

"For what is he praying?"

"A razor—that would cut his fingers—so he must not have it. Now, lest you should 'imagine vain things,' I wish you to know that Mr. Noel has not renewed his proposal of marriage, and I hope never will. It is only just to him that you should fully understand he is now no suitor. He is simply my loyal, noble friend, in whom I trust implicitly. Good night, Madresita."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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Virgie's Inheritance

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CHAPTER XXXIX.

RUPERT'S REQUEST.

"VIRGIE ALEXANDER!" repeated Mrs. Farnum to herself, as she acknowledged the presentation, and it almost seemed as if some one had struck a blow upon her heart as she recalled that long forgotten name, while a vision from out of the past suddenly rose to confront her.

She saw the tall, slight figure of a beautiful woman, very like this young girl, standing straight and proud before her, as with a face of agony and a voice full of despair, she asserted her own purity and her child's legitimacy, and hurled back scorn for scorn upon the arrogant woman who repudiated her claim and tried to crush her with a vile conspiracy.

Again she seemed to hear those ringing prophetic words, "My child is the lawful child of Sir William Heath; she is the heiress of Heathdale, and she shall yet occupy the position that rightfully belongs to her. Let your peer of the realm and his honored family, take warning; the time will come when a righteous judgment will overtake them."

She shivered slightly as she recalled all this, and Virgie wondered what should make the fine looking woman grow so suddenly pale, and why she should regard her with such a fixed and startled gaze.

But she gave the circumstance only a passing thought, and then turned to speak to Lady Huntington to whom Lady Huntington also presented her, only to find herself again the object of a curious and astonished stare.

Sadie Farnum turned to her mother as the maiden passed on, and the eyes of the two women, as they met, expressed a great deal.

"Her name is Virgie, and she looks like that woman," whispered Mrs. Farnum, in an agitated voice.

"She certainly does, but Lady Huntington introduced her as Miss Alexander."

"Don't you understand? That was the name of her father—that man who defaulted from the bank in San Francisco."

"True! I had forgotten. But—it cannot be possible that this girl was that baby?"

"Why not? She is just about the age that child would be. You know, it is eighteen years since we were in America."

"So it is. How time does fly!" Lady Royalston remarked, with a sigh of regret for the lost hopes of her youth.

"And, you know, that girl threatened to come to England sometime to claim her position."

"She was a high-spirited thing," replied Mrs. Farnum, with a troubled look, "and I believe she procured a legal separation simply to show him that she would not hold him bound if he wished to be free; but I imagine that she has never relinquished the determination to prove her child the heiress of Heathdale. I am afraid Lady Linton's plans will come to grief after all, and if they do, we may become involved in the unpleasant business."

Lady Royalston looked disturbed for a moment then she replied:

"Pshaw! I would not worry over a fancied resemblance."

"It is not fancied," returned her mother, "it is very striking. You have seen it as well as I."

"Where is the girl's mother?"

"I do not know. Lady Huntington simply said that they arrived from New York ten days ago, bringing a letter to Sir Humphrey from a friend who requested his hospitality for them."

"If that is the case, they must have been moving in good society," remarked Lady Royalston reflectively.

"Yes. Did you notice the girl's toilet? It was simply exquisite."

"Yes; the finest of everything, and in the best of taste. I cannot understand it, for you told me that Sir William brought all his wife's fortune back to England with him."

"She told me so herself; but she must have found some somewhere, or they could not come here in this style."

"No, indeed. Don't you understand? She still retains her maiden name, with simply the 'Mrs.' added. I must find out more about them. I will ask Lady Huntington again before we leave," Mrs. Farnum concluded.

She was as good as her word, but all that she could learn was that Mrs. Alexander had come abroad for her health—that she and her daughter were traveling alone. Lady Huntington believed she was a widow, but judged she must have lost her husband many years ago, since she never mentioned him, and wore no weeds.

"This was not very satisfactory to Mrs. Farnum, and she felt very uneasy."

"I must see the woman for myself," she told her daughter. "I sincerely wish we had never meddled with that wretched business."

"I wish so, too," sighed Lady Royalston.

But Virgie, all unconscious of the anxiety which her presence had created, was enjoying herself exceedingly, while the Misses Huntington appeared to enjoy her conquest as if they were themselves the recipients of similar honors.

But, in the midst of her triumphs Virgie chanced to glance toward the entrance to the drawing-room and saw standing there a figure that sent all the blood tingling to her finger-tips, and, as she met the eyes that were fixed upon her, her own sent back a responsive glance which made Rupert Hamilton forget that there was anyone else in the room and start forward to greet her, regardless of the charmed circle about her which he must pass.

"Miss Alexander!" he said, in a low, earnest tone, "I did not anticipate this pleasure when I came here tonight."

"And you are a surprise to me," Virgie answered, blushing slightly. "I did not know that you were in town. Have you been well since we parted?"

"Very; and I do not need to ask if you are fully recovered from the effects of your voyage," he returned, with a glance that made her pulses leap.

"I am, indeed, very well," she said, "and mamma is also very much improved, although she does not feel quite equal to society yet. Did you find your friends well?"

"Yes, thank you, Rupert answered, but his face fell at the question, for it brought Lillian much joy upon his return that he had been painfully embarrassed and distressed upon her account."

"Have you been long in London?" Virgie asked, wondering what had caused the cloud upon his brow.

"Can you ask that?" he returned, with a look that made her own eyes droop. "I arrived this evening with my guardian, and, finding cards for Lady Huntington's reception, dropped in to pay my regards to the young ladies; but I could not be long in London without availing myself of the privilege that I craved when we parted. But, glancing around and realizing that their meeting was attracting more attention than was agreeable, 'will you let me take you out for an ice?' It is very warm here."

Virgie gladly availed herself of this invitation, for she did not feel quite at her ease, while she, too, saw that her meeting with Rupert had excited considerable surprise in the group around her.

The young man led her to a small reception-room, found her a comfortable chair, and then remarked:

"Now, if you will excuse me for a moment, I will get an ice for you."

"Please do not," Virgie interrupted, "I do not care for it. I was only glad of an excuse to get away from the crowd for a few minutes' quiet chat with you."

She stopped suddenly and colored with confusion at her confession; but, Rupert, with a radi-

ant glow on his face, drew a chair and sat down beside her.

"Thank you," he said; "and now tell me how you have enjoyed London during the last ten days?"

"I am afraid my enjoyment of London has been rather doubtful," Virgie returned, laughing, "since I have seen scarcely anything of it for the fog and rain; but I have met a good many people whom I consider simply delightful."

"And, judging from the court you were holding when I came in tonight, those very people would return your compliment most heartily," said Rupert, smiling.

"Did your guardian accompany you this evening?" Virgie asked, by way of changing the subject.

"No, he was rather weary, and begged me to make his excuses to Lady Huntington."

"You have never told me who your guardian is, Mr. Hamilton."

"Haven't I? He is Sir William Heath, and I hope to have an opportunity to introduce you to him soon."

"Do you intend to remain in London?" Virgie asked.

"For the present. Sir William Heath has a house in town, and we shall all be here for several weeks. By 'all' I mean Sir William's sister, Lady Linton, her daughter Lillian, who is a young lady a little older than yourself, and—your humble servant," exclaimed Rupert.

"Lady Linton?" Virgie repeated, thoughtfully; "where have I heard that name before?"

"Very likely you have heard it spoken in society here, as Lady Linton is in the habit of going out a good deal when in town," returned the young man.

"Perhaps so," Virgie assented, and yet almost positive she had heard it before ever coming to London.

They chatted a little longer, and then Rupert, giving her his arm, conducted her back to the drawing-room.

But once there, she was again surrounded by a merry company, and he had no further opportunity to converse with her.

The next morning, however, he called at Mrs. Alexander's lodgings, and was very cordially received by that lady, whom he found looking far better than he had ever seen her. He had not realized until now how very lovely she was.

Virgie was not in when he arrived, and, knowing that he could not long refrain from speaking of his love for the beautiful girl he resolved that he would improve this opportunity.

"Mrs. Alexander, you must have suspected how fondly I love your daughter. I have only been waiting for your sanction to my suit to open my heart to her. I hoped to see you last spring on my return to New York, but you had left the city and I could not learn your address. I then resolved to seek you again at the end of the summer, but you were still absent when I came back the last of September. You can, perhaps, imagine something of my disappointment—I may even say despair—when I found that I must return to England with no hope of confessing my love to Virgie. I know that I am, comparatively, a stranger to you, but you are so situated now that you can easily ascertain whether what I have to offer Virgie—a true heart, an untarnished name, and all that I have of this world's goods—is worthy of her acceptance. Mrs. Alexander, will you give me leave to try to win her?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

one half cup sour milk with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it, three cups sifted flour, one teaspoonful baking powder.

Spice Cakes

Two eggs, two cups of either light or dark brown sugar, two thirds of a cup of lard or butter mixed, one cupful of sour milk. Dissolve a level teaspoonful of soda in the sour milk, add a scant teaspoonful of cinnamon, all-spice and cloves, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one cup level full of raisins after they are chopped and flowered. Three cups of flour. Bake in gem pans.

MRS. RUTH BONMAN.

Graham Gems—No. 1

One and one fourth cups graham flour, one cup white flour, one cup sour milk, one third cup molasses, one and one half teaspoonful baking powder, one half teaspoonful soda in sour milk, one teaspoonful salt. Bake twenty-five minutes.

Graham Gems—No. 2

One cup graham flour, one cup white flour, one fourth cup sugar, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, one teaspoonful salt, one cup sweet milk, one egg well beaten, one tablespoonful melted butter.

MRS. F. J. LANER.

Drop Biscuit without Soiling the Hands

Two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one tablespoonful of salt, two large cups of sweet milk and flour to thicken. Put your lard in your pan and have it well heated then drop from a spoon in your pan. Bake until brown, and they will be light and crisp.

Will some sister please send me a good recipe for making chocolate pie?

MRS. EMMA F. HAWORTH, Richardson, N. Dak.

Bread Cake

Two cups of risen dough, two cups of white sugar, one cup of butter beaten to a cream with the sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful soda dissolved in hot water, two tablespoonfuls sweet milk or cream, one half pound currants or chopped raisins, one teaspoonful of nutmeg, one teaspoonful of cloves, after all is well mixed beat five minutes and put in pans to rise twenty minutes, then bake one half hour or until done.

Home-made Grape Wine

Ripe, freshly picked and selected cultivated grapes, twenty pounds. Put them into a stone jar and pour over them six quarts of boiling soft water. When sufficiently cool to allow it, you will squeeze them thoroughly with the hand, after which allow them to stand three days on the pomace, with a cloth thrown over the jar, then squeeze out the juice and add ten pounds of nice crushed sugar, and let it remain a week longer in the jar, then take off the scum, strain and bottle, leaving a cork until done for fermenting, when strain again and bottle tight, and lay the bottles on the side in a cool place.

IDA E. WAKE.

Tomato Soup without Stock

Stew tomatoes for ten minutes one can tomatoes, one pint water, one teaspoonful salt, one tablespoonful sugar, one clove, one half teaspoonful pepper-corns, one tablespoonful chopped onions, one tablespoonful chopped parsley. Rub through sieve, return to fire, and thicken with one tablespoonful flour and one tablespoonful butter rubbed together.

MRS. C. W. REID.

Escalloped Potatoes

A new way of preparing this vegetable. Peel and slice ten big potatoes, grease a baking pan with lard, lay a layer of the potatoes, then a layer of bread crumbs. Continue until the pan is full, then add a piece of butter, and pepper and salt to taste, and pour over a quart of milk. Put in the oven, stir every fifteen minutes, and bake until brown and soft.

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At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department with our April number.

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Donald, W. J. or J. H. Can anyone can tell their sister of them. Born in Canada, mother's name Croft. Address Belle Clemens, Anaheim, Cal.

Piper, Will, Sarah, Lena, George or Will Piper, or any person who may know of them please communicate with Binney Piper, Slater, Ky.

Glines. Family last known to live in Easton, Indiana. Any information will be appreciated by Aaron J. Glines, Perryville, R. D. 2, Indiana.

Goater, Edward, twenty-five years of age, last heard of in Sullivan, Indiana. Communicate with parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Goater, Charlton, Iowa.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion
In order that each cousin may be answered in this column, no cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

AND now, dears, comes the pleasant month of May, when all the world is bright and gay. That sounds like poetry, doesn't it? And why shouldn't it be? Poetry is song, and one feels like singing in the springtime. Doesn't she? Don't you? Don't the birds? Doesn't everything in nature? Verily, verily, and let us all sing. But not to the exclusion of work. Let us sing while we work. So here we go.

The first in the May list is Blue Bell of Midtown, Indiana, who has so many beaux she doesn't know which one to choose. And I can't help her a bit, except to tell her that when the right one comes along she won't need to ask anybody's advice about which one is the one.

Blue-eyed Bertha, Prattville, N. Y.—How can I tell, dear, whether he loves you or not? But don't write to him unless your mother says you may.

Princess Girl, Monument, N. H.—And you never will have a love affair as long as you set up rigid rules to govern your ideas of the man to suit. If he is decent and honest and wholesome, that is enough. Don't go to splitting hairs over the non-essentials. They will come out all right, by and by, if you love the man and he loves you. Love finds a way to harmonize all the small discords in the great, sweet song.

Margaret C. Elliott, Yemassee, S. C.—You may ask questions as the others do, if you wish. But don't ask them merely for the sake of asking.

J. Q. Seven Springs, N. C.—Your fiancé, not living where you do, should permit you to accept the attention of other men, so long as he knew them and knew when you went with them. You should have an understanding to that effect. If he is afraid to trust you, you had better not marry him. (2) You can visit his mother on her invitation.

Blue-eyed Sweetheart, Miners Mill, Pa.—My, fifteen years old, in school and you begin your letter: "I have to bows." Does any cousin know what that means? Don't know what "to bows" means? Why it means "two bows." Now you know, don't you? And still some of you wonder why I insist on girls in schools attending to their books instead of having "to bows" or any.

Elodie, West Point, Ky.—Give the young man who "throws hints" a chance to throw himself at you. It is quite proper to encourage him a little, but not too much. Anyway don't marry the one you don't love, just to please him. Please yourself first in marrying.

Black Eyes, Conway, Ark.—You had better wait till you are twenty-one before you marry. The young man I think, as you do, is the right kind. Ask him what he thinks of waiting till you are both sure of yourselves. You will have a little money, too, saved from your teaching which will come in very handy. Don't bother about your parents. They'll come around all right.

Uncle's Darling, Osage, Iowa.—Bad manners often jar one more than bad morals, but bad manners may be improved. If I were you, I would take the man in hand some time and tell him frankly what you don't like about him. Then give him six months to improve, and if he doesn't respond to treatment, discard him. It is easy enough to correct those small faults if he wants to. If he doesn't want to, he is too vulgar to be a nice woman's husband. (2) There is always a risk in writing to persons you do not know, as you are well aware. I wouldn't take the risk.

Rena and Theta, Burns City, Ind.—Ask your mothers, children.

White Lily, Middletown, N. Y.—Seventeen is hardly old enough to know its own mind. You had better accept the attention of other young men and have all the good time that is coming to you. If the young man doesn't tell you to think so much of him, why do you do it?

Young Girl, Walker Springs, Ala.—Don't give the man a chance to talk to you at all, if he can't talk about anything else except kissing. And don't think about marrying till you are twenty-one.

Country Lassie, Hayton, Wis.—An educated man for a husband is better than an uneducated one, other things being equal, but education doesn't bring happiness. If you love each other, marry, and take time to educate him yourself, at least as well as you are educated. You can do that, but he must know about it before you marry him.

Perla, Brannan, Idaho.—The best thing to do with a jealous man is to avoid him.

Brown Eyes, Rice Lake, Wis.—When you don't know which one to choose, don't choose either. Let them both go, and find another.

Doubtful Jessica, Newport, Ky.—A man of forty is not too old for a girl of twenty-two if he is young in spirit and the right kind of a man. Better be happy with a man of forty than unhappy with one of twenty-eight, don't you think? I do. (2) You were quite right in dismissing the friend who wished to be your lover when you didn't love him. I think most of the people who are coaxed into marrying, wish they hadn't, before they are done with it. Be particular in your choice of a man, but not over-particular.

Lonely, Carey, Idaho.—What would you do with him if you got him back, knowing that he loved the other girl? Is that the kind of man you want as a life companion? Let him go, and get one who loves you.

Gray-eyed Odd, Keenes, Ill.—Better be an old maid if you don't know when your sweetheart leaves you, and don't know how to show him that you love him. I can't tell you how to do it. (2) Yes.

Subscriber, Knoxville, Ill.—Insist upon his telling you what is the matter, and if he will not tell you, break off all relations with him. He is not the right kind, if he will not explain.

Brown Eyes, Bessemer, Ala.—If he really cares for you he will not stop coming to see you, if you insist upon his treating you as you wish to be treated, and should be treated by a gentleman. Tell him and see. If he stops then you should be glad to have lost such a sweetheart.

Doubtful Bessie, Colville, Wash.—It is all right to love the divorced man and marry him if you want to. But be sure you love him better than you do the other one. Give the other one the benefit of all doubt.

Gentlelisa, Owingsville, Ky.—It is usually understood as a proposal of marriage when the man asks the girl to be his, but don't let a little thing like that deceive you into letting him kiss you. Men say such things just for the chance to kiss the girls. (2) Any man who shows the letters he receives from a girl is not to be trusted. (3) Jealousy is not always a sign of love. I think it is a sign of suspicion.

Revengeful Brunette, Clarksville, Ark.—Don't cut him dead, but speak to him with lofty disdain so everybody will know that the proud

beauty scorns the scummy individual who has dared to brook her displeasure. If that doesn't crush him, run him down with your large, red touring-car and notify the society reporter of *The Clarksville Herald*.

Anxious Pet, Boston, Mass.—The relation of employer to employee should be purely business. If the employer wishes to appear as a lover, then he should be perfectly frank about it, and should not be "love making" during business hours. Tell your employer that he must treat you as the other partners do. It is quite proper and very creditable of him to fall in love with you, but it is not to his credit to give exhibitions of his affection in his office. Let him know you like him, but first he must respect you.

Violeta, Rush City, Minn.—Tell him frankly and fairly that you do not and cannot love him and of course, will not marry him. That's the only way. (2) You did quite right in changing escorts. Your friend's chum merely took his place until he could come for you. Don't make a mountain of a molehill. It's all right.

Bonnie Evelyn, Macon, Mo.—Wait awhile on this fine young man. You are only nineteen and shouldn't marry anyway for two years, and why not have such a fine chap as he is, when you might get none, or worse? You girls are all in too much of a hurry to marry. Give the young fellow a chance, and yourself, too.

Blossom Bud, Brockton, Ala.—Don't marry your cousin—third, or any other. Let him go, and for him take this new man who seems to be just right.

Lucky Friend, Cassian, Wis.—You can't have two. Either give up one or the other. I think you should wait until you are a little more settled. You would make a mistake now to choose either.

Seventeen, Champlin, Minn.—Gracious, when a girl seventeen years old says to me about a young man of eighteen: "Should we ever part it would mean a slow death to me," I wonder if it wouldn't be something worse for the poor young man if she married him. My dear child, wait a few years and you will think differently.

R. B. Ethel, La.—Suppose this unknown you want to write to in friendship, then in love and then promise to marry, should turn out to be a convict, or a married man, or a crazy person, or something like that? What would you think then? Perhaps you had better look before you leap.

Lonely Violet, Philomath, Ore.—Have both of the young men call at the same time and see if you can tell which one to choose. It might make you less unhappy, if it did nothing more.

Sad Heart, Paducah, Ky.—The young man who is "fast and uses rough language" is not the kind for a girl to have as a friend, nor even as an acquaintance, and the sooner you forget him the better for you. Obey your parents.

Jack and Jill, Yreka, Cal.—It is not good form for a man to ask to take a lady home from any sort of entertainment except those which are free unless she is in actual need of his services. Then she should ask him. Custom varies as to social affairs. At pay affairs unless the man takes the lady, he should not ask to see her home. (2) It is proper to phone to the young man about the entertainment and the price.

There, dears, your questions are answered and some of you have been scolded and some have not, but it is all for the best and let us be thankful and happy. Now by till we meet again with June roses in our hands and their fragrance and beauty in our lives.

COUSIN MARION.

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

listening to his loud breathing until he himself grew drowsy. But Lawrence disturbed him, and after a few short nods, he straightened up, exclaiming, "the confoundest snorer I ever heard. I can hear him with my deaf ear. Just listen, will you?" and he frowned wrathfully at the curtailed bed, where lay the unconscious object of his cogitations. "It's of no use," he said at last, as he heard the clock strike one. "No use to be sitting here, nothing short of an earthquake could wake him, and sleep will do him more good than that slush in the cups. I ain't going to sit up all night either!" and he strolled into the adjoining chamber, and when at sunrise Milly came in she found the medicines all untouched, and the Judge fairly outdoing Lawrence in the quantity and quality of his snores!

But the Judge was right in one conclusion—sleep did Lawrence more good than medicine could possibly have done, and he awoke at last greatly refreshed. Smiling pleasantly upon Milly, whom he found sitting by him, he asked her to open the shutters, so he could see the sun shine on the eastern hills.

"My visit has had a sad commencement," he said as she complied with his request, and went back to his side: "and lest it should grow worse, I shall return home in a day or two. Do you think Lillian will be ready to accompany me?"

Instantly the tears came to Milly's eyes, but Lawrence thought they were induced by a dread of losing Lillian, and he hastened to say, "She need not go of course, unless she chooses."

"But you—why need you go?" asked Milly. "I was anticipating so much pleasure from your visit, and that first night you came I was so rude and foolish. You must think me a strange girl, Mr. Thornton."

Whether he thought her strange or not, he thought her very beautiful, sitting there before him in her white morning wrapper, with her cheeks fresh as roses, and her brown hair parted smoothly back from her open brow.

"It was wrong in Lillian to betray your confidence," he replied; "but she did it thoughtlessly, and has apologized for it, I presume; she promised me she would."

Milly did not tell him that she had not and he continued, "It is very natural that a girl like you should have hosts of admirers, and quite as natural that you should give to someone of them the preference. I only hope he is worthy of you, Milly."

Milly felt that she could not restrain her tears much longer, and she was glad when Lillian at last came in, thus affording her a good excuse for stealing away. She did not hear what passed between the two, but when Lillian came down to breakfast she said, "Lawrence had suggested their going home," and as nothing could please her more, they would start the next day if he were able.

"I bet he won't go before he gets a piece of my mind," thought the Judge, as he watched for a favorable opportunity, but Lillian was always in the way, and when long after dinner he went to Lawrence's room, he found that he had gone down to visit Oliver, who was still confined to his bed and seemed to be utterly exhausted.

Lawrence had not expected to find him so sick, and at first he could only press his hand in silence.

"It was very kind in you, Clubs," he said at last, "to save my life at the risk of your own."

"You are mistaken," returned Oliver; "it was for Milly I risked my life far more than for you."

"For Milly, Clubs—for Milly?" and all over Lawrence Thornton's handsome face there broke a look of perplexity and delight, for Oliver's words implied a something to believe which would be happiness indeed.

"I can't tell you now," said Oliver, "I am too faint and weak. Come to me before you go, and I will explain; but first, Lawrence Thornton, answer me truly, as you hope for heaven, do you love Milly Howell?"

"Love Milly Howell—love Milly Howell!" Lawrence repeated, in amazement. "Yes, Clubs, as I hope for heaven, I love her better than my life, but she isn't for me, she loves somebody else," and he hurried down the stairs, never dreaming that the other was himself, for had

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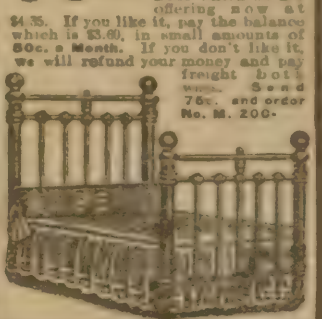
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I WILL mail, free of charge, this Home Treatment with full instructions, and the history of my own case to any lady suffering from female troubles. You can cure yourself at home without the aid of any physician. It will cost you nothing to give the treatment a trial, and if you decide to continue it will only cost you about twelve cents a week. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. I have nothing to sell. Tell other sufferers of it—that is all I ask. It cures all, young or old.

If you feel a bearing-down sensation, sense of impending evil, pain in the back or bowels, creeping feeling up the spine, a desire to cry frequently, hot flashes, weariness, frequent desire to urinate, or if you have Leucorrhoea (Whites), displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Tumors or Growths, address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, NOTRE DAME, IND., U. S. A.** for the FREE TREATMENT and FULL INFORMATION. Thousands besides myself have cured themselves with it. I send it in plain wrappers.

TO MOTHERS OF DAUGHTERS I will explain a simple Home Treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Stitches and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in young ladies. It will save you anxiety and expense and secure firmness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live I can refer you to well known ladies of your own state or county who know and will gladly tell you sufferer that these Home Treatment really cures all diseased conditions of our delicate female organism, thoroughly strengthens and cleanses and ligaments which cause displacement and makes women well. Write today, as this offer will not be renewed again.

Address **Mrs. M. Summers, Box 315, Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.**



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Mrs. F. P. J. Dacula, Ga., writes for the benefit of W. J. Cleveland, Vicksburg, Ohio, or any other person, that hams will keep perfectly and have a rich flavor if they will make a paste of cornmeal, molasses and ground black pepper, spread it over the hams or shoulders, sew them up in flour sacks and hang in a dry, clean place. (2) Sorry, but the question you ask you'll have to answer yourself. That's part of the game.

F. F. Narvon, Pa.—Write to Sheehan Post Card Co., Boston, Mass., and the Cosmos Pictures Co., No. 296 Broadway, New York City. Read the advertising columns of COMFORT for further particulars.

E. E. E. Chicago, Ill.—Write to L. H. J. Patterns Publishing Co., New York. Or inquire at Marshall Field Co.'s, or any other big store in your town.

B. F. M., Bay, Ark.—Write to George H. Holden, No. 240 Sixth Ave., New York, inclosing postage for reply.

H. V. D., Stephenson, Va.—You can get such information only by writing to Secretary of War, Washington, D. C. Be more explicit in your questions to the Secretary than you are to us. Give your brother's name, company, regiment, and whatever else you know of his military record.

L. P. C., Willard, Mo.—We do not know of such a company.

Miss E. T., Stanton, Tenn.—There is no such dictionary published.

D. W. K., River Falls, Wis.—April 15, 1892, Friday, April 14th, 1889, Sunday. Our calendar wheel slipped a cog or two.

B. E. L., Salem, Ohio.—Write to Siegman & Well, No. 77 Wooster St., and E. Seidle, No. 111 West 29th St., New York City.

S. E., Loveland, Cal.—See advertisements in COMFORT and elsewhere of correspondence schools. We don't think it can be taught by mail.

Mrs. R. W. D., Daleview, Mon.—Write to Lyon & Healy, Chicago, Ills.

Subscriber, Manitou, Col.—Steel may be softened by heating it and letting it cool gradually. The tempering of steel is an art, perfection in which requires long practice.

Chas. A. Cewton, Cerulean, R. D. 1, Ky., wants to correspond with some Japanese boy. (2) Don't try to have a story published until you know more about the business. (3) Ask the mail carrier about the box. (4) Write to Wm. Bartels, No. 100 Greenwich St., New York.

O. B. P., Holland, Mo.—The Delphian Oracle in Greece is only a matter of dust. Suppose you read up on it in an encyclopedia, we haven't space for particulars. Has anybody in your town a copy you could borrow?

A. B. C., Delrio, Wash.—Try the Red Book, Chicago; the Pacific Monthly, Portland, Ore.; Sunset, San Francisco; or the Mining Record, Denver. Possibly the Oregonian at Portland, or the Post-Intelligencer of Seattle, might take it for Sunday.

If Mrs. C. D. G., Meridian, Miss., inquiring in this column about government land, will write to J. A. Kingsbury, Willowbar, Okla., he will be glad to give her the addresses of several U. S. Land Commissioners in New Mexico who have such lands in their districts. There is no government land in Oklahoma since it became a state.

Mrs. R. C. M., Moritz, N. C.—There are no such stores, but you can get remnants from any large department stores. Get them from near-by places so the freights won't double the price of the goods.

Hortense, Forest City, Mo.—The only "lady ruler" in the world whom the books recognize, is Queen Wilhelmina of Holland.

Reader, Burr Oak, Kans.—No tools are needed to become a mind reader. All that you need are the proper qualifications naturally and plenty of practice.

E. C. N., Bergen, N. Dak.—Write to Geo. H. Storck, No. 209 East 19th St., New York. (2) The publishers of the grammar should be able to tell you. You'll find their name on the title page.

E. W., Edinburg, Ind.—We do not have a list of the post-office addresses of rich persons and we do all we can to discourage COMFORT readers from wasting time, labor, postage and stationery in writing to them. Such letters are destroyed at once by secretaries whose business it is to protect their employers from such demands.

J. H., Gilmore, Okla.—There is no sale for such matter.

Flamingo, Marbury, Md.—You won't have much better luck with any of the others, unless you find someone to take it on royalty. Who will take it on such terms you can find out only by submitting it.

J. G., Conklinville, N. Y.—We have no lists of freight and express rates and you can only get them at railway and express offices. Write to Adams Express Co., and Freight Dept., N. Y. C. R. R., New York City.

L. S., New Florence, Pa.—Write to Ledoux & Co., No. 99 John St., New York.

P. E. P., Esmond, N. Dak.—We think you can get your gold examined at any U. S. Mint, or government assay office. Try the Mint at Omaha, and your nearest assay office. (2) The Press, Philadelphia; The Press, and The Tribune, New York City, are Republican papers.

E. C., Goshensville, Ky.—Short stories are not published on royalty, unless they are brought out in book form after periodical publication. And these only by well-known writers as books of short stories are not very popular. Dozens of publications are buying short stories outright. Try any of the magazines.

W. H. F., Shishima, Mich.—Perpetual motion has not yet been discovered. As to its value we cannot say until after its discovery.

Reader, Alva, Okla.—Experiment stations are under government direction. You must apply to Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

C. Y., Kent, O.—You will have to get regular employment at such work, unless you are prepared to set up a desk on the street somewhere and work for the passing crowd. A number of pen artists make a very good living.

Arizona, Webb City, Mo.—On what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive. Is from "Marion," a poem by Sir Walter Scott. See canto VI, St. 17.

Mrs. D. F. Bird, Kendall, Wyoming, wants to know if there is a firm anywhere that buys western eagle feathers.

R. A. M., South Fork, Pa.—Pearls found in oysters are sometimes of considerable value. Write to Tiffany & Co., New York City, who will treat you fairly. So, too, Bailey, Banks & Biddle, Philadelphia.

E. P., Onnallinda, Pa.—What kind of schools have you in Onnallinda? We won't answer your question, but will ask you to ask the postmaster, then you will remember better. (2) Don't marry before you are twenty-one.

A. F., Otterville, Ill.—The most expensive town to live in in the U. S. just now is Goldfield, and that is in Nevada. It depends upon how one lives which is the most expensive state. Living in all of the western states is higher than in the East, but we fancy it is about a stand-off between western states. The cost of living in New York city is more than in any of the large cities, East or West. As between Kansas and Montana we should say the cost was greater in Montana.

H. H., Wolcott, Vt.—You can only find a publisher for your song by trying till you get the one who wants it. Get the names of publishers from songs that have been published and you know about it.

W. E. B., Augusta, W. Va.—Write to correspondence schools and tailoring-establishments advertised in COMFORT and other publications. That is the quickest way of getting at it.

J. H. C., Cyclone, Ind.—William Watson is England's poet-laureate, and he isn't much of a poet, either. (2) The heads of governments in North America are Earl Gray, Governor General of Canada; Theodore Roosevelt, President, United States; Porfirio Diaz, President, Mexico; Miguel R. Davila, Honduras; Manuel Estrada Cabrera, President, Guatemala; Fernando Figueroa, Salvador; Gonzalez Viquez, President, Costa Rica; General Jose Yelaya, President, Nicaragua; M. Amador Guerrero, President, Panama. South America: Castro, Venezuela; Reyes, Colombia; Alfaro, Ecuador; Pardo, Peru; Montt, Chile; Montes, Bolivia; Penna, Brazil; Ferreira, Paraguay; Alcorta, Argentina; Williamson, Uruguay. These heads are all Presidents. Nord Alexis is President of Hayti. Cuba is waiting for a President. The other countries are parts of monarchies in Europe.

W. J. H., Neshoda, Miss.—We don't know the book. Try Brentano's, New York City.

I. K., Elsberry, Mo.—We think that a letter addressed to Dr. Quackenbos, Columbia University, New York City, would reach him. Try and see.

J. J. S., Cleveland, Tenn.—Unless you have the glass in car-load lots we don't think it will pay to bother with it. Write to Acme Glass Works, Steubenville, Ohio, or the Hemingway Glass Co., Covington, Ky. If they don't want it they may tell you where you can sell, if you will ask them.

W. A. S., Connell, Wash.—The song publishers are reliable enough, but they can't sell a song which hasn't the salable quality. If you want to pay what the publishers ask to publish, just to find out if your song will sell, you do so at your own risk. Only the fewest number of songs or books make more than day wages for their writers.

L. L. B., Woodward, Okla.—We have no means of knowing whether firms are still in business or not. The New York Postmaster could tell you. (2) See answer above to "W. A. S." (3) W. D. Tyndall, No. 141 Broadway, New York City.

Mrs. G. F. C., Burgettstown, Pa.—What kind of a coin is it?

Heiress of Beechwood

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

think that did the business, for you soon showed signs of life, and then Milly cried out for joy. While Lillian, who heard her, fancied you were dead, and wanted somebody to stay with her, because she was afraid of ghosts. Just as though you wouldn't have enough to do seeing what kind of a place you'd got into without appearing to her? When the danger was all over, and you were asleep, Milly, of course, wanted to go to Clubs, so she asked Lillian to stay with you, but she had to bring her in by force, for Lillian said she was afraid of the dark. I was in the next room and heard the whole performance. I heard you, too, make a fool of yourself, when you woke up and Lillian gave you her version of the story. Of course, I was considerably riled up, for Milly is the very apple of my eye. Lawrence, do you love Lillian Veille?"

Scarcely an hour before, Oliver had said to Lawrence, "Do you love Milly Howell?" and now the Judge asked, "Do you love Lillian Veille?" To the first Lawrence had answered "Yes." He could answer the same to the last, for he did love Lillian, though not as he loved Milly, and so he said yes, asking in a faltering voice:

"What he was expected to infer from all he had heard?"

"Infer?" repeated the Judge. "Good thunder, you ain't to infer anything! You are to take it for gospel truth. Milly is a love somebody, as Lillian said she did, and his name is Lawrence Thornton. But what the mischief, boy, are you sorry to know that the queen of all the girls that ever was born, or ever will be, is in love with you?" he asked, as Lawrence sprang to his feet, and walked rapidly up and down the long piazza.

"Sorry—no; but glad, so glad; and may I talk with her tonight?" answered Lawrence, forgetting his father's wrath, which was sure to fall upon him—forgetting Lillian—forgetting everything save the fact that Milly Howell loved him.

"Sit down here, boy," returned the Judge. "I have more to say before I answer that question. You have seen a gnarled, crabbled old oak, haven't you, with a green, beautiful vine creeping over and around it, putting out a broad leaf here, sending forth a tendril there, and covering up the deformity beneath, until people say of that tree, 'It's not so ugly after all.' But hear the vine away and the oak is uglier than ever. Well, that sour, crabbled tree is me; and that beautiful vine, bearing the broad leaves and the luscious fruit, is Milly, who has crept around and over, and into my very being, until there is not a throb of my heart which does not bear with it a thought of her. She's all the old man has to love. The other Milly is dead long years ago, while Richard, heaven only knows where my boy Richard is," and leaning on his gold-headed cane, the Judge seemed to be wandering away back in the past, while Lawrence, who thought the comparison between the oak and the vine very fine, very appropriate, and all that, but couldn't for the life of himself see what it had to do with his speaking to Milly that night, ventured again to say:

"And I may tell Milly of my love—may I not?"

Then the Judge roused up and answered: "Only on condition that you both stay here with me. The oak withers when the vine is torn away, and I too, should die if I knew Milly had left me forever. Man alive, you can't begin to guess how I love the vine, and how the sound of her voice makes the little laughing ripples break all over my old heart. There comes the gypsy now," and the little laughing ripples, as he called them, broke all over his face as he saw Milly galloping to the door, her starry eyes looking archly out from beneath her riding-hat, and her lips wreathed with smiles as she kissed her hand to the Judge. "Yes, boy, bethinkation, yes," whispered the latter, as Lawrence pulled his sleeve for an answer to his question, ere hastening to help the ladies alight. "Talk to her all night if you want to, I'll do my best to keep back softening of the brain," and he nodded toward Lillian, who was indulging herself in little bits of feminine screams as her horse showed signs of being frightened at a dog lying behind some bushes.

But the Judge had promised more than he was capable of performing. All that evening he maneuvered most skillfully to separate Lillian



Personal To Rheumatics

I want a letter from every man and woman in America afflicted with Rheumatism, Lumbago or Neuralgia, giving me their name and address, so I can send each one **Free A One Dollar Bottle** of my Rheumatic Remedy. I want to convince every Rheumatic sufferer at my expense that my Rheumatic Remedy does what thousands of so-called remedies have failed to accomplish—**ACTUALLY CURES RHEUMATISM**. I know it does, I am sure of it and I want every Rheumatic sufferer to know it and be sure of it, before giving me a penny profit. You cannot **coax** Rheumatism out through the feet or skin with plasters or cunning metal contrivances. You cannot **tease** it out with liniments, electricity or magnetism. You cannot **imagine** it out with mental science. **You Must Drive It Out.** It is in the blood and you must **Go After It and Get It.** This is just what Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy does and that's why it cures Rheumatism. Rheumatism is Uric Acid and Uric Acid and Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy cannot live together in the same blood. **The Rheumatism has to go and it does go.** My Remedy cures the sharp, shooting pains, the aching muscles, the throbbing, swollen limbs, and cramped, stiffened joints, and **cures quickly.**

I CAN PROVE IT ALL TO YOU
If you will only let me do it. I will prove **in One Week**, if you will only write and ask my Company to send you a dollar bottle **FREE** according to the following offer. I don't care what form of Rheumatism you have or how long you have had it. I don't care what other remedies you have used. If you have not used mine you don't know what a **real** Rheumatic Remedy will do. **Read offer below and write today.**

A FULL-SIZED \$1.00 BOTTLE FREE!
We want you to try Kuhn's Rheumatic Remedy, to learn for yourself that Rheumatism can be cured and we want no profit on the trial. A fair test is all we ask. If you find it is curing your Rheumatism or Neuralgia, order more to complete your cure and thus give us a profit. If it does not help you, that ends it. We do not send a small sample vial, containing only a thimbleful and of no practical value, but a **full-sized bottle**, selling regularly at drug-stores for **One Dollar Each**. This bottle is heavy and we must pay Uncle Sam to carry it to your door. **You must send us 25 cents** to pay postage, mailing case and packing, and this full-sized One Dollar Bottle will be promptly sent you free, everything prepaid. There will be **nothing to pay** on receipt or later. **Don't wait until your Heart-Valves** are injured by Rheumatic Poison, but send today and get a Dollar Bottle free. Only one bottle free to a family and only to those who **send the 25 cents for charges.**

Address, KUHN REMEDY CO., DEPT. B. M. HOYNE & NORTH AVES., CHICAGO

from Milly, but the thing could not be done, for just so sure as he asked the former to go with him upon the piazza and tell him the names of the stars, just so sure she answered that "she didn't know as stars had names," suggesting the while that he take Milly, who knew everything, and when at last he told her, jokingly as it were, that "it was time children and fools were in bed," she answered with more than her usual quickness:

"I would advise you to go then."
"Sharper than I s'posed," he thought, and turning to Lawrence, he whispered: "No use—no use, but I'll tell you what, when she is getting ready tomorrow, I'll call Milly down, on the pretense of seeing her for something, and then you'll have a chance," and with this Lawrence was fain to be satisfied.

He did not need to go to Oliver for an explanation of his words—he knew now what they meant—knew that the beautiful Milly did care for him, and when he at last laid his head upon his pillow, he could see in the future, no cloud to darken his pathway, unless it were his father's anger, and even that did not seem very formidable.

"He will change his mind when he sees how determined I am," he thought. "Milly won the crusty Judge's heart—she will win his as well. Lillian will shed some tears, I suppose, and Geraldine will scold, but after knowing how Lillian deceived me, I could not marry her, even were there no Milly with the starry eyes and nut-brown hair."

He knew that people had applied these terms to his young stepmother, and it was thus that he loved to think of Milly, whose eyes were as bright as stars and whose hair was a rich nut-brown. He did not care who her parents were, he said, though his mind upon that point was pretty well established, but should he be mistaken, it was all the same. Milly, as his wife, and the daughter of Judge Howell, would be above all reproach, and thus building pleasant castles of the future, he fell asleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for one year's subscription, and read the next chapter, when Lillian Veille overhears, "She can never be my wife," and stands in mute despair.

Orange Lily cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacement, Painful Periods. For a free trial address, Mrs. H. L. Fretter, Detroit, Mich.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases **PERMANENTLY CURED** by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for **FREE \$2.00** trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ld., 931 O Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS, Attention! Big profits. Goods sell quickly. Particulars and samples free. **SAYMAN**, 2196 Franklin Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

GALL STONES OR LIVER DISEASE. Write me about it. Will tell of a cure **FREE**. Address **EDSON COVEY, R. F. D. 5, Lansing, Mich.**

Post Cards FIVE beautifully tinted color photographs (store price 50c each) and 50-page illustrated list **ONLY 10c.** **B. M. BEECHER**, 668, 6th Ave., New York

LADY SEWERS wanted to finish off shields at home; \$10 per 100, can make 2 an hour. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Send reply enclosing for particulars. **UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 29, Phila., Pa.**

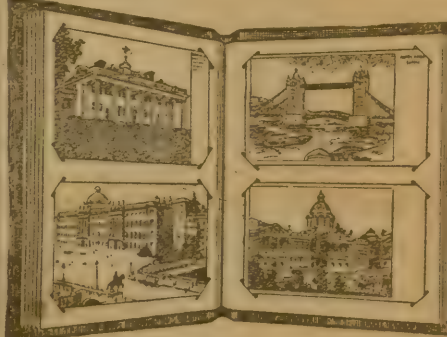
THIS RING FREE. This Solid Gold filled Signet Ring, with engraved initial, for selling six articles at ten cents each. Enclose four cents postage and we will send you by return mail, a beautiful sample, absolutely **FREE.** **Rich & Co., 309 Hewson Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

BOTH FREE Send your name and address to our special offer at 25c each. Return us the \$1 collected and we will send you by return mail these two beautiful **SOLID GOLD** laid Rings. Only an hour's easy work. Address **Ring Headquarters, 409 U. S. Express Bldg., Dept. 67, Chicago**

SHEARING MACHINES

THE MARTIN HORSE CLIPPER AND THE MARTIN SHEEP SHEARING MACHINE are by far the highest grade machines made in the world, will clip and shear easier, smoother and better than any other machine. The sheep shearing machine will save its cost twice over in the extra amount of wool it will take from the sheep. Will not cut, scratch or injure, and anyone without previous experience can operate these machines, and we sell them at less than one-half the prices others ask for inferior machines. Don't buy a horse clipper or sheep shearing machine until you learn all about the wonderful Martin machines. Look in one of our late Big Catalogues. If you haven't a Big Book borrow your neighbor's; otherwise on a postal card addressed to us say, "Mail me your great Sheep Shearing and Horse Clipping Machine Offer." Address, **SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO**

A Post Card Album That Will Hold Fifty Cards.



Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasty and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 20 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of six Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

COMFORT Has Six Rose Bushes for You Six Handsome Roses FREE For a Club of THREE

Blooming with blossoms and buds in profusion, will be your pleasure and delight, and you can have them and enjoy these plants this season if you will interest yourself in our generous offer now made you, exclusively and this one time only.

Choice Selection of Six Roses

Consisting of the following: **Bridesmaid**, or Pink rose; **Etoile de Lyon**, Magnificent rose, golden-yellow Tea-rose; **Seven Sisters**, Hardy climbing rose, blooms in crimson clusters; **Snowflake**, Pure white flower, strong grower; **Metecor**, velvety red, deepest glowing crimson; **Clothilde Soupert**, for bedding or pot culture, blossoms often hide the plant, colors white and pink.

Every lover of home and flowers admires the **Rose** as the "Queen of Flowers" and to have six all different and in bloom fills the mind, the home and surroundings with pleasure and satisfaction. To introduce more pleasure and comfort into tens of thousands of homes, we arranged with a large and successful florist to produce these **Hardy Rose Plants** for us, suited for all climates and soils, so that we could distribute cheer both mental and material to our friends and readers.

Imagine the various **Roses** we offer all growing with a profusion of beautiful and sweetly scented blossoms emitting their aroma around and about you, with a copy of **COMFORT** and your favorite reclining chair. Surely two pleasures afforded all the comforts and extravagances of the ultra-rich are yours.

It is no trouble to raise these rose bushes; every one has "luck" with them and gets results. We are anxious to have many new readers of **COMFORT**; many more to know its sterling good features and many points of general family and household interest, so we make this liberal and attractive announcement.

Club Offer. Send us but three yearly subscribers to **COMFORT** at 20 cents each, amounting to 60 cents, each, and receive from us, free of any cost, above described six roses; and to each subscriber you send us, we send our magazine **COMFORT** during the period paid for.

Address **COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Comfort's Home Lawyer



In this department will be carefully considered any legal problem which may be submitted. All opinions given herein will be prepared at our expense by eminent counsel.

Inasmuch as it is one of the principal missions of COMFORT to aid in upbuilding and upholding the sanctity of the home, no advice will be given on matters pertaining to divorce. Any paid-up subscriber to COMFORT is welcome to submit inquiries, which, so far as possible, will be answered in this department. If any reader, other than a subscriber, wishes to take advantage of this privilege, it may be done by sending twenty (20) cents, in silver or stamps, for an annual subscription to COMFORT thus obtaining all the benefits which our subscribers enjoy including a copy of the magazine for one year.

Should any subscriber desire an immediate, special opinion on any legal question, privately mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter asking such advice, addressing the same to "THE EDITOR, COMFORT'S HOME LAWYER," Augusta, Maine, and in reply a carefully prepared opinion will be sent in an early mail.

Full names and addresses must be signed by all persons seeking advice in this column but not necessarily for publication. Unless otherwise requested, initials only will be published.

Mrs. M. A. R.—Under the laws of the state from which you write we are of the opinion that, upon the death of your husband leaving no will, you are entitled to dower of one third absolutely in all real estate which he owned at the time of his death, and a one fifth interest in all his personal property. In case there is any dispute on the part of the children who have received, during his lifetime, advancements of their inheritance it, we think, will be necessary for you to substantiate that these advances were in lieu of their right of inheritance from his estate and presents from him to them. We do not think the paper you mention would have been admitted to probate as your husband's will, or that it was of any validity in any way.

E. E.—We are of the opinion that parents can by his or her will disinherit such of his or her children as they see fit for any reason whatever, provided that at the time the will was drawn they possess testamentary capacity and are not unduly influenced by others and provided the will is legally drawn and executed and possessed the legal requirements.

A. B.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that, if the assignment of an interest in the lease from A. to C. is a valid one and C. has in no way waived or released his interest, there is no legal way to defeat C.'s claim to his share of the rent money under the lease, except by a voluntary release on his part or by some act on his part which can be legally construed as a release or waiver.

M. J. S.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion that none of the adjoining owners of the land you mention have any legal right to move their fence or in any way take in more land than belonged to them in the first instance.

Florida Racker.—Upon your statements to us, we are of the opinion, that, without your having more information than you state to us, you will be unable to make much headway in your investigation. We doubt that the ambassador will be able to help you much; his name and address is: Honorable Henry White, U. S. Ambassador, Paris, France.

Mrs. M. E.—We are of the opinion that your husband could not collect damages from the city you mention on the statement of facts you submit. The question as to the boundary of your husband's property is, of course, one for a surveyor and it is impossible for us to say which one of the surveyors has laid out the boundaries correctly.

M. O. H.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the following opinion: That the only thing for you to do is to settle the case, upon which the judgment has been recovered against you, on the most advantageous terms possible, unless you can beat the case on appeal; that as you are a single man the exemption allowed by law will not apply to your case, unless in some way you can show that you are the head of a family; that the homestead exemption is as follows: The homestead of the head of every family resident in the state from which you write, whether by the husband or wife, so long as it remains a homestead, is absolutely exempt, except for taxes, and debt created for the purchase thereof; if a town lot it is limited to one acre, and if not a town lot it must not embrace in the aggregate more than one hundred and sixty acres, and is limited to five thousand dollars in value; but we think this would not apply in your case, as you are a single man and do not live upon the property. The mortgage being a prior lien to the judgment, of course the sale of the property under the execution will be subject to the existing mortgage and in case of a deficiency it can be collected from whatever other property you may possess. In order for you to take advantage of the bankruptcy law, you would have to turn into bankruptcy all the property you own, except clothing and some minor exception. The judgment standing against you would be prior to any transfer you can now make of the property. We think that, when you agreed to sell your property at a certain price, you were bound to give a good title to the same free from all mortgages or lien of any kinds for the price you agreed to sell it for.

E. K.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that the statute of actions as you have against your father, and any agreement to keep it out of the statute would necessarily have to be in writing. We think however that you can enforce collection of such portion of your claim as is not out lawed, but that he would be entitled to pay for your board during the time of your sickness.

O. E. B.—We are of the opinion that it will be necessary for you to procure permission to sell your compound from the department of Agriculture under the Pure Food and Drug Act.

Mrs. A. A. W.—We are of the opinion that it will be necessary to trace the registered letter you mentioned from the person who sent it; if it was not received by the person to whom it was addressed, in the ordinary course of events it would be returned to the sender.

Mrs. J. D. S.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, and upon such a statement of facts as you submit, we are of the opinion that one half of the real estate would descend to the surviving wife and the other half to the surviving children and the descendant of any child or children, who may have predeceased the decedent, subject however to the payment of debts. If it is not necessary to sell the real estate for the payment of the debts and the heirs desire to hold the property undivided, we see no necessity for the sale of it.

N. M.—Upon your statements to us we are of the opinion that, if your lease is in every way a legal and valid one, your landlord, upon your moving out and vacating the premises before the expiration of the lease, could bring suit against you as each installment of rent falls due, and recover judgment for the amount of the rent unpaid, together with costs and disbursements; he could then levy upon whatever property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution, and have the same sold to satisfy his judgment.

Mrs. R. H. T.—Under the laws of the state from which you write, we are of the opinion that your child by your first husband would be entitled to his share in his father's estate, unless the divorce or annulment, was granted upon the ground that at the time of his marriage with you, he had another wife living, or unless your former husband should by his will cut off your child from a share of his estate. (2) Your child by your former husband would have no right of inheritance from your present husband's estate unless provision was made for him by will. If the property is at present in yours and your husband's names, as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one it would go to the survivor; in case you survived your husband you would get it all, and then upon your death, if you left no will, it would be divided between your children by both marriages; but, in case your husband should survive you, he would get the whole property and then upon his death, if he should die without leaving a will, it would go to his heirs, to the exclusion of your child by the first marriage.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

In order to meet the demand for information made by COMFORT readers on the kindred subjects of Etiquette and Personal Appearance, this column will be devoted to them, and all questions will be answered, but no inquirer shall ask more than two questions each month. We would suggest to readers to cut this column out and paste it in a scrap book. Address letters to Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Blush Rose, Halder, Wis.—The young man has no right to hug the girl with whom he is driving, but he will assume that he has if he is given the slightest opportunity. He will even assume the opportunity. So beware. (2) Two years is a long separation, but you must not kiss him good by unless you are engaged to him. (3) Sixteen is too young for a girl to receive men's attention unless she has graduated with honors and has learned all there is to learn out of books.

Dixie Kid, Stephens, Ark.—Evening dress and full dress mean about the same thing, though full dress might be construed as meaning the very limit of formal attire for evening. (2) At a home wedding the groom should wear a frock coat, with gray trousers, tie and gloves, in the afternoon, and the usual evening dress if at night. This is not necessary if the wedding is an extremely quiet one, with only the families present. (3) The groom places the ring on the bride's finger.

Beatrice, Dana, Cal.—Post card etiquette is very liberal, and the sending of them is at the pleasure of the sender. Do as you please. (2) Don't write a letter to the man who has not written to you. What do you suppose he would think of a girl throwing herself at him in that way? (3) Custom very generally sanctions the exchanging of photographs among friends, still some persons will not go even that far and it is a pretty safe rule to follow.

A. H. D., Cuero, Texas.—We fear you are altogether too nice for a real Texas man. You ought to souse up once, at least, and lick somebody. Then you would have an established reputation. Which you never will have so long as you think so much about your complexion and being perfectly proper. The Miss Nancy young man is bad enough in the very center of civilization, but in Texas he is something nobody can stand for. Get tough, but don't stay tough. It will improve the tone of your Christian character.

H. M. K., Bayard, O.—It is like other depilatories, and is only temporary in its effect. We suppose it is as safe as any other. None will harm much if not used to excess.

Good and Graceful, Almont, N. Dak.—Rings are not usually given as presents except among engaged people, but you may do as you please about accepting one. (2) Twenty and twenty-six should combine very nicely when they both love. (3) The best time to go to whist parties is when you are invited, whether it is on Friday or Saturday. Days don't make any difference.

Perplexed, Union City, Tenn.—Continue your friendship with the mother and sister and let the young man go his own way. He has been as rude to you as a man could well be, and your self-respect should prompt you to ignore him completely.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership, also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending twenty cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or twenty-five cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT's League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button—and membership card engrossed with your own name and membership number. All previous League membership offers are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but twenty-five cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth. Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could twenty-five cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise.

All those League members, who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1422 Pacific St., Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

References from responsible persons must positively accompany all appeals.

Wm. V. Kinter, Home, R. D. 2, Pa. William, who is a lovely boy, and a helpless and hopeless victim of rheumatism is heart broken because they talk of sending him to the poorhouse. A magnificent new phonograph and records were given him by neighbors at Christmas. He is anxious to sell this so as to retain his room for a while. He has no kin, and no means. My appeal for him at Christmas brought only five replies. I correspond with William and know him to be a martyr and a good worthy soul. His picture appears in this issue. Mrs. Sarah Watkins, Murray, Idaho. Rheumatism and dropsy. Wants material for paper flowers, and paraffine to crystallize same. Send her cash to secure these. Help her to help herself. Mrs.

E. C. McCutchen, S. & S. Home, Erie Court House, Ohio. Shut-in wants cheery letters and sunshine from all. Mrs. S. A. Maples, Decatur, R. D. 4, Ill. Invalid, wants cheery letters, postals and quilt pieces. Mrs. Belle Lawhorn, Buena Vista, R. D. 3, Ga. Has heart trouble. Wants good reading and religious books. Fred W. Bizell (19) Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless and needy. Send him a dime shower, he needs it. Worthy case, well recommended. James Gilliam (56), Treadway, Tenn. Helpless for thirty-three years. Son just died. No kin. Wife only left. Very urgent and sad case. Mrs. Anna Roehle, Emmetsburg, Iowa. Poor widow, sick for three years, unable to work, has baby. Needs good clothing, and medical treatment. Fulton Lowe, Sheppards, Va. Don't forget him. Sick and needy. A dime shower is needed here. William C. Brimer (20), Virginia Mills, Adams Co., Pa. Invalid, alone with his mother. Wants medical treatment. Henry and Mary Stewart, Slusher, Ball Co., Ky. Husband and wife. Man paralyzed, wife blind. Dependent on neighbors for all help. Do your best for them. Dollie Anderson (25), Quebec, R. D. 1, Tenn. Helpless for three years. Wants cheery letters and postals, and anything to brighten her life. Anyone who has been cured of rheumatism, please write to her. Walter Hipple, 905 Boulevard, Astoria, La. I. N. Y. Poor little chap in the same condition his brother was. Send him cheery letters and postals. Financial help not needed. Chas. J. Robiette (32), Blackwater, Va. Shut-in. Wants postals, cheery letters and reading. No financial help needed. J. J. Long, Sailes, La. Paralyzed for twelve years from the waist down. Thinks he could be independent if he had a knitting machine, price \$16. Invalids have told me there was nothing to be made with these machines. Those who have had experience, please tell him the facts. William T. Harrah, Backu, W. Va. Don't forget William. His back is broken, and he has a large family and a delicate wife. John Hadley (33), Helm, Ky. Sick five years, unable to work. Has three little motherless children, needs money and clothing. John gets but forty cents a week from the county—about enough for one meal. Most worthy case, excellent references. Luther T. McFarland, Berea, N. C. Wants help and an invalid chair desperately bad. Vena Edwards, Croydon, Ind. Young girl, greatly afflicted. Has a terrible case of lupus, two cancerous growths destroying her face. She is prostrated and confined to her bed. Her mother has internal cancers and is unable to be about. Give her all the cheer you possibly can, poor child. They have no means.

There my dears, there's a list that will keep you busy. Do your best for them and God will do His best for you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Robust, Vigorous Men

are made out of weak, sick and disease-tortured men by Vita-Ore, the tonic and healer which has cured thousands of men in all parts of the United States, Canada and Great Britain. It is offered on trial, free for the asking. Read advertisement on last page and write for a package of Vita-Ore today.

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This grand outfit contains 7 full size pieces. The ash bat is 32 in. long. The mask is made of heavy wire, full size. The catcher's mitt is thick and heavy and finely made. The ball is strongly stitched and finely finished. The cap is well made. A tanned leather fielder's glove and adjustable fancy baseball belt complete this dandy outfit. I will give you this splendid seven-piece outfit for a little easy work. Just write me to-day and I will tell you how you can get this great outfit.

A. M. PIPER, SECRETARY, 342 POPULAR BUILDING, DES MOINES, IOWA

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May, '08.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

Anxious Tommie.—Try holding each mouthful of milk in your mouth, moving around that it may digest more easily before swallowing. Don't take medicine for your kidney trouble.

Miss Lillie M. F.—Wash eyes with weak solution of boracic acid.

Miss V. B., Ark.—Do not use a liquid whitener, it is bad for your skin and always shows. Use a good powder.

Anna E. B.—Take the Milk Diet. This will develop you all over. Use vaseline rubbed into your scalp every night to strengthen growth.

Indiana Princess.—Your other question belongs to Cousin Marion's department.

Slim Jim.—Drink large quantities of hot water. This will help your circulation. Other questions answered in article.

Milton, J. A., Mich.—The article did not reach me.

F. A. Z. and others interested in increased growth of hair, or beginning to turn gray, use vaseline each night, massaging well by moving scalp back and forth. Massage again a few moments in the morning. Wash hair once in two weeks.

Jayne G.—Try bathing in Aromatic vinegar every night to soften and decrease bust.

Chatterbox and other young girls, ages sixteen and under, wear your dresses to top of shoes. Dress hair in small soft pompadour, hair turned under at back with large bow of ribbon. Those older wear dresses two inches from ground.

Flossy M.—Massage once a day.

If blushing Rose and others wishing for something for profuse perspiration will send me a self-directed envelope I will give the name of something that may be obtained at the drug store.

Beulah.—Brush your eyebrows with a soft brush. Keep it up. Eyebrows darker than hair is pretty. It is the expression that makes dreamy eyes. Stand straight, drawing in the abdomen and throw up the lower part of the back. Keep your shoulders straight, that is the only thing for round shoulders. Braces are bad.

Lilly Mac.—Keep on with the Beauty Bags and take the hot water cure for your complexion.

Arkansas Brownie.—Drink eight glasses of hot water each day before each meal and at bedtime. Stop taking medicine. Make a small bag three inches by two of cheesecloth fill half full of rolled oats. Use in place of soap. Rinse off the face with clear water.

Trix, I. R.—I do not know anything about the formula you mention, don't take it. Read A. I. S., N. Dak.

Dorothy.—Don't bleach your hair. Read Bashful Girl in April number.

Plumbe.—Have the whole formula put up at the druggists.

Brown Eyes and others wishing formula for Vaseline Developer.

FORMULA.

Forty grains of simple syrup, ten grains of Lactophosphate, ten grains of tincture of fennel, ten grains extract of galega.

Have it put up at the druggists, being sure that the freshest materials are used.

F. H.—You can always use the Beauty Bags.

Mrs. Ella B.—Wear a straight front corset with garters fastened to the front for decreasing the abdomen. Other questions answered in this column.

Sweet Blushing Rose.—The cure for bashfulness is not to think about yourself but be interested in others about you. Soap jelly is made by taking a cake of castile soap, shave up, pour over it one quart of water, boil until soap has dissolved and water is thickening, then take off the stove and let cool.

Country Girl.—Thank you for your pleasant words. Massage your neck and bathe your eyes in boracic acid solution, three per cent. solution for inflammation or weakness.

Hazel Dell.—See Disappointed, for cream formula. Massage with this and take hot water cure.

Nemo.—I would not use the hair tonic you mentioned. Vaseline is far better. Do not take the hot water treatment and milk treatment at the same time.

Girl, W. Va.—What in the world made you use a razor on your face. Yes, the peroxide of hydrogen and aqua ammonia will kill the hair but you must stop shaving it and it will take a good while. But it is worth persevering in.

B. M. F.—Massage enlarged finger joints hard with olive oil.

Kitty Clyde.—Rub lemon juice on hands to whiten them. Be sure your armbands are loose, also neck hands.

H. H. B., Mo.—Saturate your hair with vaseline, then take a few hairs at a time and straighten, when you have a little lock of hair straight braid that and try another piece. Do not be afraid to use lots of vaseline, this will soften the matted hair and you can separate a few hairs at a time. I am sorry for you. It is important, as soon as one is ill to have hair firmly braided and kept so, to avoid matting and also discomfort. Girls take notice of this.

Valuta.—I do not think the Milk Diet would in any unpleasant way affect the injured bust. Drink first two glasses of hot water four times a day before meals and at bedtime. Do this three weeks before taking up the milk. Use listerine for a wash for your mouth twice a day. Dilute it in a little water.

Josephine.—Cold water is not hurtful. Striped or flowered goods for your dress would be pretty for you.

W. M. M.—Your picture shows a very pleasant face. Your chin looks all right, but if it increases massage heavily with a cream. Your measurements are very good, your waist will lessen as you grow older.

Mrs. A. C. W.—The Milk Diet will make you fleshier. You are fleshy enough. Use beauty bags a couple of times then throw away.

W. M. Mich.—Your mouth is formed that way, you cannot alter that.

Sweetheart Nellie.—Do not color your hair. You will be worse off than now. Massage head with vaseline and have patience.

Little Gem.—Your hair is not horrid, but lovely. Red hair of that shade is all the rage, far prettier than your sister's black hair. Take good care of it, and it will be a great ornament for you.

The Tiny Girl.—Your weight is right and you arrange your hair very prettily, also use good taste in the colors you wear.

Gilchrist.—Brush your teeth three times a day and if that does not take it off it is tartar and better be removed by a dentist.

Gray-eyed Gyp.—Stop leaning on your elbows and massage for those hard spots.

Gray Eyes, Spirit Lake.—You had better let your bust alone. I cannot tell you what is a matter, but don't take any of these patent medicines. Milk Diet would be good, but if you can't get the milk take the hot water cure and get good pure blood and breathe deep of good fresh air. Sleep with windows up. I don't think it is a cancer. It will be helped by all these things.

Joy.—Use hot water for three weeks and then take the Milk Diet.

Florian.—Yes coal oil can be used to make the hair grow.

A. G. B.—Try the Milk Diet if you can.

Kentucky.—A gain from ninety-five pounds to one hundred and two pounds is a good beginning. Chew the milk more. Your bust will show the increase after a time. Remember you are only taking half treatment.

N. J. N.—You should get this nickel-plated iron at any hardware store. I cannot send out things.

Louis R. L.—If the trouble is serious do not drink milk in quantities, as it makes more blood for the heart to care for. The Health Resort mentioned is considered good.

A. B. C., 123, N. Dak.—If you will drink eight glasses of hot water, two before each meal and before going to bed for two months your bowels will be better.

Sweet Esther.—Yours is certainly a serious case, but keep up with the hot water cure. It will help cleanse the blood and use beauty bags instead of soap. I would not use strong medicines.

S. E. D.—I would not use the formula you inclosed. See article above.

Isabelle.—You are doing all right, keep it up, especially eating between meals.

Maybelle and others get the Aromatic vinegar at druggists.

Mrs. Chas. M.—Wear your hair as you do. Never fear but you will get old fast enough. Your methods are good. Massage busts gently with cream. Thanks for your pleasant words.

Prairie Girl.—Wear corsets and fasten your garters to the front of your corset and the side to reduce abdomen.

P. B.—Drink milk by all means.

Brown-eyed Edna.—For the little sister, just recovering, try massaging scalp with vaseline every day. Give her plenty of milk to drink. Don't cut it off yet, wait to see if this won't stop it coming out.

Mary R.—To prevent bust being too high wear a low corset and a good-fitting corset cover.

NOTICE

20 Cents a Year, or 50 Cents for 3 Years

is the Subscription Price of COMFORT

Beginning Now, May First

We have given repeated warnings and notices that our subscription rates would be advanced, and we now have to announce that they have been raised. The advanced price goes into effect on the first day of this present month of May. The old rates were 15 cents a year, or 25 cents for two years. But that is a thing of the past, like last winter's snow.

No 15-Cent Subscriptions After May 1, 1908

The new rates on and after May first are 20 Cents a Year, or 50 Cents for Three Years. Many new subscribers have come in and many old subscribers have renewed for Two Years at 25 Cents. They knew a good thing and took the utmost advantage of our old bargain rate this Spring and last Winter. But there are also many who subscribed or renewed for only one year at 15 cents.

Some old subscribers whose subscriptions expire this month or are soon to expire, have neglected to renew. Probably they did not know that their subscriptions were nearly run out. So as a sure reminder, we are sending to each subscriber whose subscription runs out this month or within the next two months, a buff envelope folder wrapped in this paper.

That Buff Envelope Folder

IS GOOD FOR THE VALUE OF 15 OR 30 CENTS, to any one who receives it direct from us, and a nice premium besides, if used according to instructions. How? But it is not transferable and we only send it to subscribers. If you receive it in this paper, it is because your subscription runs out this month or within the next two months, and

It Gives You the Privilege

Of renewing and extending your subscription two years from date of expiration for 25 cents, if you do it now, and it also gives you the right to get one, only one, new two-years' subscription at 25 cents for a friend if you send it in this month of May. And if you do, YOU RECEIVE THE PREMIUM ALSO, FREE.

If you use it to renew your own subscription for two years, it is worth just 15 cents to you, as it saves you just that much money on the subscription price. With this buff envelope folder subscription blank it costs you only 25 cents to renew your subscription for two years, but without it you have to pay 40 cents for the same thing.

If you use it to renew your own subscription for two years at once, and also send in one, only one, new two-years' subscription at 25 cents for the two years, which it gives you the right to do this month of May, it becomes worth 30 cents, as it saves that much money on the price of the two subscriptions, and IT GIVES YOU THE PRETTY LACE PREMIUM FREE.

Please to understand that this buff envelope folder subscription blank is good only to subscribers for renewing for two years for 25 cents, and also gives the renewing subscriber the right to send in the subscription of only one friend for two years for 25 cents this month of May. It gives no reduction on a one-year renewal or subscription, although on part of them the printer made a mistake and printed "15 cents for one year." This is wrong; it should be 20 cents for one year.

If you send in your own two-years' renewal and with it a new two-years' subscription from a friend, 50 cents in all, we will send you

A Pretty Premium, FREE

For this premium you may have your choice of any one of the beautiful, stylish and attractive lace articles represented in our double page premium advertisement in this paper. As a result of the recent great panic and financial depression we were able to buy in New York an entire bankrupt stock of these Elegant Imported Lace Goods at ruinously low prices. We don't sell them. You can't buy them. But we give them absolutely free to any present subscriber who renews his subscription on the buff envelope folder for 2 Years, and sends us with it One New Two-Years' Subscription, 50 Cents in all.

It has been the general practice among publishers to neglect their old subscribers and offer all kinds of inducements in the way of premiums to new subscribers. We give no premiums to any person as an inducement to subscribe or renew. We don't have to. Our subscribers receive many times their money's worth in our paper, COMFORT. We give premiums to our canvassers and club raisers as a fair compensation for their time and trouble in showing COMFORT to their friends and getting subscriptions for us.

In all these matters we favor our old subscribers. So instead of offering these delicate laces as a premium to new subscribers, we give our old subscribers the chance to earn them on the exceptionally favorable terms that go with the buff envelope folder. We make it worth something to be and to stay a subscriber to COMFORT. They get whatever favors are coming.

As these great panics come round only once in fifteen or twenty years, no knowing when, if ever again, we shall be able to offer our subscribers such a fine premium for getting us one new subscriber with their own renewal; certainly not on the favorable terms of the buff envelope folder subscription blank. These dainty lace premiums are useful and ornamental to the Ladies, young or old, and they make fascinating presents for Mother, Sister, Wife, or Sweetheart.

Quite Likely the Buff Envelope Folder Is Not in Your Paper, And Perhaps You Wish It Was

If so you may have one by writing for it on a postal card, provided your subscription expires within one year from this date. And if you send and get it, it will permit you to extend your present subscription two full years beyond date of future expiration, get a new two-year subscription for a friend and give you the choice of one of those Beautiful Imported Laces, all for only 50 Cents, if you send the money and subscription this May. If you are in this class, write at once for the buff envelope folder.

If You Have Already Subscribed or Renewed for Two Years

This past winter or present spring, you probably wish this opportunity had been offered to you at that time. It does seem unfair not to give you the same privilege now. But we can't send you one of these buff envelope folders, because that would let you extend your present two-year subscription two years more at the old rate, which we cannot do. However if you apply for it at once by postal card, we will

Send You Our Blue Subscription Blank

Authorizing you to take one, only one, new two-year subscription at the old rate of 25 Cents for the two years, and get the lovely Lace Premium for yourself, provided you have already subscribed or renewed this Spring or last Winter for two years. If you are in this class, write for the special blue subscription blank at once, or you can send in the subscriber's name and money now and we will send lace and blank.

Although we bought a large lot, a bankrupt stock of these elegant imported laces, the number is limited, and when they are gone, as they will be in a short time after our subscribers and club-raisers see the advertisement and get after them, we cannot get any more at prices at which we could afford to use them as premiums. We hope we have enough to supply the wants of our old subscribers and club-raisers through the month of May. But first come, first served, while they last, and then no more. So if you want one, get your work in quick and be sure of it.

If you want more than one, use your special subscription blank at once, which gives you one on the most favorable subscriber's terms; then send in 2 New One-Year Subscriptions at 20 Cents each, or one new three-years' subscription at 50 cents, immediately, and you will receive the second lace premium free, postage prepaid by us.

No Subscriber Can Have More than One Special Subscription Blank

To those who are not already subscribers to COMFORT, and therefore cannot have either of the above described special subscription blanks, we give choice of any one of these Laces for a Club of Two Subscribers at 20 Cents a Year, in all 40 cents, or for one three-year subscription at 50 cents, but we cannot accept your own subscription as one of the club nor give it on your own three years' subscription.

We said that we intend to make it worth something to be and to stay a subscriber to COMFORT, and so we do. We are planning some very interesting and valuable Prize Contests open only to COMFORT'S Subscribers. These will soon be announced, and the names of the prize winners will be published in our

Great Twenty-First Anniversary Jubilee Number Next November

Time flies and you will have to hurry up if you want to get in on any of these Special Offers. By far the larger number of those who receive the buff envelope folder in their paper this month will be struck off from our subscription list this month, and this will be the last number of COMFORT they will receive unless they renew their subscription at once. If you received the buff envelope folder in your March paper and again in this, you may be sure that this is the last paper you will receive if you do not renew at once; unless you have renewed since this paper went to press.

GET A MOVE ON. IT IS A MOVE YOU WILL NEVER REGRET, TO GET ONE OF THESE SPECIAL BANKRUPT LACE PREMIUMS.

Little Sister.—First take hot water treatment for three weeks to get your bowels in better condition then resume the Milk and take more of it to begin with.

Strawberry.—Do not dye your hair. Massage bust every day gently. Shall be pleased to receive your picture.

Pale Cheeks.—I am very glad to get such a nice letter from such a busy girl. You have good exercise now. Use the cream, a little on your fingers rubbing in well. I am sure such a busy, helpful girl is a pleasure to look at.

Brown-eyed Bess.—Tell your friend for nervous debility to take the Milk Diet.

Lone Star.—For your spotted complexion take the hot water cure and keep it up for several months.

The following formulas were sent to me, requesting to have them printed in COMFORT, asking the readers to try them and report results.

FOR REDUCING FLESH.

(1) One half ounce marmola, one half ounce fluid extract cascara aromatic, three and one half ounces simple syrup.

(2) Take a teaspoonful at meals and at bedtime.

(3) In the spring cut off the end of a branch of the common grape vine and tie a bottle or other receptacle so that the sap which drops from the end is collected. Use this sap as a lotion rubbing the scalp and roots freely. This is said to restore gray hair to its original color. Let us hear from some of the readers of COMFORT.

(3) "I write at this time to ask if you will in your mercy, send broadcast through the columns of COMFORT a word of warning to those of your readers who, perhaps, will pass it along, against the temptation to use nitrate of silver to remove warts, moles and other blemishes, the ignorant use of which has often caused permanent sores, such sores as might prove the foundation of cancer. I speak from experience, though, as yet, in my case the latter condition has not arisen, there being, however, always 'The Little Fear' that it may."

Now by my dear girls until June.

Sincerely and cordially yours.

Address all letters containing questions to

KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

FIVE GREAT BOOKS

All By Augusta Evans Wilson

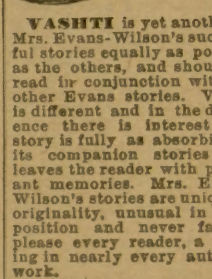
We have succeeded in arranging for the first time a special edition of five popular books, all from the pen of Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson, always heretofore unobtainable except at \$1.50 or \$2.00 a copy. Each is a splendid bound book of over 400 or 500 pages, printed in clear type on first quality book paper, bound in buckram with stamped title and half-tone covers. Complete in every way and an especially desirable set of books. You will want one, two or more surely after consulting the entire advertisement, reading the description of each story, and you may be familiar with *St. Elmo*, which has been published in *Comfort*, or *A Speckled Bird*, which is now appearing.

Mrs. Wilson has the distinction of having written the most fascinating American fiction in her several stories some of which are now forty years famous, and has not been approached by any *Modern Story* for continued success, and today her works command the highest prices and have the largest sales.

ST. ELMO her most famous work, would alone have won for her fame and fortune unending, had she composed no others. As an instance of its lasting popularity there were many thousand copies of this book here advertised, distributed after the story appeared in *COMFORT*, and the story was written many years ago. If you have not read it you have wanted to; if you have read it, it reads well a second time, and it is a book you should own. Your grandparents probably read *St. Elmo*, and your grandchildren will read it.



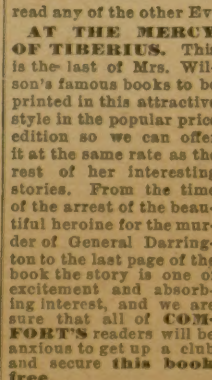
INFELICE A companion story to *St. Elmo*, very similar yet different. The same sweet charm of the author is clearly apparent, the story is told as only Mrs. Wilson can arrange words, and the charm of interest constantly increases from chapter to chapter. To read one of her stories is to desire another and in *Infelice* you will find splendid characters making a story you are sure to become fascinated with.



VASHTI is yet another of Mrs. Evans Wilson's successful stories equally as popular as the others, and should be read in conjunction with the other Evans stories. *Vashti* is different and in the difference there is interest; the story is fully as absorbing as its companion stories, and leaves the reader with pleasant memories. Mrs. Evans Wilson's stories are unique in originality, unusual in composition and never fail to please every reader, a lacking in nearly every author's work.



A SPECKLED BIRD needs no introduction at this time as the story is appearing serially in *Comfort* to the entire satisfaction of our readers. If we may judge from the volume of testimony coming to us with expressions of thanks for furnishing such a splendid treat. It is difficult to pronounce preference in Mrs. Evans Wilson's works; each story she has produced has won many thousands of readers. One book may be the most admired by one person and another has another choice, although no one will acknowledge any dislike for any.



A SPECKLED BIRD will speak for itself if you will follow a few chapters in *Comfort*. If you possess or have read any of the other Evans stories you will want this.

AT THE MERCY OF TIBERIUS. This is the last of Mrs. Wilson's famous books to be printed in this attractive style in the popular price edition so we can offer it at the same rate as the rest of her interesting stories. From the time of the arrest of the beautiful heroine for the murder of General Darrington to the last page of the book the story is one of excitement and absorbing interest, and we are sure that all of COMFORT'S readers will be anxious to get up a club and secure this book free.

Club Offer. We offer the above books on the following liberal terms: Any one book of your selection for a club of ONLY 5 YEARLY SUBSCRIBERS to COMFORT at 20 cents each, or two 3-year 50c. subscriptions; any two books for a club of only 9 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 30 cents each. A Special Offer: If for any reason you cannot get up a club of COMFORT subscribers, we will send any book and a yearly subscription to COMFORT (or EXTEND YOUR SUBSCRIPTION for a year if already paid up), for only 65 cents. Please do not send less than 65 cents or ask us to change this offer. We send all books post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received by COMFORT concerning the health of the family that a column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be referred to physicians, not to us. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Address The Family Doctor, Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

E. J. C.—For itch use plenty of castile soap and water, the disease being a result of lack of cleanliness. After washing use freely iodine or sulphur ointment. If the case is severe take three times a day a wineglassful of an alternative composed of half an ounce of sulphate of manganese in a pint of water.

W. S. Harveyville, Kans.—The corn cures to be had at drug stores are quite as efficient as any we can give. Better still is to wear shoes that fit you. Medicine is no good on effects when the cause remains.

Mrs. G. G. C., Pullman, Mich.—Don't be tampering with medicines and mixtures you know nothing about. It costs doctors a long time and much money to learn about things which you seem to think you can acquire merely for the asking. You'll put your baby's eyes out if you are not careful. See a physician.

N. S. R., Cocoa, Fla.—Time is the only thing that will restore the color to the burned place, and maybe that will not. You will have to wait and see. In the mean time you may help nature by massaging the spot gently at frequent intervals.

M. E. B., La Moille, Ill.—You seem to have a case of chronic indigestion complicated with several other conditions which nature never built you for. If you can get out to Colorado or to Arizona and live in the open on good digestible food we predict that you will be all right within a year or eighteen months. Try it and see. You might as well, because you will die before your time where you are, and as you are.

Subscriber, Tuolumne, Cal.—You have a form of hysteria and medicine will not do any good. Have you ever tried the treatment prescribed by Christian Science? If not, we advise you to do so. If you have no Christian Scientists in your town, or in San Francisco, write to Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, Boston, Mass., for full particulars. Some think C. S. is a fake, but the Family Doctor does not, and recommends it in many cases where medicines fail.

C. C. C., Janesville, Wis.—As you know what causes the yellow skin you'll have to remove the cause by consulting a physician, who can devote the time necessary. It is not a case for this column.

L. H., Jefferson, Texas.—See answer above to "W. S."

S. C. V., Roby, Texas.—You have indigestion and will continue to have it as long as you eat the way you do. No doubt the Milk Diet suggested would be of great benefit. It won't hurt you to try it. Indigestion will bring on about all the ills that flesh is heir to, and more than half the people have indigestion in one form or other. If you drink coffee, quit it.

Mrs. Nancy B., Boyden Iowa.—Write to Mrs. Alice L. Chase, No. 16 Fourth St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn., and she will tell you her experience.

Subscriber, South Fork, Ark.—If you feel no ill effects, you are safe there. If you do, you had better go to Colorado or Arizona, where the air is high and dry. They are the sections for weak lungs.

A. M., Wilmet, Ark.—Go to a physician and ask him the questions you ask us. You know so little about conditions and your own body that we cannot possibly tell you in this space what you should know. You have indigestion and the doctor will make that all right if you will take his advice. Have him tell you what it is and all about it.

Miss M. B., Guy, Texas.—Appearing in your ears at stated times as they do, they are something else than the ordinary boil, and you should consult a physician at once.

X. Y. Z., New Bedford, Ill.—As you have tried most of the bunion cures, we suggest that you wear the easiest shoe you can find and trust to

Providence. The chief thing to do with a bunion is not to aggravate it.

B. N. A. J., Dodge City, Kans.—The dark circles under the eyes are caused by worry, work, dissipation, constitutional disorders, etc., and to begin with the cause must be removed. You can give the blood better circulation there by gently massaging with the finger from the nose outward, but not hard enough to press upon the eye, or irritate the skin. (2) For warts mix one part each of salicylic acid and lactic acid, and eight parts, by weight, of collodion. Apply twice a day with a small brush. Do not touch the surrounding skin with the mixture.

Rose, Williamsburg, Kans.—You have no organic heart weakness; you have indigestion. At least, you have all the symptoms. Diet and stop drinking coffee, if you drink it, and get plenty of exercise in the sunshine. Thoroughly masticate all your food and eat less. See answer next above about dark circles.

I. O. U., Ft. Wayne, Ind.—Possibly the cork feet would not show the deformity that your natural feet show, but you would not be able to walk on them without crutches. There is always more or less risk in amputation, and we should not recommend it unless it is absolutely necessary. Under anesthesia you will know nothing of it till it is all over, but you will know then. Get the advice of more than one physician or surgeon before you have any cutting done.

Mrs. C. H. K., Joplin, Mo.—Use ammonia in water as a corrective of bad odor from perspiration. (2) Eat a half mouthful or two of chalk or starch and that will probably cure the taste for it. Nerves cause the stinging sensation. They are just a bit disordered; that's all. Ask your doctor about the worms and your druggist about the disinfectant.

M. C. W., Holly Hill, S. C.—Chickenpox is a children's disease that must run its course. (2) For indigestion eat food that you can digest, and drink no coffee. Masticate thoroughly all you eat, eat regularly, and don't eat too much. Quit when you feel like having two or three bites more. Take a dose of salts one half hour before breakfast in glass of hot water, three times a week.

F. R. G., Newton Falls, N. Y.—Clip the ends of the hair above the split. Ask your druggist for a good hair tonic and use it according to directions. Keep the scalp clean by a weekly shampoo, rubbing a little vaseline into the roots after shampooing.

Sunflower, Kansas City, Kans.—You have plenty of good physicians in your city. Consult any one of them.

F. C., Bridgeport, Conn.—If you find good effects on your bowels from the sweet oil, continue it. It will not cause pimples nearly as badly as constipation will.

C. C. C., Rock Creek, Mon.—Inflammation of the bladder is not to be treated by yourself or any inexperienced person. Consult a physician.

99, Coupland, Texas.—Liniment will not remove moles. Better let them alone as they are dangerous to fool with.

J. S. W., Bunker, La.—An eyelash tonic that may be of benefit is made of sulphate of quinia, six grains; sweet almond oil, one ounce. Apply very gently to the roots of the lashes with a small soft brush. See a physician about the goiter.

Only a Girl or, From Rags to Riches

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

When they reached the door the adventures said:

"Shall we part here or will you have a seat in my carriage?"

Hurley little imagined with what breathless suspense his reply was awaited.

"You're very polite all at once," he said sneeringly. "Well, I'll accept the seat. You can take me up as far as Forty-second street if you feel that you can't bear to part from me until the last moment."

Mrs. Fairleigh entered the cab. Hurley followed her and seated himself opposite her. "Well," he said, as the vehicle started. "This seems a good deal like old times, doesn't it, my dear? What a pity that such a well-mated couple as you and I should ever have been parted by cruel fate. But such is life. However, I shall take good care not to lose sight of you again, my beauty."

Hurley kept on in this way for several minutes, his companion making no attempt to interrupt his monologue.

His remarks met with a sudden interruption. While the cab was passing through a dark side street, Mrs. Fairleigh made a sudden quick movement. There was a flash of steel, a muffled cry, and Jerome Hurley sunk to the floor of the cab, a stiletto buried in his bosom.

Then for the first time Mrs. Fairleigh threw back her veil. Her face was deathly pale, her eyes gleamed with a strange, unnatural fire.

"Fool!" she hissed. "You should have known me better than to have tempted me thus. It is your own fault."

She bent over the motionless body of her victim.

"Dead!" she whispered. "The blow was well aimed. Well, I'm safe from his tormenting now, and the community is not a loser. Now for the money!"

She thrust her hand into the pocket in which she had seen Hurley place the roll of bills. The next moment the thousand dollars were in her possession again.

"Now for the most difficult part of all," she muttered.

The cab was still passing through a dark, deserted street. Mrs. Fairleigh noiselessly opened the door. The next moment her foot was upon the step; in another second she had leaped from the vehicle.

Such a feat is not as easy for a woman, encumbered as she is by multitudinous skirts, as it is for a man, and the adventuress felt at full length.

She quickly arose, however, uninjured except for a few slight bruises.

The cab was still pursuing its way, the driver was evidently unaware of the tragedy that had been enacted within a few feet of him.

"He little imagines the burden he is carrying," muttered Mrs. Fairleigh as she brushed the dust from her dress with the same hand that had dealt the fatal blow but a few moments before. "Well, he'll learn soon enough, and I must effect my escape before the discovery is made."

She hurried to Third Avenue and was about to hail a car when she discovered a spot of blood upon her dress.

For the first time the woman shuddered, for the first time a realizing sense of the horror of her position seemed to dawn upon her.

Hurrying on to one of the cross streets she tore the piece from her dress and flung it from her.

Then she proceeded on her way up-town on foot. She succeeded in entering the house unseen. The face that she saw reflected in her boudoir mirror startled her.

"This will never do," she muttered. "Why, I'm as pale as a ghost; the story of what I have done seems written on every line of my face."

Her maid knocked for admission, but she bade the girl go away, saying that she had no need of her services.

A few minutes' rest and reflection, a touch of rouge, a new costume, and the shallow-hearted adventuress was herself again.

"I was a fool to allow myself to become so agitated," she muttered. "I thought I had more strength of character. Who can prove that I had anything to do with the affair? When the whole city rings with the story of the mysterious murder in a cab, who will dream of associating my name with it?"

But, to Mrs. Fairleigh's amazement, the city did not ring with the story.

Day after day passed, but there was not a line in the papers about the tragedy. How was it possible that such a fearful crime could have been committed in the very heart of a great city, under such peculiar and unusual circumstances, and yet excite no comment? It is no wonder that this strange, ominous silence shook even Mrs. Fairleigh's nerves.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Send 20 cents for a renewal, or new subscription for one year, and continue the uninterrupted reading of this and other strong serials. Read the next chapters, when Madge has misgivings and is less sanguine, and looks for a new career.



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THE PICTURES do not show one-half their beauty. This is a solid gold shell ring, handsomely finished with raised scrolls on the side and any initial you desire, ENGRAVED FREE. It is all the rage in New York, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys wearing them on the same hand with diamonds. They are frequently sold at from \$1.00 to \$2.00 each, but you can get one from us for only TWELVE CENTS, if you will agree to hand the tickets we send with the ring to five of your friends. If you will give us your word of honor that you will do this, send us your name and address, also size and initial wanted, with 12 cents in stamps, and we will forward ring by return mail. If you do not care to comply with the above conditions, then the price of this ring is One Dollar.

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Send this coupon, with your name and address, to the Rogers Drug & Chemical Co., 2445 Fifth and Race Sts., Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you, by mail, in plain wrapper, a free trial package of Rogers' "Easy-to-Quit," with a record of thousands of cures.

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\$25.00 Prize BASEBALL CLUB OFFER



Boys Play Ball at COMFORT'S Expense

We want a COMFORT BASEBALL CLUB in every town. Baseball is the National game, and every red-blooded American boy plays the game. It is a vigorous, clean, healthy sport, and teaches keenness, quickness and fairness. That is why COMFORT wishes to promote the game, and that is why COMFORT'S editor offers every American boy this CHANCE to secure a COMPLETE BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE OF COST.

These outfits are manufactured for us by one of the best sporting goods houses in the country, and consist of 1 gray flannel regulation baseball shirt, with a big red letter C to be stitched on the breast, 1 flannel cap to match, 1 web belt, 1 pair stout stockings and 1 regulation Junior League baseball.

This outfit we will present to any boy who will secure a club of only 12 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 20 cents per year. But one boy cannot play baseball alone. To play the regulation game there must be at least eight others to make up the club. That is why COMFORT'S editor has drawn up this Club Offer. He wants to equip a COMFORT Boy's Baseball Club in every town in the country, and in order to do this without cost to the boys he has devised the following plan: Let any nine boys club together and each one secure 12 yearly subscribers to COMFORT, or 108 in all, and we will furnish them Free of Cost nine outfits as above, and in addition, one web belt, one catcher's mitt, one fielder's mitt, one mask and one breast protector.

In addition to all this we will furnish a set of COMFORT'S score cards, and enroll each club in COMFORT'S Baseball League. Then, at the end of the season, October 1st, COMFORT will give the COMFORT Club having won the greatest number of games a cash prize of Twenty-five Dollars.

Boys, this is your CHANCE. We put "chance" in capital letters because it is a big chance; a chance to secure nine complete baseball outfits, and the other necessary equipment, free of cost. Think of it. This offer means that each boy in the club will have to get only a dozen subscriptions, not that any one boy will have to get them all. It means that in your spare time, after school is over, or chores done, you can easily get these few subscribers to COMFORT and thus earn your

share of the Club Outfit. It means also a season of good healthy exercise and clean, manly sport, such as is indulged in by every College in the country, and which pays professionals as high as \$10,000.00 per year. And, best of all, it means a chance to win the big cash prize of Twenty-five Dollars.

We intend also to install a department in COMFORT to give information on baseball rules, and to settle all disputes that may arise. This department will be known as THE COMFORT BASEBALL DEPARTMENT.

Now, boys, jump in and make up your clubs at once. Send in your subscriptions and enroll in the COMFORT Baseball League, and win the COMFORT championship and the Big Cash Prize.

When we receive your club we will send you with the Club Outfit a full set of rules governing the contest, and telling you how easy it will be for your club to win the big cash prize.

If any boy living in a small town where there are not enough boy friends in his immediate vicinity to form a regular COMFORT League Ball Team, we allow him to work for a single Baseball Outfit alone and will send the Shirt, Cap, Belt, Stockings and Baseball, as fully described above, for his own personal use for a club of only 12 yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 20 cents each, \$2.40 in all. This will give him a good standing among his few boy friends and they can all practice playing ball and get ready to join the regular COMFORT Base Ball League another season.

In ordering outfits state age and say whether large or small, so we may know size to send.

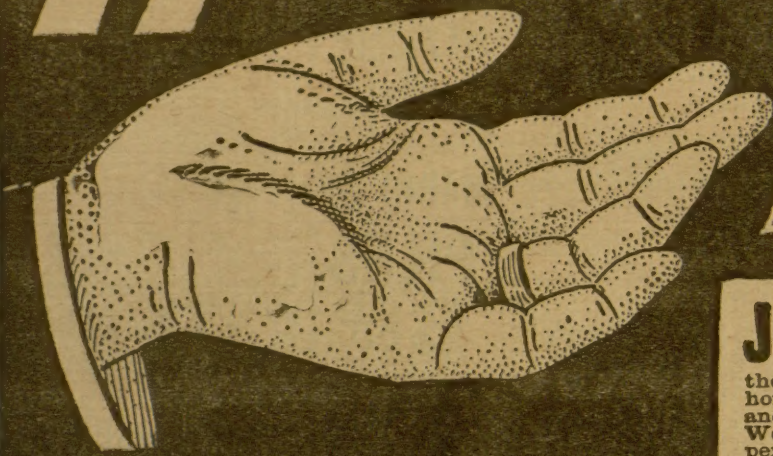
Address all letters for this offer,

COMFORT Baseball League, Augusta, Maine.

Address all letters for this offer,

COMFORT Baseball League, Augusta, Maine.

HOLD OUT YOUR HAND



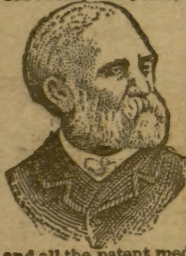
Just Let Us Know

that you NEED it and we will send it to you. It is yours to try, for the asking, but you must hold out your hand. SO WE WILL KNOW YOU WANT IT. You must give us the signal and we will do the rest. We have it on hand, ready to go out and bring HAPPINESS to thousands of homes, but we cannot know that YOU need it, we cannot know that you want it, unless you write and GIVE US THE WORD, unless you hold out your hand to show that you are ready to receive it. We place it right in your hand, deliver it FREE at your door, and you need not put up one single penny, but you must hold out your hand and ask for it, so we will know you want it.

Stomach and Kidney Trouble

All of His Disorders Now Things of the Past.

KENTON, O.—I have had Stomach Trouble for twenty-five years, and Kidney Trouble for ten years, and suffered with Cramps at night so bad that I would have to rub my legs and walk the floor to get them straightened as many as four and five times. Since using Vitae-Ore my stomach is all right, my appetite is good and I can eat anything. My Kidney Trouble is cured and the Cramps are a thing of the past. I would say to every sick person, after your doctor and all the patent medicines that friends tell you to try have failed, then take Vitae-Ore and be cured. J. M. CARR.



Suffered For Forty Years

Was Permanently Cured Three Years Ago—No Return of the Trouble.

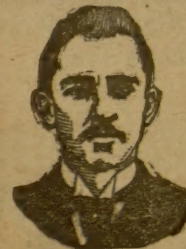
MORGAN CITY, LA.—My conscience tells me that I must fulfill my duty towards humanity and Vitae-Ore by telling publicly the great good it has done for me. It has certainly proven a God-send to me. I suffered for about forty years with Stomach and Heart troubles. I have had first one physician and then another but they all failed to cure me. One day I saw the advertisement of Vitae-Ore in a magazine and I sent for a package on thirty days' trial. In less than three days after beginning its use I improved wonderfully. It has been three years now since I was sick. I have taken three packages and must say that I feel as well as I ever did in my life, although I am sixty-seven years of age. I recommend Vitae-Ore to all my friends. Mrs. F. CHESON.



Paralysis and Nervousness

Has Now Good Use of His Limbs and is Free From Pain.

STRAUBER, IND.—It is with great pleasure that I write concerning my use of Vitae-Ore. One year ago I became afflicted with Locomotor Ataxia and Paralysis as well as Kidney Trouble. I began using Vitae-Ore three months ago. I was then suffering intense pain, had no appetite, was very nervous and could just drag my feet across the floor by supporting my weight on the back of a chair. I was also very despondent. Within ten days' time after using Vitae-Ore, I could eat, sleep well and was free of pain and despondency. Today I have good use of my limbs, can work and life seems worth living again. Words fail me to express my thanks for what Vitae-Ore has done for me. JAMES L. MELOY.



If You Need It

and do not send for it, you miss a chance to get well, a chance that you have been looking for, a chance you want, a chance to be happy through perfect health. There are no strings tied to our offer. There are no "ifs" and no "buts". There are no questions to answer, no blanks to fill out, no appliances to buy, NOTHING TO SIGN, no references or past history to give. Getting it is as simple as A, B, C. Just a short letter saying you need it, want it and will use it, and it is sent to you, all charges prepaid.

It Must Be Good,

in this way. It should be no stranger to you. You have seen it advertised over and over again in this paper, have heard it endorsed by your neighbors, have heard it highly spoken of by your friends, have heard that we send it out on trial, EXACTLY AS WE PROMISE. You must know that IT IS GOOD, that it is sent out freely as advertised, that it does what is claimed for it. Your friends who have had trial packages must tell you all this.

Why Don't You Send

for it today? With this knowledge before you, with this offer in front of you, with the positive evidence on this page imprinted on your brain, how can you ignore, hesitate, delay or refuse? What is your excuse? You are to be the judge and need not pay a penny unless you are benefited. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK. Read our thirty-day trial offer, read what Vitae-Ore is and HOLD OUT YOUR HAND.

This Is Our 30-Day Trial Offer

If you are sick we want to send you a full sized \$1.00 package of Vitae-Ore, enough for 30 days' continuous treatment, by mail, postpaid, and we want to send it to you on 30 days' trial. We don't want a penny—we just want you to try it, just want a letter from you asking for it, and will be glad to send it to you. We take absolutely all the risk—we take all chances. You don't risk a penny! All we ask is that you use V.-O. for 30 days and pay us \$1.00 if it has helped you, if you are satisfied that it has done you more than \$1.00 worth of positive, actual, visible good. Otherwise you pay nothing, we ask nothing, we want nothing. Can you not spare 100 minutes during the next 30 days to try it? Can you not give 5 minutes to write for it, 5 minutes to properly prepare it upon its arrival, and 3 minutes each day for 30 days to use it. That is all it takes. Cannot you give 100 minutes time if it means new health, new strength, new blood, new force, new energy, vigor, life and happiness? You are to be the judge. We are satisfied with your decision, are perfectly willing to trust to your honor, to your judgment, as to whether or not V.-O. has benefited you. Read what V.-O. is, and write today for a dollar package on this most liberal trial offer.

Read The Testimony On This Page.

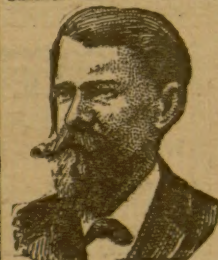
Read it again and again. No stronger words have ever been written about any other medicine; no better expressions are truthfully commanded by any other treatment. Vitae-Ore is as different from other remedies as is pure milk from chalk and water, or the sunlight from a tallow candle. It does not take faith, does not take confidence, does not take belief, does not take even hope to cure with Vitae-Ore. It takes only a trial—all we ask. This medicine enters the veins of the sick and suffering person and cures, whether the suffering believes in it or not. Its substances enter the blood, and work, work, work—a work that cures. Read what it is.

What Vitae-Ore Is

Vitae-Ore is a mineral remedy, a combination of substances from which many world's noted curative springs derive medicinal power and healthful virtue. These properties of the springs come from the natural deposits of mineral in the earth through which water forces its way, only a very small proportion of the medicinal substances in these mineral deposits being thus taken up by the liquid. Vitae-Ore consists of compounds of Iron, Sulphur and Magnesium, elements which are among the chief curative agents in nearly every healing mineral spring, and are necessary for the creation and retention of health. One package of this mineral substance, mixed with a quart of water, equals in medicinal strength and curative, healing value many gallons of the world's powerful mineral waters drunk fresh at the springs.

DOCTOR SMITH CURED. Severe Case of Bright's Disease Entirely Relieved By It.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—I have used Vitae-Ore personally for some time. I was troubled with Bright's Disease, my feet being so swollen at times that I could not wear my shoes, complicated with Gastritis (pains in the lower part of the abdomen). All of this has left me, I using nothing but Vitae-Ore. I will say further that I used this



remedy in my practice with a degree of success that I have never attained with any other remedy, and shall continue to use it as long as I can procure it. G. W. SMITH, M. D.

Four Different Specific Remedies Failed to Cure.

Read What Vitae-Ore Did for This California Woman and Then Try It and See What It Will do for You.

SLATINGTON, CAL.—I began to use a package of Vitae-Ore some three months ago, and it is from that day that I date my return to health. I have used it continuously since that time and am now glad to report the following result: I now feel stronger than I have at any time for five years.

I can eat a variety of foods without inconvenience or suffering. I can walk five times as far and faster without losing my breath than I could before I commenced its use. The head-noises have ceased; the back-ache is gone; the nervous Constipation of the bowels is entirely cured. I am not troubled in this manner any more, although formerly I had to take a dose of salts every morning; in fact, it is simply marvelous what Vitae-Ore has done for me. I was taking a root medicine for my kidneys, nerve for my nerves, nerve and liver pills for my liver, and heart cure for my heart, (just think of it) and still I could not lie on my left side without a pain in my heart. I used to blot and the pain in my back made me miserable, but thank God for inducing me to read through the Vitae-Ore advertisement. I have now discarded every other medicine but V.-O. and am letting this combination of minerals cure me and am nearer a perfectly healthy woman than I have been for six years. LOVINA PETERSON.



Walked on Crutches—Is Now Permanently Cured.

SPRINGFIELD, MO.—I was attacked with Pneumonia attended by Fever and when the Fever was broken up, Rheumatism settled in my left knee so badly that I was hardly able to walk except on crutches. I saw an advertisement of Vitae-Ore, sent for some and used it according to directions. Before one package was entirely used I discarded the crutches and took to a cane. I sent for another package, used it and am happy to state that I now walk the earth a man free from rheumatic affections. I honestly believe it to be the best medicine on earth for most of the ills flesh is heir to. This was two years ago and I have had no return of the trouble, and am willing to have this published for the benefit of suffering humanity. JEREMIAH W. BUTLER, 2200 Springfield Ave.

USE THIS COUPON

If You Don't Wish To Write a Letter.

THEO. NOEL COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen—I have read your advertisement in Comfort and want you to send me a full-sized ONE DOLLAR PACKAGE of Vitae-Ore for me to try. I agree to pay \$1.00 if it benefits me, but will not pay a penny if it does not. I am to be the judge. The following is my address, to which the trial treatment is to be sent:

NAME _____

TOWN _____

Street or R. F. D. Route _____

STATE _____

Don't Miss This Chance For a Cure!

IF YOU SUFFER from Rheumatism, Lumbago, or any Kidney, Bladder or Liver Disease, Dropsy, a Stomach Disorder, Female Ailments, Functional Heart Trouble, Catarrh of Any Part, Nervous Prostration, Anaemia, Sores and Ulcers, Constipation, Piles or Other Bowel Trouble, Impure Blood, or are just Worn-Out, send for a 30-day trial treatment of Vitae-Ore right away and see what this remedy will do for you. Address as below.

YOU ARE TO BE THE JUDGE!

YOU DON'T PAY FOR PROMISES but pay for only what has been done. You pay for the work, and if the work has not been done to your satisfaction, you don't pay for it. You can easily judge. You know if you feel better, if you sleep better, if you are stronger, more active, if your limbs do not pain you, if your stomach does not trouble you, if your heart does not bother you. You know whether or not your organs are acting better, whether or not health is returning. If you cannot feel it, if you cannot be sure of it—**THAT ENDS THE MATTER AND YOU PAY NOTHING.** How can you hesitate to accept our offer if you are ailing and need help? Do not delay another day before writing for a package on trial. If you don't wish to write a letter, fill out the above coupon, giving your name and address. That is all it takes. ADDRESS

THEO. NOEL CO.,

COMFORT DEPT.
VITAE-ORE BLDG.

CHICAGO, ILL.